THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Volume 197, Number 7

Aug. 16, '24

5 cts.

Beginning a New Serial by Harry Leon Wilson

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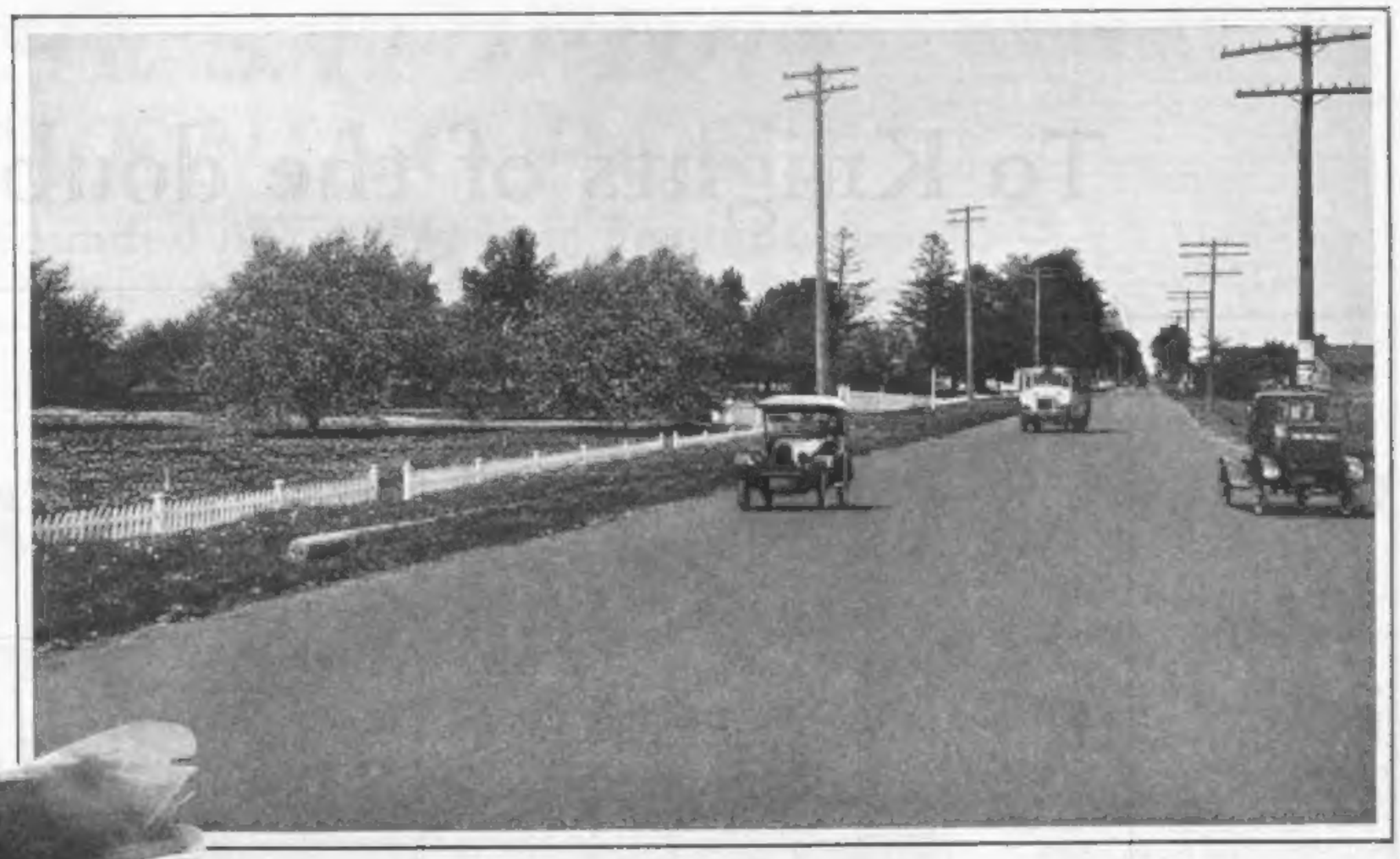

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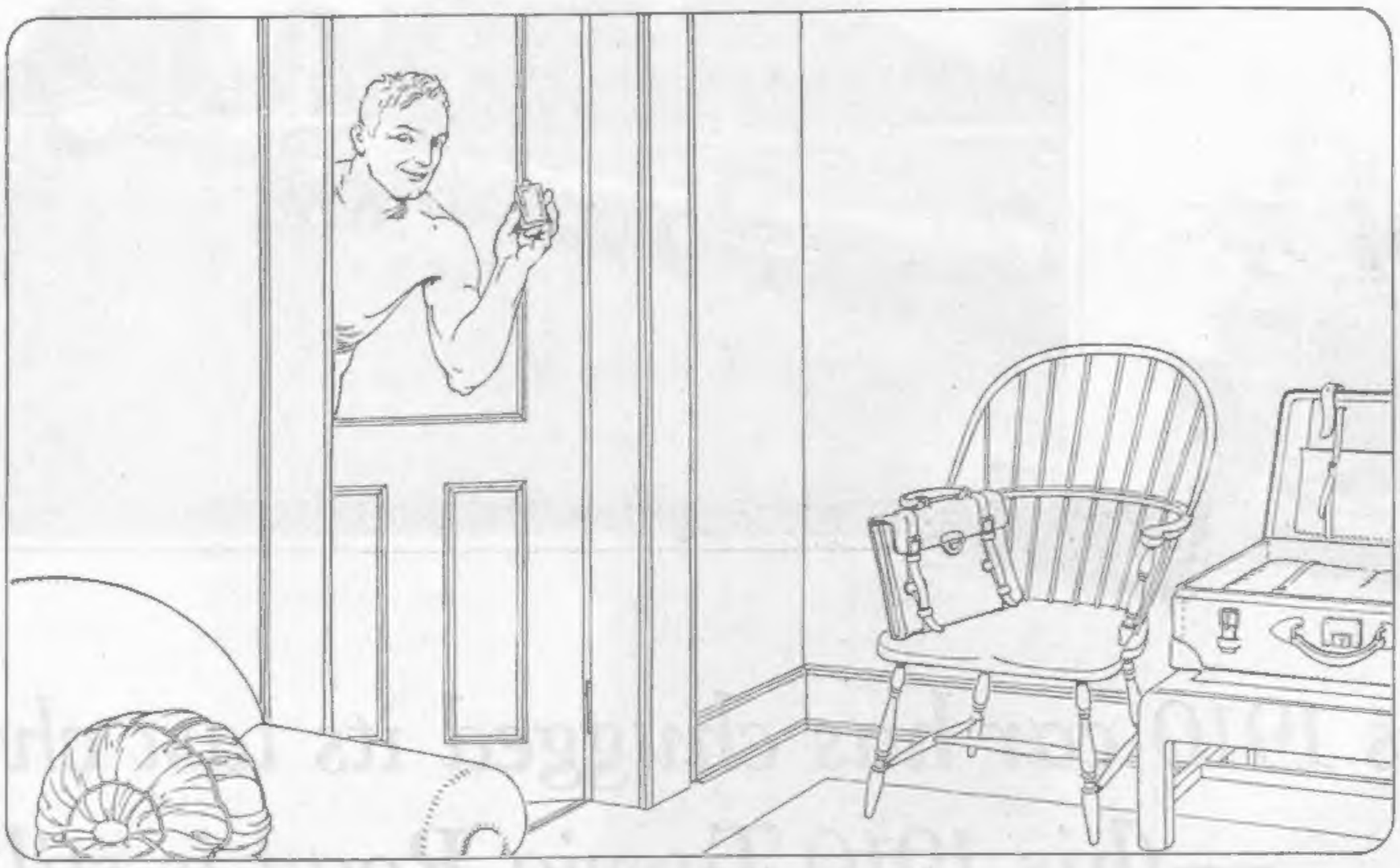

In Days of Old, when knights were bold, men left their cosy castle firesides to do battle for the glory of ladies fair, with golden hair.

Men leave home today for approximately similar reasons, but instead of lances and shields, they carry briefcases, conference material and order-books.

Which brings us at once to our favorite subject of soap.

There is a phrase known to all modern men of travel, to wit: "hotel soap." Until recently, this phrase usually meant a small quick-sinking parallelepipedon of granite-like material, often bright with the nicest colors you can imagine and smelling handsomely, which promptly hid beneath the cloudy bath-water, thus keeping all its secrets to itself, including lather, if any.

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PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NOW that my affairs are brought again to a good posture I am looking back on the strange adventures of a time called by a colleague—a cheap fellow thinking himself a wit—my impromptu sabbatical. The perils I braved, the tumults I survived, have already frozen to the fixity of a map in relief, so that their contours may be traced by remembering finger tips in all safety—since there can be no shifting to a new confusion. And in this security I am conscious of a lifting elation. I hope I may not become merely smug, but not again, I fancy, will certain associates traduce me as one fossilized, dry-and-dusty, aloof-from-life. Not again, I believe, will one of this envious cabal—the would-be wit whom in kindness I shall not name—report the theory of my teaching to be that history ceased with the Renaissance.

True, certain student groups of Fairwater yet dub me Old Red Sandstone, a term quaintly plucked from geology and suggested partly, it is possible, by my still reddish beard, partly, I dare say, by the surname Copplestone. Yet this sobriquet bears no longer the rude implication of belatedness that once burdened it. I have become timely. I have been called, admiringly, a bearcat.

Not yet without emotion can I recall the memorable morning when I again took up my scholastic labors in the ivied east wing of Fairwater. What my appearance aroused was a demonstration—no less. The instant I was spied on the campus I heard an approving undergraduate shout of "That is a boy!" and with this cry I was freed of all misgiving due to the knowledge that a perversely garbled version of my wanderings had become current. Twice again I heard this cordial "That is a boy!" and, once within the walls of Fairwater, other acclamations rang through the corridor; trifling words a man of my age and dignity should perhaps not have taxed his mind to remember. "He is all right," shouted a leader, and promptly came a concerted demand from two score young throats, "Who is all right?" to be followed by the lusty chorus, "Old Red Sandstone—he is all right!" Caps were tossed on this climax, and individuals in the throng would confirm it with "I will say that he is" or, with an even fiercer intensity of corroboration, "I will tell the world that he is!"

I Knew Now That I Must be Cool; That I Must Leave Quickly But Without Excitement

Doubtless—let it be said again—I should not have treasured this puerile banter, yet I must concede that it left me profoundly affected. I was fearful, indeed, that my device of simulating preoccupation to hide how greatly I was moved would not avail. When, once, I decided to let a faint smile indicate that I felt no real displeasure at this rough cordiality I was glad of my protecting beard, for I found my lips weak.

Nor did the frenzy—I may call it that—of acclamation cease as I made a way to my desk. "Ah, you sheik!" I caught, or the interjection may have been "Oh"—incited doubtless by a rumor that I had braved certain dangers on the great American desert. As I turned to face the class a final tribute reached me, "Is not he wondrous!"—or "a wonder!" as the boyish phrase may have been, to be met by the fervent confirmation, this time quaintly varied to "I will tell the cockeyed world that he is."

Once I should have shrunk from this familiar approach. Now, having mingled with my kind as man to man, I will confess that I basked in it. And a pretty while I was compelled, by my quite preposterous emotion, to stand there falsely seeming to muse upon certain aspects of the Saxon heptarchy which would form the substance of my morning's lecture. It had been a great and gracious tumult, and under these—secretly to me—delightful auspices were my duties resumed.

It is perhaps needless to say that I am resolved never again to abandon my station in life for—as my satirist has been charmed to put it—a semester of subslumming. That circumstances will crouch in wait for me, I doubt not, but I have had my fling, as the phrase goes, and am armed against their blandishments. The gypsy strain that finally wrought upon me I must suppose to have been mine from birth, as also that unconsidering, mad, black passion to show myself in my true colors not alone to the world but to my wife, Mrs. Carinthia Copplestone. That I governed this evil impulse a long period of years is an item to my credit, offsetting, one may hope, many later peccancies, as I now frankly describe them. It is true that this early restraint would never condone the rank moral obliquity a vulgarian press has imputed to me, yet such a burden seems not to be laid upon my past good behavior; at least not by Mrs. Copplestone, though I cannot deny that she suffers moods in which she is enigmatic. She will smile an apparent acceptance of my protestations, but the lifted lip goes too closely over her perfect teeth with a thinning effect—I know not how else to put it—leaving a perfunctory grimace behind which doubt seems to lurk. Is she not, then, persuaded of my innocence, or would she merely have me think she is not? From my knowledge of this in many respects admirable woman I am certain she will guard the answer to her tomb.

And yet I cannot bring myself to believe that in her secret heart of hearts Mrs. Copplestone does actually asperse that woman of sterling attributes to whom the anonymous news rat applied the odious term "love mate" in connection with a name which, as she is aware, I chanced at the time to be using for my own. Full well she knows, too, that the prophesied legal proceeding, denominated in hideous press jargon a "heart-balm suit," with myself most disparagingly involved, was but a figment of obscene imagining.

Nor can I feel that she believes me to have been culpably involved with another, a theater woman, that strange Vera of the careless, wicked look. I have explicitly made

known to Mrs. Copplestone that Vera and I were simply good pals, as Vera herself more than once put it. I have not withheld from her that the woman from our first dramatic encounter addressed me as Pop, but I have again and again pointed out that this of itself indicates the propriety of our relationship, it being but a friendly diminutive of the term "Father." Mrs. Copplestone may discredit me with conduct unbecoming an educator of my years and standing, but I believe her to be—at least secretly—persuaded that, aside from my quite inadvertent connivance with certain dastardly lawbreakers, my life while away was, in the deepest sense, morally blameless; that I was never flatly dissolute, never the miscreant, during a time that fate put me beyond the minute personal supervision which she had never failed to exert since the beginning of our wedded life some thirty years ago.

What I feel to be quite as important for the calm of our future years, she no longer believes that I wandered from my home in a fit of mental aberration. Long stubbornly fixed in this delusion, she is now assured that I left deliberately and with a sound mind. She knows that an errant gypsy strain prevailed over settled habits and—I feel free to call it so—the abject docility to which her domineering temperament had reduced me. Moreover, she now suspects that the vagabond in me may become resurgent under provocation. At times I detect her watching me furtively, as one might watch a tamed animal that has given signs of reverting to the ferine. More than once she has uttered, half jestingly, yet with a visible fraction of uneasy belief, the phrase "street angel, home devil." Not any more does she confront me with the mien of an offended empress should I venture to obey a whim or fancy peculiarly my own. It is as if she, herself a mother of ferment, has divined that I am compounded of volatile juices and am, in the common phrase, not too unlikely to cause trouble under adverse pressure.

That I feel for her in the disquiet she thus suffers all the sympathy a right-minded man should feel, I shall not profess. Not all the calamities nor the good fortunes of my respite have sufficed to erase certain painful memories of that last month before I left, during which this, in the main, excellent woman waged with every masculine trick of chicanery her lamentably successful campaign for the mayoralty of our thriving little city of Fairwater, into whose well-nigh cloistered homes, alas! had crept the envenomed doctrine of woman's political equality. Not so soon can I forget the shock it was to find my wife referred to in the public prints as, merely, Copplestone—to read that Copplestone affirmed this or denied the other, that Copplestone predicted an overwhelming victory for the forces of righteous government. It can hardly be guessed with what a curious sensation this left me; disembodied, unmanned, unsexed—I know not how else to say it. Easier to convey are my reactions to certain all-too-vivid campus epithets that bloomed about the college—I could not but be aware—from teachers, deans, students; such atrocious locutions as Cloud-Compelling Carinthia, The Red Hussar, The Mad Mullah, The Grenadier, and Iron Hand; this last with a shaft of the invidious for myself. Need I say that such infelicities cast a pall over my every—until that last day—innocent enjoyment of life?

Nor does Mrs. Copplestone, in common with a certain professorial clique, longer consider me a dusty survival, oblivious of the swift flow of contemporary life. She knows I have survived contacts that enlightened, even though they shocked. She knows I have descended into depths from which she would shrink back affrighted, depths where rough men use commonly and freely the vilest imprecations. She knows I emerged from this ordeal not only unscathed but with a handsome sum of money gained by my foresight and cold precision of judgment in matters where she had supposed me impractical. She knows, in a word, that I have learned to live my own life, and may do so again if put to it.

Our changed attitudes may be best indicated, perhaps, by a trifling incident. Half an hour ago Cato, my sleek white cat, approached Pudgkins, the lap dog of Mrs. Copplestone, with a series of hissing threats that I found laughable, drove her whimpering from the cushion she occupied, and extended his own beautiful length upon it as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Copplestone not only observed the affair but made no outcry. Formerly Cato would have been ejected from the house. Now he is immune from her persecutions. The circumstance is eloquent.

Nor is there any reference now to what Mrs. Copplestone had come to call my little article for the so-called Sunday supplement of a Chicago sheet devoted to the sensational. Well she knows I would no longer submit to have my name appended to those atrocious garblings of history. Perhaps she divines that my resentment in this matter had its part in determining what she will still speak of as my mad behavior. The truth is I was tricked in the matter of these articles, though little did I suspect to what lengths when she first urged me to write for the Sunday supplement so called.

I need not say what I did at last write in order to silence her importunities. I will merely state that those who know me could guess it to have been not only scholarly but dignified. What was my horror, then, to be confronted on a Sunday morning with black treachery. Either Mrs. Copplestone or some cheap fellow in the newspaper office had betrayed me into absurdities, uttered under my name and under a portrait of me taken some twenty years before. Was Homer Illiterate? ran the astounding headline, followed by Noted Educator Hints Blind Poet Could Neither Read Nor Write.

The article itself was flippant, superficial, altogether base. I had said that the question of whether writing was known in the time of Homer had been raised in antiquity and been debated with especial eagerness after the appearance of Wolf's Prolegomena. I had then pointed out that the only passage in Homer which could be interpreted as a reference to writing occurred in the story of Bellerophon, told by Glaucus in the sixth book of the Iliad. Proetus, king of Corinth, sent Bellerophon to his father-in-law, the king of Lycia, and gave him "baneful tokens—scratching on a folded tablet many spirit-destroying things, and bade him show this to his father-in-law that he might perish." I added that we might suppose tokens between guest friends to have been in use before writing was known. And on this foundation had been built a structure of scandal and innuendo that revolted every fiber of my being. I was made to say that Homer, banished by Plato from his republic, would today undoubtedly be classed as a paranoiac; that there is no morality in him; that acts are not classified as good or bad, right or wrong; cruel and treacherous deeds being spoken of with no hint that they deserve censure.

He Ran Up an Apple Tree and Looked Down Upon Her and Her Monstrous Pet With a Quiet Disdain

An added infamy was the illustration of the screed, in which a crudely drawn caricature of myself seemed about to explore the brain of Homer with a scalpel. Language is indeed a faulty instrument to express what I felt when this sheet was exposed to me by the delighted Mrs. Copplestone with more than that usual self-approval which is among her personality defects.

Too late did I then recall that I had, at her repeated urging, given her a sheaf of notes on Sappho, the Greek woman poet. It was a chilling fear of what she might have made of these that, during the following week, when her fearful campaign for the mayoralty was at its height, seemed to excite me to a frenzy of desperation. I know that I was no longer myself on that day after the election, in which Mrs. Copplestone achieved her so-called triumph. Happily at that time she was rather ignoring me, merely directing that I appear at the reception she would hold late that afternoon.

Poignantly do I recall the moment of my leaving our home. In the kitchen Hilda, our harassed maid, cut triangles of bread for sandwiches, trimming the brown crust from each. In the drawing-room Mrs. Copplestone was arranging chairs and a few small tables in groups that gave the place an air of expectancy. As I passed through the hall she paused, tapping one of her teeth with a pencil and, as at whiles she will, debating her scene. Never had she seemed of a more commanding presence.

"Just a few of the big, broad, thinking women," she murmured half absently, and then to me, who had thought to glide out unobserved, "Oh, Algernon—the telephone is off; so would you mind stopping at Downey's and telling them to make it all vanilla cream instead of half lemon ice? That will be better, don't you think?"

That is like her, too—completing a sentence with "Don't you think?" She had no wish to know what I thought, nor would she expect more than the "Certainly" I gave her. She will even at times make the inquiry more pointed, as "Modern life is so complex, don't you think—or do you?" But she will not wait to know if you don't—or do. It will avail you nothing to disagree with her.

"Certainly," I said, and left her sliding a heavy armchair to the side of the largest table. I knew she saw herself filling this and facing her band of big, broad, thinking women, myself somewhere in the background, not conspicuously present, yet enough so to be known as a captive bound to her chariot.

I closed our door softly on this pernicious activity and passed down the concrete walk to the iron gate, which I am afraid I flung to with a defiant clang. This, however, would not be heard by Mrs. Copplestone. I queerly at the moment seemed to be acting in obedience to some unidentified stimulus. I walked without conscious aim, yet knew that deep within me some unfamiliar instinct was assuming control. Outside our gate I looked up and down the quiet street. Maple Avenue is never more comely than in these earliest days of spring, when its rows of shading trees hold the first hints of green, and the lawns before its attractive houses are faintly emerald. It all seemed so serenely in contrast with the home I had left, where politics would soon seethe or where Mrs. Copplestone would be asking her friends if they did not find modern life terribly complex.

I paced slowly on in the curious indecision I have remarked. I seemed to be moving with a purpose impelling

enough yet far below my consciousness. In front of the Leffingwell house, next to ours, I felt constrained to pause. Wondering why I should have done this, I recalled that the Leffingwells were absent and the house closed. Its curtained windows stared blankly at the street. I thought of the peaceful, still rooms behind them, where this afternoon there would be no incessant treble of voices, no big, broad, thinking women, no clutter of chairs and sandwiches. It was a quiet house, a satisfactory tomb.

My mind still blank of any destination, at the end of Maple I was about to turn, I think, up College Avenue, and perhaps I would have strolled unharmfully through the university grounds, but as I paused I was hailed by Fargus Jessup, our professor of English, who beckoned me from his veranda. I ascended the steps and joined him for mere want of any definite aim.

"Come around to the side porch, Coppie," he urged after we had exchanged greetings. And on the side porch I found that he had been sitting at a wicker table on which were two glasses and a bottle of sherry. "I was hoping someone would come along and have a nip of this stuff with me," he explained.

He is a man of my own age, but larger, with more personality, I should say—and he is on terms of familiarity with the student body that have often seemed questionable in taste. However, he is a good chap and just now glowed with friendliness, so that I had no heart to refuse him, though I have never cared for any sort of intoxicants.

He poured me a glass of his liquor and I praised it warmly, as he seemed to wish me to. We sipped our drink and chatted, principally of the election, just over, in which Mrs. Copplestone had triumphed. He was rather unpleasantly jocular about this, asking to know how it might feel to be the husband of a mayor. Then he picked up what I saw to be the Sunday supplement I have before spoken of, and remarked, "But you're coming on yourself, Coppie. Two weeks ago you dished up 'The blind man who dwells in rocky Chios' for the barbarous-speaking Carians of today who read Sunday papers, and now you've gone and slandered a lady I long have loved. Where you going to stop? Will you leave us no illusions? Will the Scamander be choked with slain ideals? For shame, you old hegossip!"

I was a bit nettled at this buffoonery, and reached for the sheet he held, only to find that brutal caricature of myself, this time pointing sternly at a half-dressed female in a wanton posture, under the shouting headline, Noted Professor Pries Lid Off Sappho's Home Life. I was aghast, scarce having strength to read the next line, Scandal in Main Street, Lesbos. And this the result of my harmless notes, turned over to Mrs. Copplestone, such items as she might with a little industry have gleaned for herself! I felt a great rage possess me. I could not read the thing further. I never have read it.

I seized my glass and drained it, while Jessup continued to banter me in his rough way. "Ah, Coppie! You take that 'violet-weaving, pure, sweet-smelling Sappho' and drag her name in the dirt. You plainly insinuate that as head of a poetic school she had more than a matronly regard for her pupils. You concede her gift of song, but have her abandoned to vice; distinguished among the corrupt community of Lesbos by exceptional immorality. I'm surprised at you, Coppie—the foulness of your mind, so to attack that lady, 'small and dark and flower-lovely,' merely because she painted passion so fervently. And now, of course, my affair with that enchantress is broken off; but do me a favor, Coppie—let Cleopatra alone, will you—there's a good chap. She is another jewel in my diadem of lonely amour, and she's already had enough said about her. Can't you be magnanimous and let her ——"

"Look here, Jessup"—I was hotly inflamed by this badinage, my humiliation being already more than I wished to bear—"I was gulled into this ——"

"There, there, old chap—I know, I know. Have another drink." And he poured my glass full, after which he reached over his large hand and patted my shoulder not ungently. In my embarrassment I drank the liquor and recalled that it was Jessup, by all accounts, who had spoken of Mrs. Copplestone not only as The Mad Mullah but as Iron Hand. He refilled my glass before I could prevent him and spoke more seriously. "I'll tell you, Coppie, I think our justly enraged president will put a spoke in her wheel after he sees this. Of course Fairwater is looking up; it is already being advertised as the college with a personal touch, turning out four-square men, and all that, but I doubt if this is the sort of notoriety it wants, even from its professor of history. You don't mind my saying it? Of course I know you want such hogwash stopped."

I was again embarrassed by this kindness. "She has wanted to get me out of a rut," was all I could offer.

He lifted his glass, waving it slightly to point his speech. "There's more than one way out of a rut," he submitted, and while he sipped his wine I tried to fathom his precise meaning. The speech had an invidious angle.

"If you mean," I retorted sharply, "that history itself is in a rut ——" He waved a protest, but I kept on: "You must blame the hack writers who smugly reduce it to an outline. Imagine an outline of history! An outline of mathematics would be as supposable. Dash it! Are we all to be reduced to outlines?" I was quite vexed.

"I dare say," replied Jessup. "The coming man will be only an outline, a formula; you'll be able to say him all in a dozen words." We were thus off the immediate topic and my friend tactfully slid the Sunday horror to the floor where my ignominy would be less apparent. "It seems to be the trend of evolution," he went on. "As the herd becomes more dense its members must file down the sharp corners or let mere attrition do it. Only by becoming all alike can they avoid a discomfortable clashing. To be sure, a few of us struggle to preserve our differences. Here"—he reached for another sheet of the Sunday paper—"I found a cry in this poetry column that made echoes in me." He read intoningly, rather boomingly as he proceeded, fastening his eyes on mine after every phrase, as if to demand assent:

"I weary of this life,
So like a garden
Under cultivation."

There were other stanzas, concluding with:

I wish I were a bell,
That I might clang
A brazen longue.

Jessup's eyes are prominent and they clung to mine almost indignantly, as if he were demanding his rights of me. I hastened to assure him that I, too, felt this urge to be out of the compliant herd, that I resented being caught in the

(Continued on Page 81)

I Was Another Man, My Clothing Inconspicuous, My Face Unemphatic. I Was Ripe for Adventure in the Great Out-of-Doors

MRS. DELEGATE—By Elizabeth Frazer

THE recent national meets at Cleveland and Madison Square Garden, New York, resembled a senior class-day fête in some coeducational college, with the fraternities and sororities vying with each other in hospitality, with silver slippers and dancing pumps in great demand, rather than a political convention of the old hard-boiled days. Mrs. and Miss Delegate were everywhere in evidence, weaving in and out of committee rooms, offering planks before the resolutions committee, making suggestions in caucuses, often speaking clearly and to the point, well-dressed, intelligent, and on the whole, good-tempered. It was bruited abroad that they were as well informed on the major political issues as the men, though somewhat ignorant on the inside strategy, chicane and intrigue which lend excitement and jazz to these occasions and render the presidential sweepstakes such popular sporting events.

It was noticeable in these gatherings that the men, save for a few elderly rock-ribbed die-hards of the antisuffrage school of thought, no longer ganged by themselves; on the contrary, they consorted openly with the feminine cohorts; they even donned dinner coats and sallied forth to evening functions, dances, banquets or political caucuses with every outward appearance of manly delight. I am now speaking of the common or garden variety of male delegate hailing from Riverbrook or Rosedale who thinks and talks Americanese, 1924 model, and not the stiff-necked Old Guard in both outfits who hold that running the country and the party is their own heaven-appointed, exclusive job, together with all the patronage and perquisites appertaining thereto, and regard newcomers with the same lowering hostility with which a bull in a pasture regards a crimson shawl. To this group, for the women to dare to reach forth their hands and touch the sacred ark of the covenant—which in this instance is the absolute and supreme right of a little inner coterie to rule in all matters whatsoever touching party doctrine and discipline, even in so minor a question as distributing delegates' tickets or appointing women on subcommittees—is a sin of such stupendous magnitude as to be punished by immediate political death or exile. Already, some sturdy high-minded leaders inside the party councils, daring to wield the power which by right goes with their position, have been exiled for such temerity, and others have been wiped out. These massacres of the faithful by the die-hards who always help one another to stay in power, are going on quietly inside both party organizations all the time, and these sentences are in the nature of a military salute in passing to those unknown soldiers who fought bravely inside their party ranks for democratic rule, and fell, stabbed in the back by the Old Guard who wished to replace them with rubber stamps. *Pax vobiscum.* Blessed are they who die with their boots on, fighting the good fight for better things.

The Old Guard in the Guardhouse

BUT it is the attitude of these case-hardened old autocrats, saturated with their own self-importance, which reveals most clearly the deepening influence of women and the change which is slowly creeping across the face of present-day politics. One of these crabbed old-timers was heard to declare bitterly that the times were out of joint; women had spoiled everything; national conventions and political campaigns had lost their fine flavor and had become as tame as an Epworth League picnic or a bottle of pink circus pop. He further confided that such dolled-up goings-on gave him the pip; women bred nothing but squaw-men these days. It was estimated by another gloomy-minded statistician of the same régime that more men delegates by actual count had degraded themselves by wearing evening clothes at the national conventions of 1924 than in all the previous conventions laid end to end and multiplied by ten; and it was the women who were responsible for this extraordinary lowering of national morale; they were abolishing virility in politics just as they had abolished drink; the grand old hickory-bark ideals of the Republic were on the toboggan slide.

These assertions should, perhaps, be taken with a grain of salt. They represent the point of view of yesterday. The old gods are passing—and yelling defiance and throwing dirt at the new order as they pass. Some of the Old Guard have been put into the guardhouse and are trying desperately to burst out again. Others have been carried off the field on stretchers. Their day of battle is done. And these down-and-out pessimists are the ones who view with alarm the present scene. Nevertheless, a certain portion of the jeremiads is true. Out of the vast kaleidoscopic spectacle of American politics today, the fact emerges that the technic of the game is changing—and it is the women who are changing that technic. It is coming to savor less of the mining camp, the blind tiger, the back-alley pool room.

This big general trend toward refinement being duly recorded, it must in all truth be chronicled that thus far, and especially in the realm of national affairs, the change is more of form than of substance; women have but laid hold of the hem of the garment; they have not altered the fabric or the fashioning of the robe. They have not penetrated to the inner councils. Men still hold practically every pivotal position in their party organizations, and in the conventions they still have the major thinking rôles. The appointment of women to places on credential committees and permanent organization as well as to vice chairmanships is more complimentary than anything else; they are necessary gestures of politeness, of good will. The men still operate the main works. They are the star actors on the stage who speak the meaty lines. At the Democratic convention a woman delegate received all of half a vote for the presidency, though it was generally conceded that she was abler than some of the second-string dark horses nervously champing their bits and pawing the dust, eager to be off when the barrier was sprung. Among these dusky steeds out in the vice-presidential paddock was observed a beautiful brunet charger who received much admiring attention from the men—before the race began. But when the actual event was pulled off, it was noted that her admirers had discreetly turned their backs and were shouting in another direction; they had basely picked another winner—a man. It is probable that this state of affairs will continue for some time.

Playing a Waiting Game

AND looking facts straight in the face, it must be admitted that men are not altogether wrong in maintaining this attitude. In politics women wield power not as women but as voters—and their actual voting strength is still far below that of the men. At the Democratic convention held in New York the actual voting strength of the women delegates from all the states was one hundred and eighty-four out of a total of one thousand and ninety-eight votes—that is to say, men outnumbered the women approximately five to one. In the Republican councils their actual voting strength as shown by delegates was somewhat less. Some of the states—notably Florida, Louisiana, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Vermont and Wisconsin—according to the records, sent no Democratic women delegates at all; though in several instances they sent women alternates as pinch-hitters for the men in case the latter grew weary of the proceedings and decided to check out early in the game.

With such a heavy balance of power against them, women cannot expect to achieve high positions in the inner national councils, and they do not expect it—yet. They are not inclined to make trouble. Their policy, as expressed by their activities, seems to be to lie low, cooperate honestly and earnestly, learn all the lessons they can—and build for the future. They are eager to serve—but not servile. When they are double-crossed by the politicians—and this summer has already witnessed some dirty work at the crossroads—they do not double-cross back again, but neither do they turn the other cheek; they quietly make a little notch on their guns and go on. They are not such fools as not to know they have been double-crossed, but they realize their weakness. After all, they are still only four years old in practical experience; in 1920 they knew as little of party machinery, county committees, caucuses, conventions and the like as they did of the nebular hypothesis. Many of them believed—God help them!—that there was nothing to politics but marking their ballots for the best men, speaking up for the best measures—after which, all would go well. Now, after four years, they know better than that. They have been in innumerable party scraps in which they have both given and received body blows. They are not disillusioned; but, like a woman with a drunken husband, they know what they are up against and they are not cherishing vain hopes of voluntary reform. They know that at present they have neither the voting woman power nor yet the experience which will enable them to do more than play a waiting game—and so that is what they are playing. Purposely, in national affairs, they are keeping to shallow waters nor venturing out where the blue begins.

"But wait for the next convention!" said one of their leaders. "Wait until 1928. The men aren't really fooling us now. We're just letting them do it while we get experience and pile up party support."

Nevertheless, they are not inactive; they are accepting what they can get, and in the meantime they are watching, criticizing, using their heads. Some of the vaudeville features and sporting events which the managers of conventions put on to jazz up the emotions and conceal their moves, the women consider nothing but apple sauce. If they had their way they would institute several reforms. They would cut down the speeches, cut down expenses, cut out the frenzied beating of party tom-toms, the mud-gunning and slinging of futile invective, get down to the brass tacks of fundamental issues which are lost in the shuffle, nominate a candidate on his character and his record—and then go home to fight for him.

"It's a devastating waste of time!" declared a woman delegate after sitting in at a deadlock for three days. "And think how much it costs! Are those candidates and their managers thinking of the good of the party or the country? Of course they're not!"

"Bad housekeeping," summed up another distinguished leader.

"If this were all there were to party politics," said a third, "I should say that as a game it beats poker, deuces wild, but as a means of government it is h-e-double-l."

In making a survey of women's political activities as they emerge into the spotlight of a presidential year, sundry facts stand forth clearly, and likewise sundry classic old bogies are conspicuous by their absence from the scene. First of all, looking at the delegates, national committeewomen and leaders en masse, it is evident that youth is to the fore. As a whole the national leaders among the women are somewhat younger, somewhat more modern and alert than are the men—few, to be sure, in the mating twenties, but plenty in their splendid thirties, their adventurous forties, with a fair sprinkling among the philosophic fifties. In the South and West the women leaders are slightly younger than in the slow-moving, conservative East. Eager, up-to-the-second young matrons, married eight or ten years and with a thriving family under way, are wading right into the thick of the political fight in their cities and states, organizing to get out seventy-five per cent of the whole vote in the coming November elections; analyzing party issues, local and national issues; going in for taxation, budgeting, tariff and finance; electing women as legislators, as judges and secretaries of state. They are by no means confining themselves to women's so-called special interests—war, child welfare, the world court and women in industry. On the contrary, the actual trend of their activities seems to reveal a greater general desire to hammer along the lines of efficiency in government. Among their numbers are few out-and-out radicals, few old-fashioned fighting feminists, few emotional gushers or sentimental theorists; as a group they are neither highly radical nor yet reactionary, but plain middle-of-the-roaders, with clean-cut ideas on honesty and efficiency—and practical to their finger tips.

Buckets of Bunk

THESE young veterans, bred up in the issues of today, disciplined by innumerable hot local contests inside their own organizations, attended the national conventions to drink at the fount of party wisdom, eager to hear their watchmen on the towers tell them of the night, what its signs of promise were; eager to listen to sage discourse on the great fundamental problems, human and economic, which distract our country today—and what did they receive? Upon their intelligent, modern young heads were poured out buckets of bunk, of political hokum which, if tried on in the movies, would get the grand razz from a jeering ten-year-old gallery kid. All the old conventional wax figures and party bogies of a generation ago were dragged forth and lashed with whips of scorpions. Such political hogwash and flapdoodle handed out in lieu of solid nourishment make the present generation of women leaders gasp. It is like stepping off into another century.

"My sainted grandmother! Are they still doing that?" exclaimed one woman, torn between ribald mirth and honest wrath. "Why, I thought all that whoop-la stuff went out when men stopped wearing whiskers!"

Yes, youth is to the fore, and it is high time, if only to get our political hokum up to date. The truth is, all these vitriolic speeches and leather-lunged howling contests which characterize national conventions do not sell the women worth a cent. They have gone to the school of practical politics now for four years—the time it consumes to achieve an ordinary college degree—and they are beginning to know beans when the bag is open. They can recognize an issue when they see it coming down the street, and they can likewise recognize total vacuity and bunk when bellowed at them from the platform by their standard bearers. At the national convention in New York a woman delegate listened attentively to one of these passionate mudgunners for a full hour by her wrist watch, and at the close of the fake artillery display she remarked quietly to her neighbor, "He didn't say a single thing. You'd have thought there wasn't an issue in the whole world!"

This kind of windy nourishment does not fool the women, but it makes them sick. They know when their leaders

straddle and side-step and pussyfoot. Women don't like pussyfooters. They never did, even back in their dim and distant arboreal careers. They like two-fisted fighters—and they are not at all averse to lending a hand themselves. They want their political leaders to call a spade a spade and name it right out in meeting—whether it be prohibition, the League of Nations, religious or race prejudices. Pull the bogies out of the closet into the sunlight, and see them for the airy skeletons they are.

Likewise women hate straddlers. They like to see a leader manly and strong and straightforward, even if they don't hold with his ideas. But the politician is a born straddler. He is as scared of a real issue, a real idea, as of a rattlesnake curled up in the road. If he can't kill it in committee he tries to straddle it in the platform. The campaign prayer of the women, if it could be crystallized into a few militant words, would run something like this: "O God, who implanted courage in even the least of the brutes of the field, send down the bright lightning of Thy wrath and strike these pussyfooters dead! Give us real issues, O Lord—and give us real men!"

The Struggle for Recognition

THE second fact which strikes the observer who casts an unprejudiced eye over the political scene is that there is no sex antagonism. That horrific bogy never materialized. Husbands and wives are found voting on opposite sides—and the family is still intact. At one of the conventions the wife of a certain delegate acted as his alternate. In the midst of a hotly contested point the delegate stepped up on the platform to express his views, and his wife, balloting in his place, reversed his vote. Her views were different from his, and when her turn at expression came she expressed herself. Asked what he thought about it, the husband laughed.

"That's all right!" he said. "My wife and I don't always agree on everything. Why on earth should we?"

Hostility women have found in plenty, but it is not sex hostility. Inside their own party organizations they have had an unceasing fight on their hands. This struggle to win broad recognition, to exercise the right to select their own representatives instead of having rubber stamps appointed over them by the men at the top, is, in truth, the biggest battle women have to wage for the next few years to come. It promises to be a continuous engagement, without quarter, inside both organizations all the way up and down the line. The rank and file of women are still woefully ignorant concerning party machinery. They do not begin to realize the importance parties play in the government system. But until women wield party power they have no political power. They are insubstantial shadows, ghosts. Their honorary positions are, for the most part, empty compliments, pasteboard crowns. To achieve real political power they must have party power, and that means woman power—an army of women voters at their backs, supporting them through thick and thin.

Strength in Union

SPEAKING upon this point, Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, a brilliant organizer and leader of the women in her party, says:

"It seems to me that one point is the crux of the whole matter. If a woman can organize a large enough group of women in her own district who so believe in her that they accept her judgment and who will therefore vote for her reëlection and probably vote as she does at the general election, she can snap her fingers at her machine-bossed coleaders. That, however, is difficult to do. Usually there are too many other women who want to be leaders and who seek to divide her following, many of them accepting the no-scratching kind of loyalty required by most politicians.

"If the division were only between the wives and friends of the machine politicians and the other women, the good-government, anti-machine leaders would undoubtedly win more votes—but the fact is that the anti-machine women are themselves frequently divided into various groups, with would-be leaders appealing to the various prejudices and beliefs—religious, wet and dry, and so forth. For this reason, I should like to see more emphasis placed on what the thing is that enables a woman member of an organization to act independently of a machine and to fight for her convictions—namely, the strength she has back of her; in other words, her adherents who will support her for reëlection.

"Too many women have the idea that fighting for convictions means talking for them. Even voting for them against a majority does little good if it means subsequent defeat and the substitution of a worse type of woman. The kind of fight that counts is the one where a woman votes and keeps on voting at every opportunity to back up the leader with whom she agrees.

"It is not pressure by the rest of the machine that makes a woman acquiesce with the boss; it is usually the knowledge that if she does not acquiesce she will be defeated and that her elimination will do even more harm to the cause of good government. She knows she will be defeated because the woman voters who ought to support her action will stay at home or will vote against her for some petty reason, not realizing that a vote for her is a vote for the position she has taken. She knows she is assured of reëlection if she goes with the machine, but if she does not she has no constituency on which she can count. We have great need of leaders, but the fact is that leaders are made by followers, not by contenders. We have not yet developed women leaders by the process of elimination. All women came of political age the same year and therefore many women, with the conviction that they were called to leadership, or with the itch to become leaders, began contending for place, and while they were contending the machine filled the positions."

The Way to Better Government

"TO THE earnest, honest woman who wants better government I would suggest that she pick out the leader she thinks best fitted, and then get behind her. What so-called woman leaders realize, alas, is that they are too often like Daniels cast into the lions' den. They go in with high

(Continued on Page 125)

A Great Deliberative Assembly

Edmond Charles Genêt, Citizen

An Informal Biography—By Meade Minnigerode

IN 1820, two years before her death, an old lady of nearly three score and ten sat in her home at Mantes, in France, and wrote a letter to her nephews and nieces in America. Some thirty years before, she had seen their father, her only brother, for the last time; more recently she had been the mistress of an extremely elegant boarding school for young females, on the early roll of which had been inscribed the names of Mlle. Hortense de Beauharnais, a queen to be, and the daughter of Josephine Bonaparte; of Miss Eliza Monroe, daughter of the American Minister to France; and of the Misses Pinckney, daughters of yet another American envoy; young ladies who paid their board in American gold and caused the struggling little academy to prosper and grow into the famous establishment of more than one hundred pupils, the schoolroom of duchesses and queens.

DESIGNED, ENGRAVED AND PUBLISHED BY W. BIRCH, ENAMEL PAINTER

Now, in 1820, at the close of her life, she thought of those boys and girls whom she had never seen, and prepared for them a little history of their family in France. With it she sent the letter; such a letter as aunts wrote, once upon a time, to their nephews and nieces. In it she said:

My dear children: An enormous distance separates you from a large family by which, in spite of your absence, you will always be held most dear. When you look at the map of the universe, you see on it old Europe, and in this old Europe, France, from which you are descended through your most estimable father. The station which your family occupied in France, the worthy things which they have done and the disastrous misfortunes which they have been obliged to bear, everything which concerns them, should interest you, and time can only increase this interest.

The most widely separated families may some day, through a change of fortune, be reunited; too frequently those tender bonds of close relationship, loosened with each successive generation, vanish entirely. I wish therefore, with foreseeing tenderness, to strengthen and maintain those bonds by informing you not only of the origin of your father through his father and mother but of the present condition of a family, which, when it was deprived of the support and counsels of your estimable father, experienced a loss greater than all those to which it has been subjected as a result of the events of the last century. YOUR AUNT.

The nephews and nieces in question were the children of Cornelia Tappen Clinton and of Martha Brandon Osgood, daughters, respectively, of the late Vice President of the United States and of the Postmaster General; and their estimable father was Edmond Charles Genêt, one time minister plenipotentiary of the French Republic "at" the United States.

II

AT CHRISTMAS time, in 1762, Marie Anne Louise Cardon Genêt was about to bring into the world her ninth and last child. The two only sons had died in infancy; it was ardently hoped that the baby would be a boy. With this hope in her heart, Louise Genêt retired to her canopied bed one night and dreamed that the Virgin had come to her, bringing a handsome boy baby in a beautiful white cradle. The next morning she vowed that if the dream came true the child should wear nothing but white for the first five years of his life. On January 8, 1763, the boy was born, in the Parish of St. Louis, at Versailles; and not until his sixth birthday did he lay aside the little white suits, the white shoes and the white hats with which his pious mother had filled his wardrobe. A little boy in white, in a great house on one of the cavernous streets of solemn Versailles; Edmond Charles Genêt, destined to become the representative of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

It was a family of magistrates and officials, tracing its present prosperity to the little boy's grandfather, Jean

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Madame Genêt, née Cornelia Tappen Clinton. From an Original Picture in Possession of Her Daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Greenbush. Above—State House Garden, Philadelphia

Genêt, who, in 1702, at the age of twelve, walked from his home near Tonnerre, in Burgundy, to Paris, with the intention of restoring the diminished family fortunes. At Paris he attracted the benevolent attention of the Cardinal Alberoni, Prime Minister to Philip V of Spain, who took him to Madrid. Jean Genêt returned to France with all of the religious severity of Spain in his nature, and with a fortune of four hundred thousand livres in his pockets, which he invested in real estate and in the purchase of a magistrature. He married, in 1721, a lady of ancient though penurious lineage, who gave him two sons—Edmé Jacques, the father of the little boy, and Pierre Michel, who grew up to be a recluse, a bachelor and quite sickly.

As a young man, Edmé Jacques had an adventurous time of it. Brilliant in his studies, a lover of the classics, of history and of languages, he desired to become a diplomat. His father destined him to the magistrature. When Edmé Jacques betrayed a taste for poetic composition his father nearly had him locked up in a monastery on a *lettre de cachet*. Edmé Jacques was very much in love with the beautiful Louise Cardon; his father wished him to marry another lady whose face was no part of her otherwise considerable fortune. It was thought best, finally, to allow him to travel, with the understanding that he was not to return until he had put from his mind all his personal diplomatic and matrimonial notions.

Edmé Jacques was twenty; he would not, under the French law, attain his majority until he was twenty-five. He went to Louise Cardon and exchanged with her vows of immutable fidelity, and then for five years he traveled, in Germany and in England, where he boarded with the governor of Dover Castle. Dover was very near France. Edmé Jacques slipped across one night, concealed himself for two days in the house of a friend, sent for his mother and visited his Louise. Then he returned to Dover to await his coming of age. That was in 1751. In January, 1752, without his father's consent, he married Louise, and shortly after the birth of their first child, Henriette, he was appointed secretary interpreter at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

They moved to Versailles, where, during the next six years, he borrowed on his patrimony and was blessed with six children, only two of whom survived infancy, Julie and Adelaïde. Then, in 1759, the Duc de Choiseul enlarged his bureau at the ministry and increased his salary. He prepared, after another sojourn in England in 1762, a report on the British Navy which earned the favorable notice of Louis XV. His wife presented him with another daughter, Sophie, and with the white-clad boy, Edmond Charles. The great days of the Genêt family were at hand.

III

EDMOND CHARLES, as he grew up, saw them in all their splendor. His father was a man of elegance and wit, a distinguished linguist and a scholar; his house was the meeting place for all the learned and artistic world of Versailles; in its salons there were recitations and music and philosophical discussions in many tongues; one heard there a constant setting forth of stately matters, in the midst of a continuous passing to and fro of courtly personages under the brilliant glow of many candles. One by one, as they left their English and Italian governesses, their pianoforte, harp and singing teachers, their French poetry and elocution lessons, Edmond Charles' sisters were called to the court and made great marriages, arranged and dowered by royal patronage.

Henriette, already reader to Mesdames the Daughters of the King, found herself at seventeen the chosen companion of the little fifteen-year-old dauphine Marie Antoinette of Austria; and, four years later, her majesty's first lady of the bedchamber. Julie, who sang divinely, became cradle rocker to the children of France—one of them a little boy who was never to be king—and when she married Monsieur Rousseau, in 1771, Louis XV ventured to remark that never in his experience had he seen so handsome a bridal pair. Her husband was chamberlain to the Comtesse d' Artois, fencing master to the dauphin and cloak carrier to the king. He was, not unnaturally, guillotined, in Messidor of the Year II. Adelaïde also was very beautiful, and a great favorite of Marie Antoinette, who appointed her lady in waiting and gave her a costly present of diamonds at the time of her marriage to a gentleman who was quartermaster-general to the army, receiver-general of finances and of the Duchy of Bar and Lorraine. Even

Sophie, who was not at all beautiful, was made lady in waiting to the little Madame Daughter of the King.

Days of splendor, bright with the sunshine of countless royal favors; but the ones which Edmond Charles enjoyed the most were those summer days of real sunshine when they all went rolling out, bag and baggage, to visit Uncle Toto—Pierre Michel, the brother of Edmé Jacques—at his country retreat at Mainville. For at Mainville there were woods and birds and cows, and a great romping, after the solemnities of Versailles, and in the evening, Uncle Toto with his flute, playing Charming Gabrielle and My Merry Shepherd.

And Uncle Toto himself, so fond of his scampering nephew; such a simple, absent-minded, gentle, kindly old soul; so removed from the world that he was to find it necessary, in 1793, to write to his niece Henriette:

"Just exactly what is the Revolution? Why all this uproar? For what reason are all these people being put to death?"

IV

AT THE same time Edmond Charles' education was most carefully planned and developed. At the age of five he could already read English and recite his Greek roots. Two years later, in addition to the instruction in history and in law which he received from his father, he was studying ancient and modern languages with two tutors, and learning to ride, to fence, to dance and to play on the pianoforte, an instrument for which he showed considerable aptitude. At the age of twelve the amazing child was given a gold medal by the King of Sweden for his translation from Swedish into French of the History of the Reign of Eric XIV. In the following year he produced his translation of the Researches Concerning the Ancient Finnish Race.

And during that period, in 1777, he helped his father in the preparation of his periodical, Anglo-American Affairs, translating for him into French the occasional contributions submitted by a certain Mr. Franklin and his associates of the American Commission—splendid personages, in the eyes of the young translator, gentlemen who had come from across the Atlantic and who talked magically of a strange, fascinating thing called liberty.

And so it must have been with a quite special delight that, in 1779, he put on his uniform of a lieutenant in the Colonel General's Regiment of Dragoons and accompanied the corps to Brest to embark for the American war. But it seemed at the last moment that there was no need of cavalry over there, and when the troopers returned to Paris, Edmond Charles remained at Brest to collect English and American nautical phrases to put into a dictionary for the use of French sailors; a task which was followed by a sojourn at Nantes for the purpose of studying commercial and merchant shipping affairs, including, no doubt, the legal status of privateers.

It was in 1780. Edmond Charles was seventeen, he spoke several languages, he was grounded in the law, he understood the fundamental principles of commerce, he rode well, he fenced with skill, he danced gracefully, he possessed agreeable musical talents and elegant manners, he looked extremely attractive in his handsome uniform. It was time to initiate him into the diplomatic career to which he was obviously destined. He was sent to Germany, to the University of Göttingen, then to the embassy at Berlin, later on to the embassy at Vienna. He returned to Paris just in time to attend the state funeral of his father, the much beloved and respected Edmé Jacques, in September, 1781.

Edmond Charles was almost immediately appointed to succeed his father at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and it was to him that the courier bearing the first news of the surrender at Yorktown presented himself. Edmond Charles was barely nineteen. He commanded a salary of forty thousand livres; he had

Rufus King, United States Senator From New York. From the Original Painting by Chappel

under him a staff of eight interpreters, all of them much older officials, whom he treated with faultless tact.

"Never for a single moment did he forget himself," his sister Henriette remembered afterward.

At home, he set himself to the liquidation of his father's numerous debts, and not until the last penny had been paid, several years later, did he discard the simple black attire of his mourning. Very young, very correct, very modest, the personification of integrity.

In 1783 he accompanied the special mission to London for the negotiation of the new commercial treaty, and during his stay in England those tastes which were to claim the leisure of his later years began to manifest themselves. For the youthful secretary avoided the gayeties of the court; he preferred, instead, to visit the manufacturing centers, to occupy himself with scientific enterprises, to investigate the latest progress of invention. There was a serious strain in him, a certain lofty detachment from the frivolities which encompassed him, a great curiosity concerning the novelties of the age.

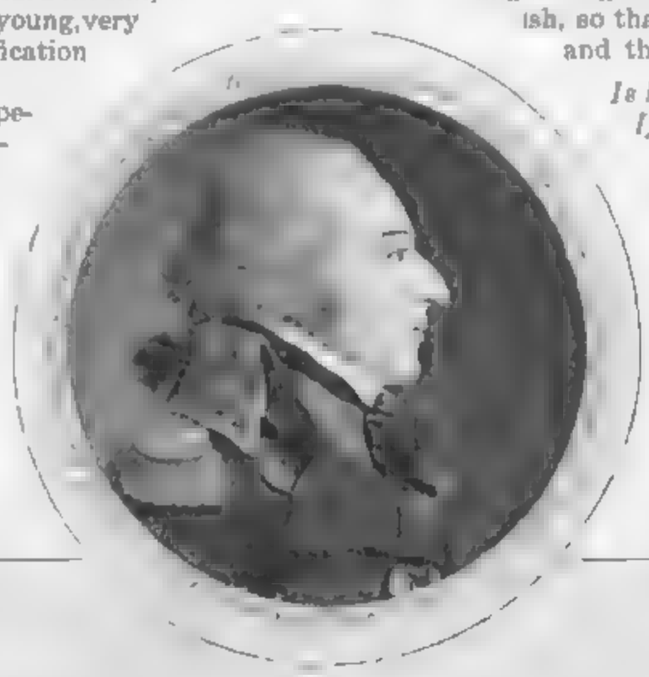
When the States-General convened, after his return to France, for the purpose of discussing belated economic reforms in the kingdom, Edmond Charles read a report of his own preparation before one of the committees presided over by the Comte d' Artois. The report condemned a proposed stamp tax, pointing out the recent English experience with a similar measure, and greatly displeased the Comte d' Artois; but the Marquis de Lafayette applauded the young man's courage—not in the presence of the king's brother, to be sure—and told him that he was very young but that he had behaved like a man.

At all events, Edmond Charles had incurred the displeasure of Monsieur, and it was not long before Edmond Charles' bureau at the ministry was discontinued and its duties absorbed by other departments, ostensibly for the sake of economy. There was a vacancy at the embassy at St. Petersburg. Edmond Charles applied for it, and, in 1787, set out on the long journey to Russia.

■

AT WARSAW he committed possibly his first indiscretion. At any rate, he betrayed the simmering blood in his veins, the jealous—brash, if one will—rebellious quality of his youthful attitude toward any disparagement of his importance as a representative of France; and, perhaps more than that already, his impatient scorn of men whose natures were not attuned to his own swift, vigorous, forward-moving instincts and to his own deep, ceaseless absorption in the furtherance of what they called in France the public concerns. A very earnest young man, imbued with zeal, saturated with energy, extremely meticulous of his dignity, which was, after all, his country's. And at Warsaw he found Poniatowski, King of Poland on sufferance; a gentleman who was very fond of French operettas and who sat Edmond Charles down at the pianoforte and made him sing for him by the hour—until finally Edmond Charles sang a song which the King of Poland did not relish, so that he had the pianoforte removed, and the refrain of which ran:

Is he king or isn't he king?
If he isn't, why call him king?



At St. Petersburg Edmond Charles found the Empress Catharine II—who stared at him very hard in his dragoon uniform because of his striking resemblance to her late favorite, the Count Landskoy—and the Comte de Ségur, the ambassador, who—though he was to record subsequently in his memoirs that Edmond Charles was extremely hot-headed—wrote of him at the time of his sojourn in Russia that he was a very distinguished young man, in all respects suitable, uniting agreeable talents with profound knowledge, erudite without pedantry, bright without pretension, his logic sound, his zeal indefatigable, his wit ornate, his manner of thinking noble and attractive. In fact, the more Comte de Ségur became acquainted with him, the more he found him a treasure to sustain and employ. Edmond Charles was promoted to the rank of captain and appointed chargé d' affaires when Comte de Ségur went home, in October, 1789. That

(Continued on Page 91)

The Government House. The Residence of Governors George Clinton and John Jay. Here Genêt Was Married to Governor Clinton's Daughter, Cornelia. In the Circle—Edmond Charles Genet, 1793. From a French Print

BIG LORD FAUNTLEROY

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Mrs. Tripler Bent Over Young Esme and Crooned, "My Man Child"

MRS. EDWIN SEELEY TRIPLER was a blond lady with large sentimental eyes. She lived in a big house with cupolas in the best part of Montclair, New Jersey, and once read a paper on Tennyson, the Man and His Message, before the Thursday Club. Her husband, whom she ruled by sweet insistence and sick headaches, was a stockbroker, known to his intimates as Ed and addicted to wicked-looking cigars. When their first and only child was born, a boy, Mrs. Tripler sent to all socially eligible people in that vicinity envelopes which contained large cards to which small cards were fastened with bows of blue ribbon, and thus the world came to know that the Edwin Seeley Triplers had a son and heir, and that he had been christened Esmé.

Almost immediately after this, Mr. Tripler took to his bed and shortly passed on to a land where there are no bulls and bears. It was common talk in Montclair and the Oranges that his illness began the very moment he learned that his offspring had been named Esmé. So the task of bending the twig and inclining the tree devolved entirely upon Mrs. Tripler. She welcomed it. As her departed husband had been prudent in the matter of life insurance and investments, she had no care but the one great care—the proper rearing of the child Esmé.

Mrs. Tripler had a not unnatural feeling, as she gazed on her ten pounds of son lying in his crib, that he was unique. Surely no baby ever had such eyes and such curly blond hair. In the quiet of the nursery, Mrs. Tripler bent over young Esmé and crooned, "My man child." Esmé began to howl.

Now all this happened long before the days of radio. Montclair had passed through the fabulous '40's, the feverish '50's, the exciting '60's, the sedate '70's and was well into the incredible '80's when Esmé Tripler came out of the everywhere into the here. He emerged in an era when men considered lilac side whiskers a blessing, and women were ladies; when every house that laid any claim to refinement had at least one stained-glass window; when, among the more elegant fruits of civilization, were the tintype, the high-wheeled bicycle, the gold-headed cane, the horse car, the antimacassar and the ornamental gas chandelier. It was an era when a family's social status was decided forevermore by the answer to the question "Are they genteel?" In the case of the Edwin Seeley Triplers the answer was in the affirmative.

Some months before little Esmé first drew the inspiriting air of Montclair into his lungs, an event occurred which was to influence his entire life. It was a simple event, this one so important to Esmé. In the newspapers of the day it received considerably less space than the purchase of a new diamond shirt stud by Mr. John L. Sullivan, and it was crowded into an obscure corner by a derisive editorial about certain visionaries who were hoping to supplant one of God's noblest creatures by a patently absurd contrivance called a horseless carriage. From a news standpoint the event destined to shape Esmé's ends was of minor interest, for it was merely the appearance of a new book, and a book for children, at that. Now the name of this new book was Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Mrs. Edwin Seeley Tripler read the book. Every lady in Montclair and the Oranges read it, and they were moved by it to action. Its far-reaching effects proved that even newspaper editors are fallible and cannot peer into the future. How could the editors, sitting at their roll-top desks and stroking their whiskers, know that the publishing of this book was really the most important event of that year? How could the editors know that it was destined to influence the lives of several hundred thousand American men who, today, are capitalists, professors, ship captains, taverners, apothecaries, senators, merchants and men of weight generally? How could the editors know that long after the diamond shirt stud of the lamented Mr. Sullivan had been pawned, and long after the editor who came to scoff at motor cars had remained to pay for a sedan, the book would still be read raptly by mothers of sons, and would still be inspiring in maternal bosoms an ambition that their own small Peter or Kenneth should be exactly like the little gentleman who is the hero of the book?

"O-o-o-w-w-w! You're Hurting Me! Let Me Go!" "Say Them Curls," Growled Sluggsy

The night Mrs. Tripler finished the book, she laid it aside and sighed a sigh of such magnitude that it caused her husband to look up from his newspaper.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired Edwin Tripler. "Why do you sigh?"

"It's nothing, Edwin, nothing," answered Mrs. Tripler, picking up a garment and beginning to sew. But it was something. In that moment a resolution had been born in her mind, and it was that if her child were a boy he should be named Esmé, dressed in velvet and lace and taught to call her dearest.

So Esmé Tripler escaped from the bondage of those long dresses that incased, for no known reason, the limbs of well-bred infants of that period much earlier than was customary. It was not that the refined mind of his mother harbored radical theories, for in those days one did as one's class did. She simply wished to speed the coming of the day when she should look upon her Esmé clad, like the hero of the book, in a black velvet suit, aristocratically tight, with a broad sash at his waist, wide collar and cuffs of real lace, silk stockings and patent-leather pumps with silver buckles. To this end she hurried him out of long dresses into short dresses and out of short dresses into kilts. He tarried in kilts for as short a time as common decency permitted.

As that day approached when Esmé Tripler should step forth in velvet and lace, Mrs. Tripler found herself feeling a little sorry for the other mothers of Montclair and the Oranges, who had read the book and were acting accordingly. Try as they might, these mothers were unable entirely to overcome Nature. Their sons fell short of the ideal. There was, for example, little Chester Arthur Jessup, who lived next door, an urchin with a sweet disposition and very good at needlework, but blighted by the fact that his hair was no more curly than a chisel. In vain did Mrs. Jessup labor over that hair with tongs and papers; one hour after her little gentleman emerged in his velvet and lace, the traitorous locks became as straight as if they had been surveyed. In damp weather it was possible to see the curl coming out of Chester Arthur's hair, a sight acutely distressing to him and his mother. Then there was Master Cuthbert Peel, whose hair was curly enough, curly as bed springs in fact, but in hue the color of blazing shingles; and this was a source of sorrow to his mother, for the young gentleman in the book, who was her model, did not have red hair. His perfections, physical, mental and moral, were stated explicitly by the author and his appearance depicted by the illustrator. Mrs. Tripler and the other mothers knew the description of him by heart:

"In the first place, he was always well, and so never gave anyone trouble; in the second place, he had so sweet a temper and ways so charming that he was a pleasure to everyone; and in the third place, he was so beautiful to look at that he was quite a picture. Instead of being a bald-headed baby, he started in life with a quantity of soft, fine, gold-colored hair, which curled up at the ends, and went into loose rings by the time he was six months old; he had big brown eyes and long eyelashes and a darling little face; he had so strong a back and such sturdy little legs that at nine months he suddenly learned to walk; his manners were so good for a baby that it was delightful to make his acquaintance. He seemed to feel that everyone was his friend, and when anyone spoke to him he would give the stranger one sweet, serious look with the brown eyes, and then follow it with a lovely, friendly smile. . . . And every month of his life he grew handsomer and more interesting."

This was the blue print that Mrs. Tripler and the other mothers were trying to follow; and, Mrs. Tripler mused, none of them stood a chance of following it closely but herself. There was, for instance, Master Harold Eaton Dowson, 8d, who was kind to dumb animals and whose hair was both light and curly, but who did not have a darling little face, since, through no fault of his, he resembled more than anything else a small-mouthed bass. Every month of his life Master Harold did not grow handsomer—and more interesting. Mrs. Clarence Bender's

This Was to Kick Sluggsy in the Abdomen

"My Darling!" Cried Mrs. Tripler. "Oh, My Precious Lamb, What Has Happened to You?"

little boy might have made the grade but for bandy legs and freckles. The Sheldon child missed because he had a figure like a basket ball and a face like a meat tart.

But Esmé Tripler —— Nature had indeed smiled on Esmé. From his mother he had inherited a wealth of naturally curly hair of an eighteen-carat-gold shade and the large brown eyes of a young fawn. His eyelashes were long, his face darling and his legs sturdy, according to specifications, and it was not too much to say, Mrs. Tripler sometimes said, that every month he grew handsomer and more interesting. He was, there was no gainsaying it, Little Lord Fauntleroy to the life. He learned, without a struggle, to call her dearest, and he did not have to be coerced into so doing with a wicker carpet beater, as, it was said, was the case with Master Mortimer Bloomer, of East Orange.

Like the little gentleman in the book, Esmé Tripler behaved in an exemplary manner. He was polite; he washed voluntarily; he was obedient; his pockets never bulged with dead sparrows, used chewing gum, fishhooks, bits of twine, broken harmonicas and pictures of pugilists; at a very tender age he could recite little poems:

"I have no pie or pudding, father,
So I will give you this";
And on the blacksmith's careworn brow,
She planted a childish kiss.

And he could embroider, neatly and prettily, doilies.

Nature alone had not been responsible for Esmé. Art had also had its share in making him a perfect little gentleman, fit to inherit an earldom, as the hero of the book had done, should it turn out that the father of the late Mr. Tripler had been a nobleman. This was an eventuality for which Mrs. Tripler secretly prayed, although her hopes in this direction were somewhat tempered by the knowledge that her husband's father, in his later years anyhow, had been a hay-and-feed dealer in Erie, Pennsylvania. Mrs Tripler had supplied the art that made Esmé what he was. Painstakingly, she had patterned him after the little gentleman in the book. Not for Esmé was coarsening contact with a possibly uncouth world; not for him schoolmates who might have parents who had not read the book.

"Dearest will be your teacher and your playmate," his mother told him. Once or twice she had given formal parties for him to which she had invited a few selected little gentlemen from the nicest families in the neighborhood. Under her close supervision, they had played decorously at musical chairs, had watched a hired magician do tricks with goldfish, had eaten small plates of striped ice cream and had been packed off to their homes in carriages. Sometimes she read him books—Rollo in Naples; Sanford and Merton; Eric, or Little by Little; the Susie Books; and stories from The Parent's Assistant; about good little boys who wasted not and in consequence wanted not. And, of course, she read him, not once but a score of times, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

At last the day came—Mrs. Tripler's day, and Esmé's. The velvet suit with the real lace collar and cuffs, the broad sash, the stockings of sheer silk, the patent-leather pumps with butterfly buckles of silver, and the wide-brimmed straw hat—they were all ready for Esmé Tripler, and he was ready for them. They had in fact been ready for some time. On that day his long curls, which reached to his waist, seemed even more golden than usual; he was bathed with more than ordinary thoroughness, and scented with lily-of-the-valley toilet water. He said, "Thank you, dearest," as his mother helped him don each of the garments, a rite interspersed by frequent claspings to the maternal bosom and frequent ecstatic cries of "My beautiful darling!" and "My man child!" She did not conceal from him her belief that he was the most perfect thing then extant; and Esmé, regarding himself in the nursery pier glass, concurred in this estimate of himself.

Mrs. Tripler would have kept him all afternoon in her drawing-room to admire him had not the regimen demanded that he take exercise in the open air.

"You may go out and play in the garden now, Esmé dear," his mother said.

"Thank you, dearest," he replied, with a little bow, half curtsy, she had taught him.

Playing in the garden meant walking about and looking at the flowers, and perhaps, if the sun was not too hot, a little dignified hoop rolling.

It was a well-tended, orderly, but not very big garden to which Esmé went that fateful day. Dutifully, he looked at all the flowers and then found himself growing restive. By way of diverting himself he rolled his hoop up and down the narrow gravel path, and once he rolled it all the way down to the high wooden gate that prevented him from seeing passers-by and passers-by from viewing him. Standing in front of the gate, he paused to meditate. There was a restless stirring within him. His mother, his nurse, Julia, his mirror, had all told him that he was a thing of rare beauty and wholly pleasing to the eye, and yet here in the garden were only silent flowers to appreciate him. An impulse, generous in its inception, came to him. Why not let others gaze upon him in his new attire? Why not let people outside the gate feast their eyes on him? Why not? At first hesitantly, then with a burst of boldness, he opened the big wooden gate, and then, with neat, demure step, Esmé Tripler, for the first time in his life, walked forth into the world of men alone.

"Thank You Very Much, Father," He Said

The street outside seemed a mile wide and infinitely long, and the houses seemed to touch the sky. He felt very small, but he was resolute. Of course, he had been outside the garden before, but always in his mother's carriage, or else for brief walks in the nice part of town with the bulky and vigilant Julia as his bodyguard. But today all was different. A curious, new and not unpleasant sensation came to him: he was having an adventure, just as the young lord in the book might have had. Esmé had come to identify himself with this highly favored young gentleman, much to the delight of his mother. Smiling sweetly at all strangers, Esmé Tripler went down the street.

Even Montclair has a section where the inhabitants do not read good books, but sleep three in a bed, wash in the kitchen sink and consider cabbage a perfume. It was into this region, hitherto unknown to him even by reputation, that Esmé Tripler progressed. He was fascinated by the small gardenless houses, so close together that they seemed to be leaning against one another for support; and he was pleased by the fact that he seemed to be attracting no small amount of attention among the strange natives of those parts.

On he tripped to the vicinity of the gas tanks, and there paused in a species of alley and sat on a fire hydrant to rest. It was at this moment he came within the ken of Mr. Sluggsy O'Dowd, young in years but old in experience, and his satellite, the still more youthful Mr. Pigs Rafferty.

Messrs. O'Dowd and Rafferty at that moment were engaged in archæological researches in a near-by dump, the object of their explorations being the discovery of a one-eyed tomcat, a week deceased, which, according to report, was entombed somewhere under the tin cans. It was the small bright eyes of Mr. Pigs Rafferty, set in an archipelago of freckles, that first spied the golden curls of Esmé on which the sun was smiling.

"Gee!" exclaimed Mr. Pigs Rafferty. "Pipe the Lizzie!"

"Aw, a girl," said Mr. Sluggsy O'Dowd contemptuously.

Mr. Rafferty studied Esmé as a scientist might an entirely new sort of insect.

"It ain't no girl," Mr. Rafferty ventured to say. "It's a boy."

"Don't tell me!" rebuked Mr. O'Dowd. "I ain't blind."

"He's got pants," murmured Mr. Rafferty.

Contradicting Sluggsy O'Dowd was no light matter. Was not his big brother Spike a prize fighter who was paid as high as fifteen dollars for his professional services and who possessed an authentic cauliflower ear? Had not Spike freely predicted that in ten years Sluggsy would be making it hot for the bantam weights and would have his own personal cauliflower ear? Was it not the highest honor attainable by a student in Grade 4B to be permitted to feel Sluggsy's biceps?

(Continued on Page 129)

RUSTY SPREADS THE LIGHT

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IF YOU want to know, I lasted just three days, countin' from the time Mr Buell announces that he's the happiest man in the world, meanin' that this decree widow with the two kids had hooked him for keeps. Thursday, Friday, Saturday—and then out.

'Course I saw it comin', and if it hadn't come I'd gone out and met it. Partly it was Mrs. Maitland, partly it was Laura Lee and little Wilfred, but mostly, I expect, it was because I couldn't stand by and watch the boss bunk himself into believin' he was cavortin' around free and careless, when all he was doin' was jumpin' back and forth—with her holdin' the hoop. Also I knew it was gonna be worse. Already I'd seen them baby-blue eyes throwin' off sparks, and the pouty little mouth get set cold and selfish. And from the first I knew she was off me.

So when Mr. Buell shows up at the garage with that sheepish look on his face and one hand fingerin' a check, he don't catch me with my mouth open. I know I'm to get the gate.

"I'm sorry, Rusty," he begins, "but I am about to lose your valued services. I hardly need to tell you that only a combination of unforeseen and regrettable circumstances forces me to—er ——"

"Give me the chuck, eh?" says I.

"Not at all," says he.

"Oh!" says I. "I'm just bein' fired then?"

"No," says he. "I want you to get that point quite clear, for it is something which I've wasted a lot of breath over. I am not discharging you, Rusty. About that I've been very firm with Mrs. Maitland."

"Her?" says I. "Yes, I had a hunch she was sore on me."

"For some reason," he goes on, "she—she has not taken a fancy to you."

"Well, some do and some don't," says I.

"She seems to think," says he, "that she could not trust you with the children."

"Might be something in that too," says I.

"An absurd whim," says Mr. Buell. "But you know how women are, Rusty."

"Not guilty," says I. "I may have picked up a little about how a few are now and then, but nobody ever knew about all of 'em, Mr. Buell, nor ever will."

"Of course you are perfectly right," says he. "The beginning of wisdom. At least, you have seen enough of Mrs. Maitland to understand that if she failed to appreciate your many good qualities ——"

"I get you," says I. "And rather than have you go hoarse tryin' to show her where she's wrong, Rusty Gillan pulls himself up haughty, smiles kinda sad and sweet, and hands in his resignation as shuffer to the best boss he ever had, bar none."

"Thank you, Rusty," says he, a bit throaty. "Sincere regrets on both sides. But I shall allow you to resign only on condition that I am to provide you with another position. In fact, it is waiting for you. I wired Aunt Bertha last night and I've just had her reply. She would like to have you come on at once."

"Aunt Bertha, eh?" says I. "Sounds reasonable. I don't remember your mentionin' her before though."

"Perhaps I haven't," says he. "She's an old dear, however, and I am quite fond of her. So when I heard that she had finally retired old Duffy on a pension—the world's worst driver, Duffy—and when this—er—question about your remaining with me came up, I saw an opportunity to provide Aunt Bertha with a really good, Class A chauffeur, and at the same time find you a good job. Ought to be rather a soft one—no long tours, very little night work, and comfortable quarters. You'll like Fairport too. Lovely old Connecticut town. Lots of girls there. Work in the factories and mills. Some of them very pretty."

She Beckons Me Over, and I Tears Loose From the Girls and Goes. "Gillan," Says She, "Who is Responsible for This—This Outrage?"

"Huh!" says I. "I guess you've sold it to me, Mr. Buell. But if I was you I'd just report to Mrs. Maitland that I'd been turned loose. And I'm much obliged for findin' me another place."

"The least I could do," says he. "Besides, Aunt Bertha will probably feature me in her will on account of this. She hinted as much in her night letter."

So I got passed on in the fam'ly. And say, that was a new one to me. I've been fired with and without notice, I've walked out on 'em and been kicked out, I've had 'em go broke, I've had 'em die on me; but this is the first time I was ever traded down river, as they say in the Tom shows.

I slides out of Manchester on the noon train without sayin' good-by to any of the girls, not even to Gertie, the nurse. It's better to do a quick fade-out with no final clinches and no fond farewells. Then they can't load you up with any fool souvenirs or write you mushy stuff on picture post cards for some parlor maid in your new place to read and give you the raza about. I know birds that's nuts on gettin' letters from different janes they been playin' around with, and swappin' snapshot pitchers, and keepin' silly locks of hair and odd gloves, and junk like that. Not for me. When I check out I don't leave any forwardin' address, and if I make a broad jump I don't want any loose ends trailin' behind. Then wherever I land I can start with a clean slate. It gets smeared up quick enough, Lord knows, with this week's affairs, let alone carryin' over from last month.

And joggin' down on a way train through Vermont I wasn't reminiscin' on this or that, or sympathizin' with myself for havin' to quit a boss like Mr. Buell. I passes the time pleasant by gettin' invited from the smoker into the baggage car and showin' a brakeman and express messenger how frequently Little Joe would come when I called him earnest, specially if we was shootin' for one berry a corner. And when I has to change cars and there's nothin' more excitin' to do than watchin' the scenery I only wonders casual about the lady boss I gotta break in. Nothin' much to worry over. If she's an aunt to Mr. Buell she must be all right. Besides, he says she's an old dear, which ought to make her nearly perfect.

Still, when you're workin' private there's a lot more'n your boss to account for. The butler, if any. How little I like butlers! Always orderin' you around sneery, like you was some sort of insect; and spillin' tales about you behind your back and bawlin' you out for nothin' at all. The big stiffs! If ever I start a war of my own it'll be against butlers. Then there's cooks. Most of 'em are chronic grouches, and if you don't stand in with 'em you're out of luck. Might as well go on a diet. It's a great help though, if the upstairs girls or the personal maids are easy lookers. One of 'em, anyway. Not Swedes, though. They're apt to be cold propositions and thick in the head besides. Frenchies are gay enough, but tricky, and they can smell out a dollar that you've hid in the toe of your shoe. Some of them English and Scotch maids are all right, but for good lively comp'ny give me a blue-eyed girl who has still got relations in County Clare. So I kinda had it settled in my mind that most of the help at Aunt Bertha's would be Irish and that one would be a Katie goin' on nineteen. Yes, and likely she'd have a saucy little mouth, and hair the color of a new copper pan. Maybe cheek dimples.

Anyway, there's more or less class to this dump that I gets myself jitneyed out to late that afternoon. The house is one of these double-breasted old shacks with green shutters to the front door, a big elm on either side and a cupola finishin' off the second story. Looks like it had been there since the year of the big wind. Flower beds and shrubbery and gravel walks out back, and a whale of a stable-garage that has some of the box stalls left in.

First off I scouts around for the bus I'm to drive, and I finds it nosed skew-angled onto the washstand. Some grand old boat! One of the first, I expect, to have the searchlights bulgin' from the front mud guards, and slung high enough on the springs so you could roll it over stumps or fire hydrants. But there's been less'n thirty thousand checked off on the speedometer, and most of them old motors are good for a hundred before they lose their compression. I turned her over once and she sounds sweet. Oh, a little clack of the wrist pins and a few valve stutters, but I can soon cure that. An oil and gas eater though, and a brute to handle in heavy traffic. I see where I ain't gonna show up imposin' behind that big steerin' wheel, but I also figures how I can easy take two more on the front seat, so there ain't any danger of passin' lonesome evenin's.

About then in drifts a Dago with a wheelbarrow and a rake, and I asks him where I'll find the shuffer's suite.

"You da new drive?" he asks.

"Absolutely," says I. "Where do I bunk?"

He hunches his shoulders. "You gotta see Miss Berta," says he.

"Meanin' Mrs. Buell?" says I.

"No, no," says he. "Miss Berta. She tell—everyting."

"All right, Joe; I'll see her," says I.

'Course I don't take much notice of what he says, for his English is too highly scented with garlic to be straight. I walks out and hunts up a side door and pounds away on an old brass knocker until somebody comes. I'll say it wasn't anybody much. Mostly she was nose and neck and stiff-starched white apron—one of these hatchet-faced skinnies with her mud-colored hair drawn back into a knob on top of her head, and just as handsome as something from a comic strip. She squints at me suspicious out of a pair of skim-milk blue eyes.

"Hello, Fatty!" says I. "Run in and tell Mrs. Buell that Rusty Gillan waits without."

She shuts the door all but a couple of inches and stares at me simple. "What you want?" she asks quavery.

"Not you, anyway," says I. "You're perfectly safe, Scarlatina. I swear it by seven saints. And if it'll ease your mind any to know, I'm the new shuffer. Maybe you can tell me where to stow my things. Eh?"

She blinks at me a few times and shakes her head. "Wait," says she. "I'll tell Miss Bertha."

With that she slams the door and locks it and leaves me standin' there. But there's no mistakin' about the Miss this time, so it looks like I've had an old-maid boss wished on me.

Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. And I've seen some that wasn't so worse. Maybe she's one of the kind that couldn't find a man good enough.

It's five or ten minutes before Skinny comes back and tows me in through a long hallway and across a big livin' room and finally taps at a white door.

"Come!" booms out a deep voice.

And the next thing I know I'm shoved in and am bein' sized up by this heavy-set, high-chested dame with the square jaw and curly grayish bobbed hair. She's a ruddy-cheeked, full-blooded party, and them clear gray eyes can almost look right through you. She's sittin' in a swing chair before a mahogany desk, and at one side is a pie-faced, spectacled young woman takin' notes.

"Shall I go, Miss Bertha?" asks Pie-Face.

"Certainly not," says Miss Bertha, without shiftin' her eyes. "This is poor dear Duffy's successor, Bigler. His name is Gillan. Please note his arrival in the diary and in the household accounts, also in the birthday book. Gillan, when is your birthday?"

"I dunno, miss," says I.

"There, there, Gillan!" says she, shakin' her head reprovin'. "Surely you haven't forgotten—the little friends who gathered with presents, the merry games, and afterwards the big cake with the candles on it? Come!"

"Nothing like that ever happened to me," says I. "If they knew when it was at the Home, they never got that much excited about it."

"I see," says she. "A foundling. And how truly pathetic to go through life without a birthday."

"It ain't bothered me much so far," says I.

"Here in our little household, Gillan," says she, "we try to remember all such anniversaries. You come to us without a birthday. Well, you shall have one. Let's see. Yes, you may have Beppo's."

"Eh?" says I, gawpin'.

"Beppo was the little spaniel I brought from Capri," says Aunt Bertha. "The poor dear had to be chloroformed last spring. His birthday was the third of April and as he is not using that date any more —— Well, put that down, Bigler. April third for Gillan."

I didn't know whether I ought to thank her for a pup's secondhand birthday, or what; and I was wonderin' if I'd have to remind her of the change so she wouldn't send out a box of fancy dog biscuit and a pink ribbon for my collar, when all of a sudden I finds she's shifted the subject.

"What are your religious affiliations or tendencies?" she's askin'.

"Mine?" says I, stallin' her off to see what she's gettin' at.

"Where do you go to church?" says she.

"Oh, I ain't fussy," says I. "But I never tried a synagogue yet."

"Do you mean," says she, "that you do not belong to any denomination, that you do not profess a particular faith?"

I expected I was gettin' in bad, but I had to admit it. You see, she might have asked me the password or something, and then where would I be?

"No," says I. "Not yet. I—I been kinda lookin' 'em over."

She don't blow up or nothin' like I expected. Instead she bobs her head vigorous. "Very good, Gillan, and quite wise!" says she. "Then it follows that you have an open mind. At least you are thrall to no obsolete creed, you are free from fear of priest or parson. Promising material. Is he not, Bigler?"

Pie-Face takes a hasty squint at me through the bone-rimmed glasses and nods. "Oh, yes, Miss Bertha," says she prompt but not enthusiastic.

"In time," goes on Aunt Bertha, "he may wish to join our little group."

Well, that don't mean much to me and I couldn't say what it might be leadin' up to, but I'd seen Skinny and I'd had an eyeful of Bigler, so I had a hunch that here was where I ought to start side-steppin'.

"You see, Miss Buell," I starts in, "I ——"

"You may call me Miss Bertha, Gillan," says she. "All my people do."

"All right, Miss Bertha," says I. "And mostly I'm hailed as Rusty."

"I prefer Gillan," says she. "And you were about to say ——"

"About joinin' things," says I. "I never was much of a joiner. I did hafta go into the shuffers' union to get my card, and once I was took into the Order of Owls, but ——"

"Our little group," she breaks in, "is nothing like either of those. We have neither rites nor ritual, no dogmas, no organization. We simply follow a precept."

"Ye-e-es?" says I, shufflin' my feet.

"It is as old as Vishnu, as young as Coué; it was retold from Nazareth, it is echoed from Point Loma," she goes on.

I don't dispute her. I expect I was just gawpin' and wonderin' why she dressed so plain if she could afford to have a secretary and run a joint like this. No jewelery, not even a finger ring, and the coat to her sport suit might have been one of Mr. Buell's except for the front bulge. She certainly was a lady husk and had lots of pep with her weight.

"I see," says she. "You are speculating as to what this precept may be. It is there, on the wall before you."

So I gawps at this framed motto over the desk.

"Repeat it," says she.

"Sweet-sweetness and Light," I reads.

"And what does that convey to your mind, Gillan?" she demands.

She had me rubbin' one foot against the other and twistin' my cap. But I made a stab.

"Why," says I, "a—a candy-shop window all lit up."

That got a gasp out of Miss Bigler and she drops her pencil. Miss Bertha only puckers her lips and frowns.

"You are one of those who still walk in darkness, I fear," says she. "But perhaps we can loosen the scales. One must receive light before one can reflect it, and sweetness begets sweetness. It is well that you have come among us. Do you not think, Gillan, that you can learn to love all of those about you?"

"Me?" says I. "Say, I'm no sheik, you know. 'Course there might be ——"

"That will do for the present, Gillan," she cuts in. "Tomorrow, perhaps, we may have another talk. You may go now."

"Where?" says I.

"Ah, yes!" says she. "You have not been assigned. Let me see. The large front room was Duffy's, but he is still there in spirit. I think you will find the small back room quite comfortable. And if you will come to the

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"Who's All Right?" Calls Some Party With a Loud-Speaker Voice. "Rusty Gillan!" Roars the Crowd. "Hi! Yi! Yippy-Yip!"

HENDERSON, OF COURSE!

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

SATURDAYS in summer are idle days in Wall Street. Upon such mornings few come willingly or with serious intent within earshot of Trinity's bells, and those few do little there beyond scanning heaven for weather threats and watching the clock for noon, when the rush to the elevators will begin. For the stock market itself the code prescribes sluggishness carried to the point of inaction, and nothing more.

Allied Fabrics smashed that respected and comfortable convention one balmy summer Saturday forenoon by collapsing suddenly and spectacularly when too little time was left to find out just why. Quite without warning an impetuous wave of urgent selling, determined, aggressive selling, crashed down upon the stock, splintered its surprisingly meager support disastrously, and at noon left it insecure and tottering, with a full ten dollars washed away from the Wall Street value of each of its rather numerous shares.

Now when a previously stable stock suddenly and spectacularly slumps ten points in a quiet market that only recently has recovered its balance after a season of demoralization, the thing is no joke. Especially is it no joke on a Saturday in summer, when, ethically, it should not happen. Astonishment and even alarm ran through the remnant of Wall Street that was on duty that rare June day, and there was hurried search for the reason.

There Was Quick Anger in Chisholm's Face, and a Moment of Silence. Then He Said Coldly, "Will You Please Let Me Pass?"

But scant time remained for the search. A summer week-end is, after all, a summer week-end. Nothing can be done until Monday morning anyhow, and the 1:10 Saturday special, which is the only decent train to take, waits for no man; and even the club car may be full unless you're a bit early. So Wall Street, albeit puzzled and not a little disturbed, rushed away for its holiday and left it for the Sunday newspapers to provide explanation.

The Sunday newspapers obligingly did so. They laid it all to Johnny Henderson.

That was easy to do, plausible and safe. Johnny Henderson never denied or confirmed or bothered over what was said of him. Moreover, there was some little excuse.

Andy Mitchell, of the Leader, swearing heartily because of the interference with his placid Saturday schedule, had promptly called up Calhoun, Connor & Co. and gained speech with Henry Connor himself.

"Don't know anything about it," Connor had declared. "No reason for it that I know—no change in the company's affairs. We'd know if there was. Raid, I suppose."

"Who?" asked Mitchell.

"You'll have to do your own guessing. I don't know. Haven't had time to trace it. Who'd be the most likely to do it? Who does it look like?"

"Henderson, of course. But he's away."

"Is he? Well, the wires aren't down, are they? Picked a good day for it, didn't he?"

"It is Henderson then, is it?" persisted Andy.

"I tell you I don't know. I can't make a fact out of a guess."

"I get you," said the reporter. "Thanks."

The same hint was supplied to others who made hasty inquiry of Calhoun, Connor & Co.

At John Henderson's offices there was no one to talk to but an unemotional little stenographer who said, without show of interest: "Mr. Henderson's away. I don't know when he'll be back. Monday? Maybe. Maybe not for a month. We don't know. I can't tell you where he is. Sure I know, but I'm not tellin'."

So they went away and wrote little pieces about the break in Allied Fabrics stock, calling it a Henderson raid or a vicious professional drive or, with more dignity, an attempt to unsettle the market by a prominent operator.

Such little pieces were read with avidity and satisfaction by an interested public, which nodded understandingly and said: "Henderson, of course! Just when the market needs to be let alone! Why doesn't somebody handcuff him? But he'll do that kind of thing once too often, you'll see. He's gone broke before, you know. Don't forget that. Fabrics'll open down Monday, won't it?"

Fabrics did open down Monday, and was so persistently and heavily sold throughout that day that another five dollars disappeared from its market price. Other stocks weakened in sympathy and Wall Street grew uneasy. Muttering against Johnny Henderson and all of his kidney became a chorus to which the writers of news paragraphs contributed the high notes of complaint. But the chorus was not quite loud enough to reach, without relaying, to where Johnny Henderson himself sat in the stern of an ancient rowboat, off a rocky island far out in an uncivilized Maine lake, angering truculent black bass by means of deftly handled bits of gaudy feather. There still are such swashbuckler bass in such a motorless lake, and their address still is a secret.

In time, however, Henderson came to hear. In his abandoned Broadway office both idling secretaries discussed the matter, eying each other warily.

"No excuse to wire him," said the belted Simpson, using both polished hands at once to insure the sleekness of his polished head. "What's the use disturbin' him? What's the idea? He ain't got a share's interest in the market that I know of, has he? Didn't ask to be kept posted, did he? Well, what's the idea o' botherin' 'im with all this guff?"

"That's what I said, didn't I?" retorted Postley, watching the barbering performance with sneering interest. "Don't ask me what's the idea. 'Tain't my idea. You wire him if you want to, and get your funny little neck twisted when he gets back."

"Yeh? An' I suppose that'd make you feel real sorry, wouldn't it? You'd cry all over the place, wouldn't you? Well, don't worry, sweetheart. He don't hear nothin' from me."

Whereupon each of them, unseen by the other, slipped quietly away to send a carefully worded telegram designed to win for himself the undivided gratitude of his employer. A full day later the weather-beaten driver of a battered flivver delivered both in one handful to John Henderson.

One said:

"Think you should know everybody says you raiding Allied Fabrics. Stock down fifteen points, closed 48. Regards.

POSTLEY."

And the other:

"Big selling Allied Fabrics. Off sixteen points Saturday, today. You getting all blame. Much criticism. Thought better advise. SIMPSON."

The weather was threatening, the flies were vicious, and already he had stayed longer in the woods than he had intended. Henderson took down his rods, broke camp and came leisurely back to New York, picking up on the way various stale newspapers wherein he read, with steadily diminishing amusement, of how he was destroying the peace and security of Wall Street once more.

It did not concern him greatly. Angry criticism, earned or unearned, was not new to Johnny Henderson, and he chuckled over many of the paragraphs, roughing his grizzled hair and now and then pulling at the collar that was unwelcome after a fortnight of absence. But as he read, the conviction deepened that there was something well beyond the ordinary in all this, something more than misunderstanding and ignorance of fact. The unanimity with which he was labeled culprit was rather striking; in themselves the sneers seemed unusually confident that they were not only justified but properly aimed. Who was it, after all, who was waging stock-market war upon Allied Fabrics and putting the blame on him?

He sat staring at a gray, rain-beaten Pullman window, marshaling what facts he could recall and considering them in logical sequence. Allied Fabrics was a Chisholm property—a second successful venture of that George Chisholm who had reached out beyond his own expanded motor-building industry and seized upon wartime opportunities in the textile field. Chisholm had gathered together and interested a group of Wall Street money handlers. With their backing, and through the machinery of the widely known Stock Exchange house of Calhoun, Connor & Co., the combination that was the Allied Fabrics Corporation had been launched.

It had been successful from the first. Its early war profits had permitted liberal dividends, paid largely in additional shares, and these had helped its stock-market fortunes. Yet it had never been a stock-market sensation, perhaps because of the conservatism of George Chisholm himself. There had been rumors of Chisholm's opposition to pools and stock-jobbing performances in the shares of his companies. He had remained the outstanding figure in the Allied Fabrics management, the chairman of its executive board, although his deeper interest had never been withdrawn from his own Chisholm Motors. That, too, had shares of Stock Exchange prominence, stable, well regarded, selling above their face values, undesirable for gambling turns yet respected among market barometers.

Henderson turned to his latest stock table to see what had been happening to Chisholm Motors. It had dropped somewhat, but not enough to support his quick suspicion of trouble in the Chisholm camp—such trouble as might have forced selling of it as well as of Allied Fabrics. There

was no clew there; yet he thought it would be well to watch that motor stock thereafter

All that, however, brought him no nearer a solution of his puzzle. There were only three questions: Who were driving down Allied Fabrics? What was their purpose? Why were they blaming it on him? The last seemed most important; but he could find no sensible answer to any of the three. He would have to wait for the morning and Wall Street. At the moment, it was time for sleep.

He ordered his berth made up and moved out of the compartment to make room for the white-jacketed porter. In the corridor the way was blocked by a broad-shouldered man with a great mop of startlingly white hair. He drew aside to let Henderson pass, and the light fell upon his face. The man was George Chisholm.

Henderson, astonished, stood still, and the other looked at him inquiringly.

Impulsively Henderson demanded, "You're Chisholm—George Chisholm—aren't you?"

"Why, yes," the man replied; "I'm George Chisholm."

"I'm John Henderson."

There was quick anger in Chisholm's face, and a moment of silence. Then he said coldly, "Will you please let me pass?"

"Wait a minute," Henderson protested. "There's something I'd like to ask you, Mr. Chisholm."

But Chisholm repeated, "Let me pass, please."

Henderson, showing his surprise, did not move. "I don't believe you mean that," he said slowly. "You don't—you can't mean that you're actually blaming me for what's been going on in the market?"

"Certainly, I am," answered the other with indignation; "and I have nothing to say to you, sir."

"But that won't do!" Henderson declared. "I've had nothing to do with the thing! You must know that yourself!"

"I don't want to discuss it," Chisholm said impatiently. "I should like to pass."

"All right," retorted Henderson angrily. "That's as you please. But just keep in mind that I'm going to call for a show-down. I've never had anything to do with your Fabrics, and I'm not going to be plastered with this thing that's happened in it now."

He made way for Chisholm and both men passed on. But Henderson, thinking rapidly, halted again and turned back.

"Mr. Chisholm!" he called. Surprisingly Chisholm stopped and faced about.

"Well?" he asked uncertainly.

"I don't believe a few minutes' talk would do either of us any harm."

Chisholm hesitated and then, with sudden resolution, said, "All right. Where?"

White Jacket was stopped where his chore was half done, and set to restore the little compartment to its daily state. The two men waited in silence in the corridor, and while they waited Henderson studied the other covertly as he stood in the light of the open doorway. A rather surprising man, this maker of motor cars who had turned his left hand to weaving. Broadly built and sturdy, but with no strength of jaw; carrying a shock of turbulent white hair above eyes that were womanish soft. There was energy in him; but by Henderson's reading he might pour it out prodigally for his enthusiasms and keep little to guard their winnings. A curiously courtly man in whom naïve kindliness might fight constantly against the upper hand of worldly custom.

"Let me begin with this," Henderson said when they were seated facing each other. "I've never had an interest in Allied Fabrics in my life. I've been away from New York the past three weeks, loafing in the Maine woods. I've only just heard about the smash in Fabrics and about my part in it. I stopped you tonight, and I'm telling you this now, only because I'm curious to learn how and why my name's been pasted on the thing. Apart from that it doesn't concern me—at least, not yet. You can tell me as much or as little as you please."

George Chisholm did not answer immediately, and when he did, it was with measured words.

"Mr. Henderson," he said, "that statement is all but incredible to me. I don't mean to offend you, but that's the truth. I'm not very familiar with Wall Street—my time is given to my business—but lately I've been in very close touch with my associates there. Everyone seems to know—that is, everyone has told me—everyone understands that you've been making the campaign against Allied Fabrics."

"Everyone, eh? Who, for instance?" Henderson asked.

"Well—everyone. The newspapers. Everyone in Wall Street, I think. We men who are most interested in the company have had several conferences to discuss your operations. Why, we've had details of your selling ——"

"Details of my selling! My selling! Who gave you those? Was it Jim Calhoun?"

Chisholm considered. "No," he said slowly; "I think Henry Connor knew most about it. Also Griffith Lloyd. Perhaps Calhoun too. I'm not sure."

"Connor, eh? That's Calhoun." Henderson spoke impatiently. "Connor's the horn—the loud speaker. Calhoun's the works. So that's where it came from! And what about your conferences? What were their results? Did they—by Jove, did they get you to buy stock to keep the price up against my selling?"

Chisholm stiffened. "I resent that, Mr. Henderson," he said. "I know my friends. Both they and I have bought a great deal of Allied Fabrics stock to protect it in this unfair raid. I know my responsibilities."

"You would," muttered Henderson, as if to himself. "And they'd let you. They'd point 'em out to you." He leaned forward and tapped Chisholm's knee with a strong forefinger.

"Why do you suppose they gave you detailed reports of my selling when I wasn't doing any?" he asked. "Why do you suppose they got you to buy stock to offset the selling they said was mine, when they must have known it was coming from someone else?"

Anger slowly gave way to suspicion in Chisholm's dark eyes, but when he answered it was loyally.

"I suppose a misunderstanding—a mistake. Like everyone else, they've probably been mistaken about you. But that doesn't matter. If it hasn't been you it's been someone."

Henderson shrugged his shoulders. "Yes," he said, "and that seems to me to be the point. It's been someone else, and you've been deceived; I think, deliberately deceived."

Chisholm cried sharply, "But you can't mean ——"

"Oh, yes," answered Johnny Henderson, "I do mean just that. I'm guessing, of course, but my guess is that some of these friends you know so well have been selling out on you."

"Impossible!" But there was the slightest tremor in George Chisholm's voice as he said it.

"All right." Henderson's gesture meant that he had no more to say. "I don't want to break up a happy family. Maybe I'm wrong." He lighted a cigarette and the little room was all blue haze before Chisholm spoke again.

"You've upset me, Mr. Henderson," he said, showing a little of both irritation and resentment. "I can't deny that. Your suspicions can't be right and yet—you've asked a serious question, of course. Why have I—why has everybody been led to believe that it's you who have been driving the stock down?"

Henderson leaned forward again. "There's another question," he pointed out. "Why has the selling been pressed so hard? Why has the stock been broken so badly? That's part of the puzzle. Was it because only a smash would induce you to buy, to come to the rescue?"

There was another pause before Chisholm suddenly stood up and held out his hand.

"I think I've talked enough for tonight," he said. "I'll say good night to you. I suppose I should say thanks, but I'm not sure. I want to think this out. I'm to see Calhoun and the others in the morning."

"They'll probably tell you I've been lying," grinned Henderson. "I'd suggest you say nothing about having seen me until you've asked some other questions."

"I don't believe that's my way," Chisholm said. "I'm not a Wall Street man—only a manufacturer. Still, I'm not altogether a fool. Good night—and thank you."

Back once more in New York, in his room that looked across to Trinity's great clock and down upon Broadway, Henderson's first hurried glance at the ticker tape showed him Allied Fabrics beginning its day just below 40

"Nearly twenty-five points in ten days," he told himself. "That's fast work!" He rang, and the high-waisted Simpson came quickly, showing wide-eyed surprise.

"Yes, I'm back," said Henderson, "and I'm glad to see that this room of mine isn't used when I'm away. Still, you might take that coat off my chair and clear up those newspapers by the window."

Simpson moved briskly.

"Then you can call up Mitchell, of the Leader, and ask him to run in here this morning. And after that, bring Postley and tell me what's happened here since I've been away. What about all this mail? Do I have to go through that pile?"

They were still engaged with the

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"I Tell You My Business is With Chisholm," He Said Hotly. "Yes," Henderson Retorted, "But it Isn't Going to Result as You've Expected"

STRICTLY PRIVATE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

LEANING against the sun-blistered wall of the station, Sim Cole surveyed the double line of gleaming tracks to the north, an ancient grievance shadowing his pleasure in the chance to watch the Limited go through. Opposite the battered platform the branch line curved away to the east, beckoning and taunting, to Sim Cole's fancy. The light engine that puffed deliberately on the siding seemed to chuckle at Hewitt County and at Sim Cole for dwelling there. Presently, when the long string of steel sleepers jarred to a pause at the junction, that engine would pull one or two of the rearmost cars down into Cray County, with another batch of tourists eager to scatter their money about the winter playground at Summerhills. Sim's mental vision contemplated the resort wistfully—the big luxurious hotel and the sprinkle of private cottages among the pines, the open fairways of the golf courses, with bright little flags whipping above the yellow gleam of the sand greens, the great arc of the race track, the sauntering guests, assured and insolent and enviable in their idleness.

Once, in the off season, a friendly caretaker had guided Sim through the clubhouse and shown him the roulette tables, shrouded under their summer dust cloths, exhibited the thick soft pile of the rugs rolled up along the walls. The memory focused his discontent; he turned, his irritation heightened by Dan Mackenzie's lean, placid face.

"Might just as well be switching a few Pullmans up our way, 'stead of watching 'em carry all that cash money down yonder. Wouldn't do no hurt to leave them No'therners gamble all they was a mind to. If Hewitt was run by up-to-date folks, like Cray is, 'stead of a pack of moss-backed hill-billies ——"

"Folks are right old-fashioned up in Hewitt," said the sheriff, in the thin, gentle voice that Sim resented; an utterly unsuitable voice for a sheriff, defensive, appeasing, almost apologetic. "Figure the best thing to do with a law is to enforce it all you can, Sim. Had to say so when the Summerhills people tackled me." He rubbed his chin. "'Peared to have the notion I could sell 'em a permit to gamble same as a game license."

"Pity you didn't," said Cole spitefully. "Been the best thing 't ever happened to Hewitt if they'd built Summerhills where they wanted to. Look at what Cray County's getting out of it every year."

"Might look at it thataway," admitted Mackenzie. "Sight of money, sure enough." He relaxed his mouth in a faint smile. "Sort of lucky for you and me, though, that it's like it is. Reckon they'd be a sight more work to this here sheriffing job if Summerhills was our side of the line. Most likely all that there money 'd bait in some right good crooks."

Sim grunted sullenly

"All the better if it did. Like to get a chance at something bigger 'n nigra bootleggers, I would. Some sense to the sheriff business up No'th."

He thought sulkily of the drift of printed circulars from city police, tempting offers of big rewards for wanted criminals, long strings of fat ciphers in bold type below pictures of men who looked as prosperous as the people who spent winter holidays at Summerhills. Furtively, annoyed at himself for the folly of hope, he always studied those printed faces; always, in the company of strangers, sought for a promising resemblance, dreaming of a lucky meeting, the spending of money so easily won that it wouldn't hurt to part with it. Mackenzie's suggestion aggravated his sense of injury; just like the old man to regard the absence of such profitable rascals as an advantage! If the promoters of Summerhills had settled on Hewitt County there'd be at least a chance that some of those high-priced crooks might wander into reach.

He glowered at the rails, without lifting his glance when a man passed and repassed in front of him. Mechanically, by the shoes and trousers, he identified a tourist, and the guess was justified when the man stopped and spoke.

"Where does the Summerhills train start from?"

Mackenzie told him. Cole, listening, resented the gentle courtesy of the tone and word. He never said sir to these people and the old sheriff's generosity with the slurred syllable always irritated him by its implication of respect. Carelessly, without interest, he let his glance rise to the face and felt his breath jerk into his lungs, his knees stiffen, his whole body go taut under the shock of instant, unmistakable recognition.

"Put 'Em Up, Spangler!" He Chuckled at the Instant Compliance, at the Muddy Pallor in the Face That Turned Fearfully Over the Padded Shoulder

He tried to doubt it, tried to resist the inrush of conviction. It couldn't happen this way, not to Sim Cole, not in cold fact; in dime novels, sure enough, and maybe, now and then, to some fool for luck in real life; but ——

The man turned to follow Mackenzie's gesture and the movement brought his profile before Cole's eyes, silencing his last doubt. He might have been mistaken in the full-face identification, but there was no question about it now—the same bulging ridge above the eye, the same slightly inbent nose, the abrupt retreat of the chin, exposing those crooked upper teeth. The poster seemed to hang before Cole's comparing vision; he could see the string of zeros trailing out behind the dollar sign, the grim blackness of the headline type, the two photographs. He was utterly certain.

In his hip pocket the handcuffs pressed reassuringly into his flesh; he could feel the comforting weight of his gun against his thigh; and, studying his man, his courage made light of the sinister implication in that laconic Wanted for Murder at the top of the handbill. If this fellow had killed, he must have done it from behind, after dark; but no, he hadn't even done that, Cole remembered. He'd read about the case at the time it happened. This fellow hadn't been present when his accomplices shot the payroll messenger; he'd been the inside man who tipped them off; and he'd never have been suspected, probably, if he hadn't lost his nerve and run away. That was how they'd found out his prison record and got those Rogues Gallery pictures. The actual murderers hadn't been recognized, and if this lad had sat tight the police would have been absolutely stumped. A yellow streak, Cole decided. The man wouldn't show fight, and probably, with a little urging, he'd cave in and squeal like a snared rabbit. Anyway, it was going to be safe—absolutely safe

Mackenzie was listening to the fellow's chat, politely attentive, prompting him with questions when he paused in his talk of Summerhills. It occurred to Sim Cole that there ought to be something more than a money profit in the adventure. He shot an oblique glance at the sheriff's innocent face and turned to survey the platform group, wishing for a more appreciative audience. He brightened at the sight of Allie Bishop in the doorway of the waiting room, and moved slowly toward him. Allie was just the right man. He didn't love Mackenzie enough to hurt and he'd spread the story all over next week's Messenger, and wire it up to the Raleigh paper too.

"See that man talking to the sheriff?" Cole whispered. "Mackenzie ain't got a notion who he is—two thousand dollars reward up for him and the old man standing there and calling him sir! Lucky thing I come along over this morning. Watch me handle him."

He sauntered back, his confidence stiffened by the knowledge that Allie was sharing the joke on Dan Mackenzie. A single motion as he came close behind his man, pulled the gun from the holster and pressed it hard against the nicely tailored coat.

"Put 'em up, Spangler!"

He chuckled at the instant compliance, at the muddy pallor in the face that turned fearfully over the padded shoulder. He'd guessed right; yellow all the way through.

His free hand searched swiftly for a possible weapon. Finding none, he nodded, pleased by this added confirmation. Spangler had even been afraid to carry a gun! He jerked the handcuffs from his pocket and reached up swiftly to snap them on the lifted wrists. He'd played with them so much that he could manage them with one hand almost as well as with two.

"Easy, Sim." Mackenzie's face was grave, troubled, and Cole resisted a desire to laugh outright at the implication of the displeased tone. "This ain't just how to ——"

Cole broke in harshly:

"Seen you didn't suspicion who you was talking to, sheriff. Didn't aim to take no chance of you getting shot. This here is Joe Spangler—wanted up No'th for murder We got the handbills posted up over to the co'thouse since last week. Figured I'd better jump him kind of sudden."

He turned to the crowding knot of onlookers and rehearsed with relish a condensed version of the crime, addressing Allie Bishop and enjoying the sharp, sly understanding in the fat face. The express roared up to its impatient halt, hardly noticed by the rapt, attentive listeners. Passengers swelled the group, asking excited questions in their quick Northern speech, enlightened eagerly by the complacent loungers. Mackenzie twitched at Cole's sleeve and spoke under cover of the uproar.

"Less chat the better, Sim. Kind of sorry it happened thisaway, but they's no use fretting about that now. Take and get him on the shoofly train and don't leave him talk on the way over. I'll wait till the night train, anyhow—maybe till morning."

He took the prisoner's arm and the group gave way without waiting to be asked. Cole exchanged whispers with Bishop as they moved around behind the station to the single day coach that composed the Tyre train.

"Old man's sore, sure enough. Call you on the telephone and give you the story. Time I get to Tyre I'll have him turned clean inside out."

"Sure did show Mackenzie up this time, Sim. Prettiest thing I ever seen. Never forget how foolish he looked when you pulled your gun."

Cole grinned happily. He overtook Mackenzie and the prisoner at the step of the coach. The sheriff turned slowly, and Allie Bishop, to Cole's amused contempt, stopped short. Sim slouched forward, enjoying the trouble in Mackenzie's face.

"Reckon you got to take him up to Tyre by yourself, Sim. Wish I c'd make out to ride over with you-all, but"—his voice regained its normal mildness—"it don't matter, maybe. Handled it right pretty, Sim, only for one thing. Pity, some ways, you didn't wait till we could do it sort of private."

Cole laughed.

"Reckon it is. Wouldn't have no witnesses to swear who done it then. That there reward——"

"Don't reckon you'll have no trouble c'lecting it, the way things stand." Mackenzie's face sobered. In spite of himself, Cole sympathized with Allie Bishop; there were times when the old man seemed mysteriously formidable. "Don't do no more talking 'n you feel you got to. Paper don't come out till Friday." He transferred the prisoner to Cole with a gesture as the Summerhills sleepers clanked through the switch to the opposite siding. "Be home tonight, maybe."

Cole thrust his acquiescent, pallid captive up the car steps. Following, he turned on the platform in time to see Mackenzie swing up to the step of the rear Pullman on the far siding. He frowned at a swift suspicion. At Summerhills—and why should an old back number like Mackenzie want to go there, anyhow?—there were correspondents who supplied news to the big Northern papers. If the sheriff told them the story—and the police up in Pittland got that version first—there might be some question, after all, about the division of the reward. He motioned to Allie Bishop

"Know the names of the newspaper men down to Summerhills?" Bishop nodded. "Reckon it wouldn't be a bad notion to git 'em on the telephone right off so they c'n take and wire up No'th. Might be something in it for you."

He thrust the prisoner urgently into a seat and leaned back as the train moved out past the tobacco warehouses Whatever Mackenzie was up to, the story would beat him to those Summerhills folks by more than an hour—would be clicking north over the wires before he had a chance to tamper with it. He twisted in his seat and fixed a menacing eye on Spangler

"Know what's good for you, Spangler, you'll gimme the inside story while we're a-riding over. Better hadn't do no lying, neither—ain't healthy to try fooling me."

Spangler grinned impudently and said nothing. The color had come back to his unwholesome skin and he showed now no suggestion of his earlier fright, listening in amused, unmoved silence to Cole's alternated bluster and persuasions, until an absurd, unwelcome idea presented itself to the puzzled deputy. Perhaps this fellow was fool enough to be afraid of old Dan Mackenzie and felt safer now that the sheriff had gone! He dismissed the notion impatiently, but it came back to him more than once before the train reached Tyre. Spangler seemed in better spirits than ever. He walked almost jauntily past the staring loungers against the courthouse rails and whistled a cheerful tune when Cole slammed the cell door on him.

Sim's irritation smoothed into self-approval as he went back to the station to telegraph the Pittland police. He signed his own name to the message with a warming thrill, and the story of the adventure, related in detail to the courthouse loungers and again to the dinner-table audience at the hotel, left a pleasing savor on his lips. His spirits rose in the atmosphere of respectful approval. By mid-afternoon he was in excellent humor with himself and with the newspaper man who had driven hotfoot from Summerhills in the dusty motor car, a man named Donaldson, connected with one of the Pittland papers and luckily spending his holiday at the Summerhills hotel.

Cole was liberal with his information, quick to realize Donaldson's possible value in the matter of his claim on the reward. He exhibited the answer from the Pittland police, announcing that they were sending down an officer named Leary to fetch Spangler north. He went so far as to take Donaldson into the cell room and let him question the prisoner himself. Spangler was more defiant than ever, and Sim's resentment prompted a sharp retort

"Laugh outen the other side of your mouth when they take and strap you in the chair, I reckon."

Spangler manifestly found this amusing. Donaldson explained his mirth.

"Guess he knows he's safe enough, sheriff—police won't bump him off before he squeals on his gang. He's sitting pretty as long as they need his evidence. No use trying to make him talk. Let's go. I want to phone the office."

In the corridor Sim rebuked him mildly for the indiscreet remark

"Too bad you talked thataway in yonder, Donaldson. Might've got him talking if you hadn't give him that there notion." He winked significantly. "No'th ain't the only place where they use the third degree. Aimed to reason with him this evening, I did. No use now, I reckon."

Donaldson was penitent. His apology ministered soothingly to Sim's disappointment, and he drove away presently quite forgiven, with Cole's suggestion that he would save time and trouble by telephoning from Rayford instead of trying to use the rattletrap extension wire that ran up to Tyre. It was almost impossible, Sim informed him, to hear long-distance conversations over this branch line; and Rayford, twenty-odd miles to the northeast, was on the main trunk wire. The powerful car sent up a cloud of dust as it swerved into the Rayford road; and Sim, watching it approvingly from the jail steps, permitted himself the pleasing reflection that the reward money would buy a car like this if he chose to spend it that way. About time

Continued on Page 38

Cole, Craning His Neck to Look Over Mackenzie's Shoulder, Drew Back With Squeamish Disgust

Letters From Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles

IV
Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Rough Rider

An Early Photograph of Theodore Roosevelt at His Desk

689 MADISON AVE.,
May 13th, '95.

DARLING BYE: Here we are, and just as comfortable as possible, for Chamberlain takes the best possible care of us; and we are so very much obliged to you, dearest Bye.

I have never worked harder than in these last six days; and it is very worrying and harassing, for I have to deal with three colleagues, solve terribly difficult problems and do my work under hampering laws. If the Legislature will only give us power to remove our subordinates without appeal to the courts I *know* we can make a thorough and radical reform; without such power we can improve matters a good deal, but we can not do what we ought to. But I am absorbed in the work and am very glad I came on It is well worth doing. So far I get on well with my three colleagues. I have rarely left the office until six in the evening. Yours always, T. R.

689 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, May 19th, '95

DARLING BYE. I have never worked harder than during the last two weeks; I am down town at nine and leave the office at six, once at eight. The actual work is hard, but far harder is the intense strain. I have the most important and the most corrupt department in New York on my hands. I shall speedily assail some of the ablest, shrewdest men in this city, who will be fighting for their lives, and I know well how hard the task ahead of me is. Yet, in spite of the nervous strain and worry, I am glad I undertook it; for it is a man's work But I have had to stop my fourth volume for the time

Love to Rosy and Helen Yours, T R.

SAGAMORE HILL, June 8th, '95.

DARLING BYE: I am out for Sunday, and *very* glad to get the rest. I only spent one night in town since Monday; and that night I passed in tramping the streets, finding out by personal inspection how the police were doing their duty. A good many were not doing their duty; and I had a line of huge frightened guardians of the peace down for reprimand or fine, as a sequel to my all-night walk.

At present I am in high favor with both the Republicans and the Good Government Club people; and I certainly have hold of the reins in the police department. Although the work has been hard, I have really enjoyed it much; and I have accomplished a good deal.

Unless it rains I go to and from the station on a bicycle, so as to get a little exercise. Your loving brother, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, June 23rd, '95.

DARLING BYE: Have you read Kidd's Social Evolution? If so, look into the July North American where I have a review of him.

I am immensely amused and interested in my work. It keeps me so busy I can hardly think. My queer, strong, able colleague Parker is far and away the most positive character with whom I have ever worked on a commission. If he and I get at odds we shall have a battle royal; but I think we can pull together; and though Grant and Andrews do excellent work, Parker is the only man from whom I get any real help in shaping a big measure of policy We are gradually having the laws better and better observed, and getting more and more thorough control over the force Twice this week I had to spend the night in town. The first time Parker and I dined together, for we always have much to talk over; the second time we dined with the Mayor. After dinner I got my patrolman and spent three or four hours investigating the conduct of the police in a couple of precincts where I considered the captains to be shady. I make some rather startling discoveries at times. These midnight rambles are great fun. My whole work brings me in contact with every class of people in New York, as no other work possibly could; and I get a glimpse of the real life of the swarming millions. Finally, I do really feel that I am accomplishing a good deal.

Senator Lodge

On Sundays I revel in the bunnies. Archie loves me better than anything in the world. Ted is so sweet; indeed they all are dear.

Give my love to Rosy and to little Helen.

Your loving brother,
T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL,
June 30th, '95.

DARLING BYE: On Tuesday I went on to Harvard, to my class dinner—the only one I have ever been to; and it was the 15th anniversary, and the fellows all urged me to come in a way I could not well resist. I was very glad I went. Not only all my class, but all the Alumni and undergraduates gave me a royal reception. They elected me overseer at the top of the poll, two hundred votes ahead of the next man, who was Charles Francis Adams. Willie Chanler was given his degree, because of his African explorations! Mahan, Joe Jefferson and Sir Frederick Pollock were also given degrees.

I am working as I never worked before; and I have now run up against an ugly snag, the Sunday Excise Law. It is altogether too strict; but I have no honorable alternative save to enforce it, and I *am* enforcing it, to the furious rage of the saloon keepers and of many good people, too; for which I am sorry I have a difficult task, but in spite of the work and worry I really enjoy it.

Your loving brother, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, July 7th, '95.

DARLING BYE: Of course the chief thing we talk about and think about is your engagement Captain Cowles has written me a very sweet note; and I have just sent him a letter direct to the Embassy I can not say how I chafe at the idea of being away from you just now. Nothing but the absolute impossibility of my leaving here at this time could prevent me But it is the crisis of our work in the Police Department; we may not succeed if I stay, but we would certainly fail if I went. We have been drawn into an ugly fight against the saloon keepers, the lawless elements generally, and the Germans, who are as a rule by no means lawless, because we are enforcing the law against the Sunday sale of liquor. The law must be enforced impartially; but the difficulties in the way are immense, and I can not and ought not to leave any one else to carry on the fight I have begun. . . .

Yours always,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAGAMORE HILL, Sept. 29th, '95

DARLING BYE: Affairs look rather black here politically; the machine Democrats are openly against us, the machine Republicans are half secretly so; and I doubt if we can do much without any aid from either. But we are in the fight to a finish.

The other day there was a great parade of the liquor men here; they asked me to review it, in a spirit of irony; but I accepted, and rather nonplussed them by doing so.

Your loving brother, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Dec. 22d, '95.

DEAR WILL: Your letter to Ted was awfully nice; you were a trump to think of writing it. I have really enjoyed all four of the Hakluyt volumes.

We are much interested in the outcome of the Venezuelan matter. I earnestly hope our government don't back

down. If there is a muss I shall try to have a hand in it myself! They'll have to employ a lot of men just as green as I am even for the conquest of Canada; our regular army isn't big enough.

It seems to me that if England were wise she would fight now; we couldn't get at Canada until May, and meanwhile she could play havoc with our coast cities and shipping. Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Jan. 26th, '96.

DARLING BYE: On Friday Edith and I came on here to stop with dear Cabot and Nannie, and we are having just the loveliest time imaginable. Every one is doing everything possible for us; and we are fairly revelling in the congenial surroundings, so much more congenial than New York or its social side! I can never be sufficiently thankful that I took this police commissionership; on the whole, I am rather prouder of it than of any other work I ever did. I do not mind the abuse; I look beyond the moment's weariness and soreness; now even if they legislate me out of office, my main work will have been done. But there is no society in New York which makes up in any way for the circle of friends whom I found so congenial here.

I have seen a good deal of Reed; the weight of the struggle is very evident in his face and I can see how hard it is. The Presidency is a great prize, and there is a bitter fight for it.

Wolcott has just made a very foolish pro-English and anti-American speech, delighting the fashionable world of New York and Boston, who are savage in their Tory spirit and servile in their dread of war. But the mass of the people are sound. I saw Olney, who is a delightful contrast to Gresham. Between ourselves, he does not overmuch admire —— He is far more of a man than the President, and is the mainspring of the Administration in the Venezuela matter. We dine with him tonight. Smalley has been here for a week; worshipped by —— of course He is more English than the English, and has not the faintest idea how the people of the United States really feel. Cabot has made a tremendous hit with his big speech on the Venezuela matter; he is bitterly denounced by the whole pro-English press of the Northeast; but he stands better with the Country than ever before

The bunnies are all well at home, and we have an undercurrent of homesickness whenever we think of them, which is often, though we shall be back in a couple of days. Edith has done too much ever since she left the country; the life in New York is hard for her, now that the children are so young.

Love to Will Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis at Camp at Tampa, During Spanish-American War. At Left—General Leonard Wood

689 MADISON AVENUE, Feb. 2d, '96

DARLING BYE: Your letters are so interesting that I feel ashamed of mine. I am literally so driven that I shrink from the slightest extra task; and my interests, though intense, are so parochial that no one not on the ground would think them of much moment I work and fight from dawn until dark, almost; and the difficulties, the opposition, the lukewarm support, I encounter give me hours of profound depression; but at bottom I know the work has been well worth doing, and that I have done it as well as it could be done. And what I most care for is its intensely practical workaday character; it is a grimy struggle, but a vital one.

I keep up a rather abstract interest in foreign affairs. My own opinion is just yours; to back up Olney, and act exactly on the line of Cabot's speech, but not to take any further steps at present. If Salisbury obstinately refuses to yield, I see no alternative but to fight.

I am disgusted with the greed and timidity shown by our men of means, and the utter Colonialism of the educated class. I earnestly hope England will agree to some form of arbitration.

We are both so hard worked that we do not try to do anything in the "social line."

Love to Will Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

POLICE DEPARTMENT
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
300 MULBERRY STREET
NEW YORK

Feb. 25, 1896.

DARLING BYE: I have just come home from a tumultuous whirl at Chicago. I have recently been steadfastly refusing to make any speeches, but on Washington's birthday I did consent to make the great Chicago speech under the auspices of the Union League Club at the Auditorium. McKinley addressed the meeting last year and Tom Reed the year before. I was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and indeed was made the lion of the hour in Chicago; and during the thirty-six hours that I was there I had to make not less than seven speeches Chicago looks at me through the perspective of space which is almost as satisfactory as looking through the perspective of time; and, as she does not feel my rule, was loud in her denunciation of New York for not being grateful to me

I have had my hands full as usual with both my regular police work and with politics since I last wrote you. Gradually and in spite of great difficulties with two of my colleagues I am getting this force into good shape; but I am quite sincere when I say that I do not believe that any other man in the United States, not even the President, has had as heavy a task as I have had during the past ten months. In itself the work was herculean, even had I been assisted by an honest and active public sentiment and had I received help from the Press and the politicians. As a matter of fact, public sentiment is apathetic and likes to talk about virtue in the abstract, but it does not want to obtain the virtue if there is any trouble about it. The papers of the widest circulation have been virulent against me. The Democrats of course oppose me to a man, so far as their public representatives are concerned, and the Republican machine is almost as bitterly hostile. Governor Morton in a feeble way would like to stand by me, but he does not dare to antagonize Platt; he is now so miserable over having to decide whether or not he will veto the bill putting me out that he is almost sick. As yet they are not sure of his consent. They have not yet brought the bill in, but I think that in the end they will bring it in. However, I can afford to look at the result with a good deal of equanimity; they can't put me out much before I have finished my year's term of service; I will then have practically done the great bulk of our work, that is the reorganizing of the Department; we will leave the Force immeasurably improved, compared to the Force we found; and with all the worry and hard work, I have heartily enjoyed it. It has been emphatically a man's work, worth doing from every aspect. I feel I have been a useful citizen, and, though this is a point of very much less importance, I think that in the end decent people will realize that I have done a good deal. I am writing to you with frank egoism. My excuse must be that I have not worked in any way egotistically, for I can conscientiously say that not one single step I have taken has been influenced by any considerations save by those which I have deemed for the public good. Politically, I have been rather unhappy because I have of course to support Morton and I want to support Reed. I think, however, that Reed thoroughly understands the case, as I have taken no steps without his sanction.

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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With Admiral Evans on the Mayflower

BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Look," She Whispered, Pointing to the Table at His Back

IV

His success with Careless, Richard Bale decided, was an auspicious beginning of an existence broken free from the tyrannical dream of the past. But he was, again, most careful to define his fidelity to the memory of Lavinia: it wasn't that his love was diminished: no, in the future it would be an accompaniment, like the sound of a harp, to his living, and not a music drawing him away from all life. That was the reverse of the effect he had described to Ava, but he felt suddenly confident he could bring it about, and already Careless had helped him. At supper he was uncommonly gay. Mrs. Patton was both puzzled and pleased; but Morryson studied him in a gloomy suspicion. The reason for this Richard fully understood—although, at long intervals, he was satirical at Richard's failure to marry, that, in reality, he dreaded, since he was convinced it would interfere with his present secret comfort.

"Winning a horse race, it looks to me, has gone to your head," he observed. "It doesn't take much, any more. But I would have thought your head was hard by now."

"If you could have seen the mare run," Richard replied, "if you had gone to the track, instead of saying horses were no good to-day, and you had any head left ——"

"He won't," Mrs. Patton interrupted, "if he doesn't stop drinking that Madeira."

"Ridiculous!" Morryson Bale answered her inelegantly. "You can't call it drinking until after the third bottle. Though I can see that's been spoiled, too, with women staying at the table when the cloth's gone." This was a reference, in a stinging tone, to the night Ava had required him to leave the dining room.

"I started to say," Richard resumed, "that Careless would have stirred anyone this afternoon. And here, at Balisand, I'll admit I wouldn't match her again with Grey Medley. At three-mile heats she'd have no chance." Morryson Bale proceeded with a rambling account of a twenty-mile race he had witnessed, when horses were horses. "Five heats," he asserted; "twenty times past the winning post. The ones that finished were as fresh as ever the next week."

"The next year, perhaps," Richard commented. He saw that the wine was exhausted. "You must be trying to empty the cellar." Morryson exclaimed: "Cellar, cellar! If it's more than a closet I'll sleep in it." He wilted in his chair, made an unsuccessful effort to regain his erectness, and, collapsing, vomited. "I suppose," he managed to say, in a weak and gasping voice, "that upsets you, with the weak stomach you have."

"The weakness wasn't in my stomach," Richard concisely pointed out. Mrs. Patton, distressed, rose and helped a servant in the recovery of a decent order. "You're an absurd old nuisance," Richard went on, "and you might as well know it."

Morryson Bale's reply was: "Nuisance yourself! That's a filthy Madeira—make your mare sick." His hands trembled so violently that he spilled the water from the glass he had lifted. He set it down and cursed, in a remarkably varied fluency, his palsy. "Shaking the dice," he declared—"that's what did it." Morryson thought he would go to bed—it was so dull in the dining room—and he moved, with a stiff tottering dignity, toward the door. He would have fallen but for Mrs. Patton; she walked beside him, an arm in his support, though he indignantly tried to repel her.

Actually, Richard admired him: Morryson had, to a rare degree, the quality of courage. He maintained an undismayed war on his increasing infirmities, his bodily decline. He cursed his palsy and he cursed death and, to him, the degenerate present. In Morryson the cantankerous spirit of the Bales had suffered no lapse. He was paying, without a voiced regret, for the years of his excesses And he was right, to an extent, about the wine; it wasn't what it should be, what it had been. Madeira was slipping from esteem, its place taken by Spanish wines, Xeres and the pale sherries. Why, to-day, he had observed at the tavern track, gentlemen were drinking whisky, a liquor fit only for overseers. But someone, a long while ago, had spoken of that; he forgot who. Through his years, almost to the day forty, he had seen a new world come into being, and the old shift and fade. Change took place in a multitude of small things. Rum to whisky, Madeira to sherry.

He regarded Morryson as a part of the past, and he had no doubt the younger and different men looked on him, Richard Bale, as a survival out of humour with the times. But the times, in the sense they meant, were only misleading; they could wander, like a tied animal, around the picket; they couldn't get away from the centre and principle. The new world had come from the old; and yes, America came out of England! That recalled his tentative determination to reënter public life in the support of a Federal government; he would speak to Beverley and Bradlock Wiatt; discover their opinions. In that case he'd have to end his present solitude: if there were a question of election, it would be necessary for him to come in contact with the electors.

Yet that he would never do in the modern servile manner; he'd announce, where it could be heard by all, his political belief and intentions; attempt to conciliate nothing. Make it plain who were the dupes and fools and knaves! His treatment of Luke would stand as an example

of his position toward such men. Bradlock had warned him against this, speaking of the people as a whole. But, hell, a rabble could never be a power; not even with the help of Jefferson's intelligence and unscrupulous energy. Hamilton had beaten him again and again and again—with the Assumption and Funding, the Bank, the Excise and now with the Proclamation of Neutrality. Federalism would always be triumphant. It wouldn't do, though, to underrate Thomas Jefferson and the mass with him; the present folly, the French fever, showed that. The Federalists, the President, were for the moment unpopular. All strong measures, and all strong men, were disliked by the mob. How clearly the war had showed him that. A passion for publicity was a confessed weakness. Humanity had to be ruled, marched in column; or, lazy, incompetent, they would straggle, the order and design of government lost.

Richard called for new candles; he had no disposition, to-night, to sit mooning in the dark. The thing to do with Careless was to save her for quarter races: at moderate distances on a fair track nothing could beat her. With the money he had won he'd repair Balisand, drain and fill more land into fields. And send to England for clothes—a better Madeira, a proper Bual. That brought him to the realization that he had decided, indifferently, not to go to the ball announced for the end of the week at the tavern. But, of course, he should be there; nothing could have better served his plan of renewed activity.

Probably Jordan Gainge would fetch his young wife. Did she, Richard speculated, regret the lost freedom of Guinea, where, probably, she had worn no more than the slip on the servant he saw about the house? She had preserved more than a touch of the bygone wild. But Jordan, with no inconsiderable wildness of his own to look back on, would be able to take care of her. Still vigorous—and grim. It would be stupid for her with Gainge—the women of breeding in Gloucester would meet her in politeness, but nothing more. A queer name, Zena. She dropped from his thought and Ava took her place in a dignity of black velvet. She went, too; and a fragment of song flashed into his memory:

A lily bud, a pink, a rose.

An involuntary pain contracted about his heart. Richard resolutely ignored it; the flowers of vanished years. A rose less yellow than the gloves it had been hidden among. Gone ——

The ball at the tavern opened promptly while it was still light; the stables and horse racks were full; and, when Richard arrived, all the familiar coaches of the County present. The music—it had come from Richmond—violins and a French horn, had begun; already the sounds of gambling rose from the cellar, and the taproom, crowded with men, was loud in greetings. He saw Robert Draper and Terrell, Wiatt Royston, Kennon Whiting, John Corwood and Hewit; Mordecai Cooke stopped him, Bradlock waved him toward a bottle; William Newsome, an adherent of Gawin Todd's, was formal in manner. Balantine, the tavern keeper, was pressed with twenty conflicting, simultaneous and impatient demands; and two tap men were performing prodigies of service. He stopped, finally, beside Wiatt and George Renolls, agreeing with their choice of brandy.

"As usual, you won't dance," Bradlock proceeded. "How's Careless? I hope exhausted." Richard merely replied by trusting Grey Medley had recovered from the whip.

"If you take him North," he added, "a thousand dollars of mine will go with him." George Renolls thought that Grey Medley might well be the grandest horse of his generation.

"But, Richard, I'd rather see that Careless of yours run than any other performance on a track."

He explained his purpose of entering her in quarter races

"After the first," Renolls assured him, "you'll have to match her against her own time. You won't get a second heat."

"Gawin is here," Bradlock Wiatt told Richard in a low voice. "He came over with Beverley and Lucia. What is your feeling about him?"

"If you mean politically, he's a menace; why, he's as dangerous as William Giles. But if you're asking me personally"—Richard stopped to drink—"I can manage to get on without one at all."

Wiatt replied, "Damn it, Richard, you're a bitter man. You give us a lot of bother—about what you might do."

"I'm sorry for that," Bale told him, "for I had just made up my mind to find out how you would take my going back to Congress. Would the men who know my record support me? And I'm not talking of my services in the war. I don't want a vote for them; I won't bring them up. It's my opinions I mean. I'm a Federalist, simple and pure. I haven't changed; where I stood I stand—for a strong government, Washington and Hamilton, and the devil with foreign ambassadors."

"That's your trouble," Bradlock promptly answered; "no one would question your integrity, and I am certain Virginia is Federal; the vote shows it; but you are not up on the minute; you antagonize too many people. Look here, we agree, you know; the truth is, the most we want is to live and race our horses in peace. The rest, so far as I'm concerned, is gabble, politics. You want to have everything as it always was. Well, it's just possible neither of us will be successful; and, if we are, it won't be by keeping on the way we have. You can't split heads open

(Continued on Page 67)

"Are You Very Sure, Richard?" She Asked. "Are You Sure for Me? It Could be Very Serious, What You've Said"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 16, 1924

Teachers' Guinea Pigs

RUTTED drudgery is so inseparable from schoolteaching that it would be easy to go too far in criticizing some of those ambitious teachers who, in an honest endeavor to get out of the vicious groove, leave the beaten track entirely. Unhappily, a praiseworthy desire to discover new methods of imparting knowledge, to find short cuts across the educational desert and to make two ideas grow where one grew before is not infrequently defeating the primary aims of the common schools. No one, we suppose, will deny that the main purpose of our elementary schools is to teach the children who go to them! And yet, rather often, we fear, they are being used to teach not the children but the teachers. Every educator can point to schools which are schools no longer, except in name, but are, in truth, laboratories of pedagogy, where enthusiastic young ladies and gentlemen are trying out cherished theories of their own. From day to day they inoculate infant minds with educational germs of their own culture, and watch the results, for good or evil, with bated breath. The children are mere laboratory material. Such classes are no more conducted for the sole benefit of the pupils than a biological laboratory is carried on for the benefit of the guinea pigs and white rats used for experimental purposes. Even under these adverse conditions children as well as guinea pigs may thrive for a time; but if they do, it is rather by chance than by sound management.

It is not hard to spot and identify young victims of this tendency. Find a child with a superficial knowledge of some showy subject that is beyond his years or his needs, a knowledge that is all front and no back, and you have found a young guinea pig who has made his escape from some laboratory of pedagogy.

We still have much to learn about the technic of teaching; but there are rightful and wrongful ways of acquiring fresh knowledge. The wrongful ones should be discouraged. Already we know enough about teaching to go on with; and it would be a grave mistake, in a field where mistakes cost dear, to scrap well-proved instructional methods merely to gratify the desire for the new and untried. Schools should be schools for scholars, not laboratories for teachers; and parents have a right to expect instructors to concentrate upon the task of teaching their children without yielding to the temptation to use them as guinea pigs.

American public schools have long suffered and are still suffering from two major evils: First, the reign of educational faddism, the introduction of ornamental and unessential subjects that cannot be taught except at the expense of the three R's and other fundamentals; second, the widespread belief that the best teaching is that which requires the least application on the part of the pupil.

It is hard to say which of these evils is the more vicious. The first turns out pupils who write "of" when they mean "have"; the second fosters minds so habituated to intellectual spoon-victuals that they go through life with a distaste and a disability for connected thought.

History on Celluloid

TEACHING history by photoplay promises to make that study one of the most popular and interesting in the whole curriculum. It will place also a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of those who are to make the pictures. Presenting the annals of bygone days in such vivid and dramatic form, there will be a grave temptation to color history, to give prejudices and preferences a free rein and to build up episodes beyond the established facts. Even in the form of matter-of-fact, dry-as-dust textbooks, history can get all out of perspective. Played up with the wealth of detail that the picture form demands, it will be doubly hard to keep the record straight.

History, it is now acknowledged, has been very badly done in the main. Almost without exception historians have approached their tasks with a patriotic bias and with one-sided sources of information. It is difficult to obtain the absolute truth about any historic dispute or armed clash between nations. Whether Mr. Wells has succeeded in giving an impartial and adequate history of the world is a matter of opinion, but the fact that the attempt was made is evidence of the general appreciation of the need. Makers of peace plans have overlooked an important item in not recommending the rewriting of all history taught in schools the world over. Debunk the textbooks, eliminate the patriotic bombast, which the best of them contain, and the racial hates, on which wars breed, will dwindle and diminish.

Presenting history in the form of pictures is going to give the subject a huge and sometimes exciting interest for school children. If the mistakes of the textbooks are perpetuated on the films, it will stimulate jingoism and fan the embers of old-time enmities. On the other hand, what an opportunity the film historians have to work for world peace by sympathetic presentation of both sides of every question!

Harm could be done also if the directors of historical films neglected to make adequate research. The anachronisms and absurdities which so frequently show themselves in the most elaborate and expensive of pictures, if allowed to creep into history films, would be decidedly harmful. In other words, before we begin to make general the teaching of history by picture, we must be sure that it is going to be done well.

Trial by Headline

THERE is a pretty general feeling that the administration of justice in this country, particularly in the criminal courts, would be vastly improved if some method could be devised of regulating newspaper reports. We have drifted into a condition where sensational trials can be dragged out in our courts for months; where as many as six thousand talesmen have been examined before a jury could be impaneled; where by legal subterfuges a criminal can evade punishment for years; where, based on the statistics of recent years, insurance companies would be safe in writing policies on defendants in murder trials.

It is the function and the right of the newspaper to print the news. Unfortunately those who direct the policies of a section of the press have lost a true conception of what constitutes news. No longer is it deemed sufficient to give the salient points of evidence and a report of the summing up in a court case. If sensations are not to be found legitimately in the proceedings they are manufactured by methods peculiar to the ocher brotherhood. The star reporter and the sob sister are turned loose, and the crime and the trial are dramatized. The public is gorged with columns of lurid and carelessly prepared material. In the public mind a court room is no longer a stern and dignified tribunal where retribution descends swiftly and inevitably on the guilty, and the innocence of the unjustly accused can be established. People see it instead as a sort of stage where sensational legal battles are waged, where lawyers tear their hair and deliver impassioned speeches, where fair defendants languish and weep. As everyone reads newspapers nowadays, it is impossible to impanel a jury entirely free of press-imposed prejudices. In fact, it would be almost as hard to assemble a full quota of court officials, legal counsel and judges with general willingness to settle a case speedily on its merits. The publicity that the press showers on all taking part in a prominent murder case or a highly seasoned divorce tangle is too tempting. We have almost reached the stage of trial by headline.

Reform in this instance must come from within. As no method of regulation could be tolerated—nor indeed be devised with any hope of practical success—it devolves on the editor himself to draw the line between freedom and license. The suggestion has been made that the solution would be to have all court reporters recruited from the ranks of the legal profession. In urging this step in the course of a recent address before the New York City Bar Association, Henry W. Taft made the point that a correct report, putting the right emphasis on the important points in the evidence, could be made only by one versed in legal matters. He pointed out further that newspapers have established the practice of using specialists in practically every other branch of news. Men of literary attainments are selected for book criticism, musicians are intrusted with the music columns, experts are employed to cover prize fights, baseball matches and billiard championships. Special knowledge and accuracy are demanded in all these lines, but when it comes to court trials and judicial proceedings the same standard is not applied.

Mr. Taft's remedy would undoubtedly effect some measure of reform, but it would not go the whole distance. Newspapers must not only bar the sob sister from court but put a checkrein on preliminary reporting. Most criminal cases are tried in the papers before they reach the bench. Nothing could be more sweeping than the average newspaper headline, but it is from this form of exaggeration and condensation that the great public gleans its impressions. A sustained press campaign could headline an innocent man into the death house; certainly it works often enough the other way, for most of the malefactors who go free can thank the gush purveyors of the press. There will not be the measure of reform that is needed until editors become convinced that their sole function is to give the news, and that verdicts are the business of juries.

Fair and Warmer

THE weather man has graduated from the joke column where he formerly shared a topmost position with the plumber and the mother-in-law. Today he is taken seriously. As a matter of fact, statistics show that he has achieved a high batting average. His forecasts are substantially correct about ninety per cent of the time.

It follows naturally enough that weather reports have become a valuable aid to business, especially since the radio has made it possible to broadcast information about conditions. The railroads are guided in the handling of perishable freight and the running of excursion trains. Owners of amusement enterprises which depend entirely on the weather, such as circuses, carnivals and baseball, fix the weather insurance they carry on the word of the weather man. Flying men and shipmasters depend on information about conditions, and there is no question that the system of advance storm signals along the coasts has resulted in a great saving of life and property. The farmer rushes to get in his hay when rains are predicted. The city man dons his lightweight clothes and parks his umbrella when the reports are favorable.

THE ARAB LANDS

By Lothrop Stoddard

SOUTHEAST of Asia Minor lies the spacious home of the Arabs. The Arab homeland is the vast plateau of Arabia, walled off from the rest of Asia by high mountains and connected with Africa by a narrow land bridge, the Isthmus of Suez. Arabia is mainly desert. Only along its borders are there regions, such as Syria, Palestine and Mesopotamia, which are more favored by Nature. These frontier regions are likewise the points of contact between Arabia and the outer world. There races, creeds and cultures have met and clashed for ages, so that they are inhabited by very mixed populations with varied traditions and ideas. Arabia itself, on the contrary, is a land of isolation. Its inhabitants, forced by their environment to pursue a nomad life, have remained unchanged for ages and are today what they always have been—wanderers, ever seeking fresh pasturage for their flocks and herds.

Lack of Political Unity

THIS fundamental distinction between the desert interior and the borderlands must be kept carefully in mind. It is the keynote of Arab history. Desert Arabia is so poor and uninviting that it has never attracted strangers. For this reason its population, though sparse, has remained practically unaltered, the Bedouin Arabs being of almost unmixed racial stock. But if Arabia has never imported people, it has always exported them. Arabia's outstanding significance has been that of a breeding ground of restless men. From the dawn of history swarms of hardy warriors have poured forth from their desert homeland, spreading far and wide over adjacent regions. Thus the borderlands have received constant infusions of Arab blood and are today largely Arabized, although their racially mixed populations differ from desert Arabs in many respects.

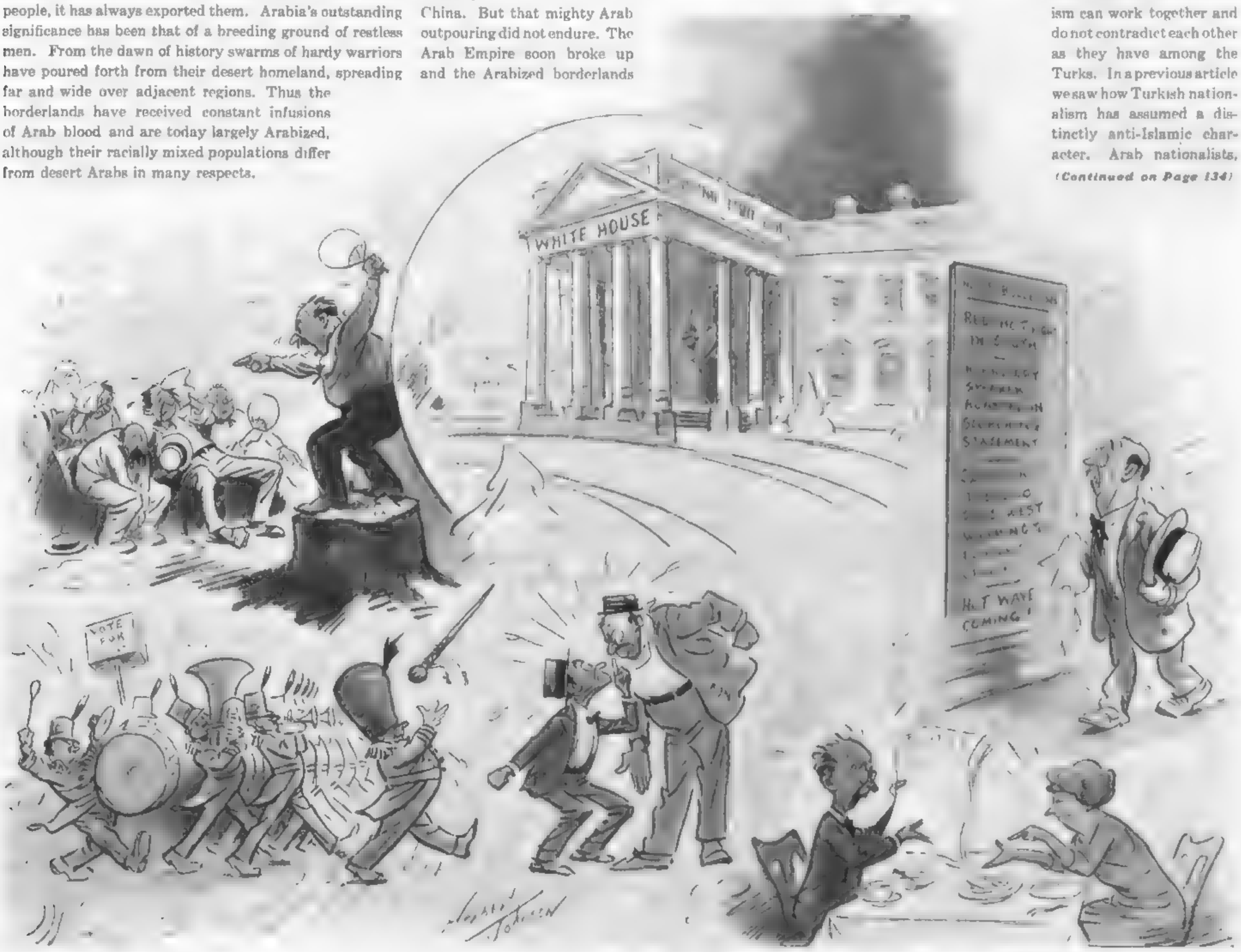
Furthermore, Arab blood has not proved the common bond that might be imagined, because the Arabs themselves are about the most disunited of men. Instinctive individualists, they seem to lack the capacity for getting on harmoniously together. This basic handicap has prevented the Arabs from attaining the position to which their many excellent qualities would otherwise seem to entitle them. Their physical make-up is remarkably fine and their intellects are keen. But their temperamental instability and incapacity for political association have kept them divided and weak during the greater part of their history. The Arabs are split up into innumerable tribes and clans based upon blood kinship and separated from one another by chronic rivalries and blood feuds. Even within the clan circle, solidarity is weak; the members may stand together against outsiders, but they quarrel and bicker among themselves. Arab politics is thus an endless turmoil, as shifting and uncertain as the desert sands.

Only once have the Arabs really succeeded in getting together and playing a leading part in world affairs. This was when their great genius, the Prophet Mohammed, succeeded in fusing them into a temporary political and spiritual unity, which carried Arab arms and Arab ideas from Spain to the borders of China. But that mighty Arab outpouring did not endure. The Arab Empire soon broke up and the Arabized borderlands ultimately passed under foreign rule. The Bedouin tribes of the interior kept their wild freedom, no foreign invader daring to penetrate far into the endless wastes of burning sand and choking thirst which formed their desert home. But the Bedouins had relapsed into their old disunion and were thus unable to combine effectively as they had in Mohammed's day. Presently the Turks became the leaders of Islam, annexed the Arabized borderlands, and even extended their control over the western coast of Arabia fronting the Red Sea, where lay the holy cities, Mecca and Medina, the most sacred spots in the Moslem world.

Islam and Nationalism

HOWEVER, the Arabs never reconciled themselves to Turkish domination. Remembering their days of power and glory, the Arabs continued to regard themselves as the true leaders of Islam, deprived of their rightful position by Turkish usurpation. Accordingly the Arabs were always restive under Turkish rule, this unrest flaring up now and then into organized movements for the expulsion of the Turks. At first these movements took the form of religious fanaticism. Later on the idea of nationality, imported from Europe, stirred the Arab to fresh desire for independence. It is interesting to note that among the Arabs, Islam and nationalism can work together and do not contradict each other as they have among the Turks. In a previous article we saw how Turkish nationalism has assumed a distinctly anti-Islamic character. Arab nationalists,

(Continued on Page 134)



THERE'S ONE COOL SPOT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Get the Waste-basket—Here Comes the Mail

Something Ought to be Done About This

THE morning mail used to have a great thrill for me. Even if there were only two pieces in the box or poked through the slot or wherever the mail happened to collect itself, one of the pieces was almost certain to be a letter written in long-hand from a person with whom I had at least a speaking acquaintance. The other might be a bill or a picture postcard or almost anything. It didn't matter. The thrill was there with the one real letter.

Today how different! The morning postman passes out a great armload of mail, but I know before looking at the top letter on the stack there isn't a thrill in the entire collection.

Take Piece No. 1—A reminder from the coal man that this is the season to save fifty to seventy-five cents on a ton of coal by buying ahead for the winter.

Piece No. 2—A fur-storage announcement.

Piece No. 3—Sample menu from the Blank Hotel. Come and try our $1.25 dinner, celery free.

Piece No. 4—Looks interesting but isn't. The local plumber desires an opportunity to prove that his services are prompt and thorough and that his charges are reasonable. (Bah!)

Piece No. 5—An invitation to open a charge account at Blink's Department Store. R.S.V.P.

Piece No. 6—Can we count on you to give your share toward the Community Klinker Chest? (You cannot!)

Piece No. 7—Are you insured against bigamy? (Imagine!)

Piece No. 8—More insurance.

Piece No. 9—Tickets to a charity bridge, $5.00 a table. Mah-jongg optional. Bring your own sets.

Piece No. 10—Vote for Mrs. Purity Smith. (I will not!)

Piece No. 11—Fill in your name and address on the postcard and get a leather notebook stamped in gold free for nothing. (Where's the catch in that? I don't know, but it's there.)

Piece No. 12—The alumni of Brass Univ. invite your coöperation in raising a billion dollar slush fund. (Rah-rah, Brass!)

Pieces Nos. 13 to 30, inclusive—Same old stuff.

The worst of it is you have got to open the junk. I knew a wife last fall who threw four tickets to the Yale-Princeton football game in the wastebasket, thinking they were from a New Haven Burn-Oil-in-Your-Furnace firm. She opens everything now—the junkier they look, the more careful she is.

Yes, you gotter do it, but something ought to be done about it just the same. —*Torrey Ford.*

"Gee Whiz, Lizz, That Was Close!"

The Vandal Scandal

THIS is the forest primeval,
As Henry himself once explained it.
The murmuring Klines and the Whitlocks
One bright Sunday morning obtained it

To go to the annual picnic,
The Ignatz J. Willigan Outing—
Attended by three hundred members
And more or less feverish shouting.

Each Daisy and Mazie and Myrtle,
Each Sammy and Johnny and Harry,
Brought baskets of eats to the racket—
As much as their stout arms could carry.

Salami, pastrami, smoked herring,
Pigs' knuckles, dill pickles, and mustard;
Hot dogs and cold cuts and canned salmon,
And mince pies and quince pies and custard.

They tackled the grub with a gusto,
Their tummies with edibles loaded.
They drank up the pop and the soda
And ate till they almost exploded.

And when the gay picnic was over—
No duties or conscience to bind them—
They all journeyed back to the city,
And this was the junk left behind them:

Newspapers, cigar butts, and boxes,
Sardine cans and bean cans and glasses;
False teeth and suspenders and hairpins,
Old garters and gooey molasses.

They trampled the shrubs and the bushes,
And looted the woods of the flowers.
They littered the lawns with their rubbish
And ruined the blossoming bowers.

Oh, may a grim Fate overtake them!
This species of human boll weevil.
A pox on the picnicking vandal—
For this is the forest's prime evil!

—*Max Lief.*

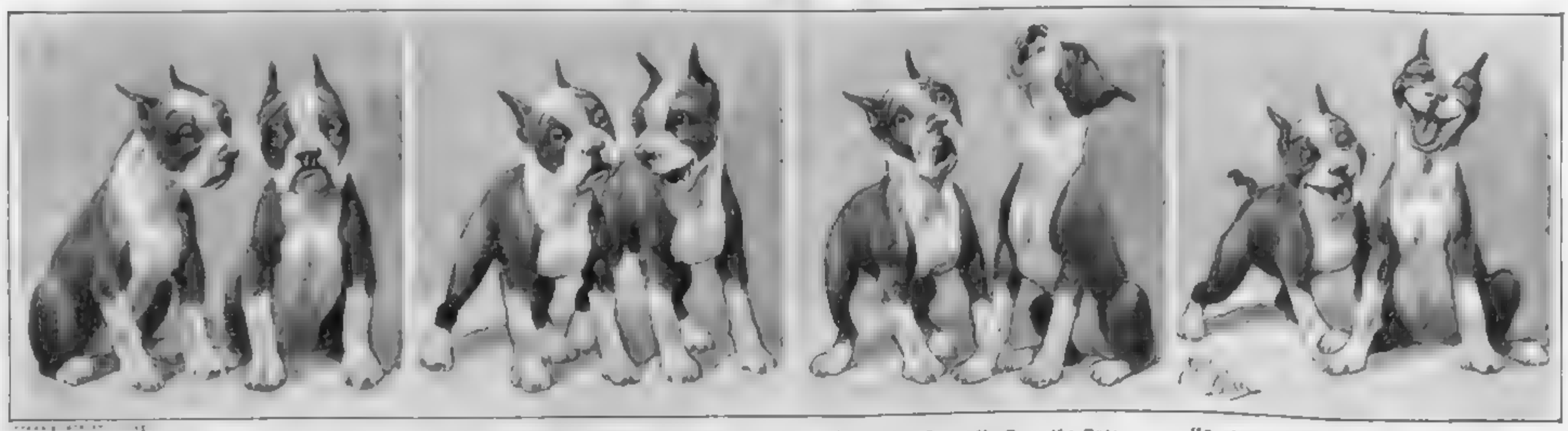
Traps

THOUGH I hardly know a hautboy from a common marlinspike
And am ignorant of music, still I know the things I like.
I am present at the sessions of Calliope the Muse
Where the fiddle tweedle-eedles and the trombone trooral-oos;
While the programs crisply crackle I will hearken, rapt and mute,
To the gargling ocarina, to the ophicleide or flute;
But the best in all the concourse of the instrumental chaps
Is the kettle-drumming, rattle-whirring, cymbal-bashing Traps.
For he blows the mad barumpaphone, he bangs the bumbaroo,
He sounds the parabattle and the pollyoodle, too,
He clangs the wrangle-angle and he chimes the ting-a-ling,
He toots the touralourai and he slams the kara-zing!

Now, this universal genius of the ready foot and hand
Once was sadly underrated by his comrades in the band;
Though they owned that he was handsome and he knew the score by heart,
And of course his work had merit—still, how could one call it Art?
While to play a single unit was undoubtedly sublime,
It was clownish to be busy with a dozen at a time;

(Continued on Page 106)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Vi, I'm in Two Minds" — "As a Loyal Bostonese, I Don't Know Whether" — "To Howl Dismally Over the Fate of Mr. Lodge" — "Or Boisterously Exult Over the Success of Mr. Coolidge"

More Campbells' Beans

are eaten in the United States than any other brand because they're good beans—

Slow-cooked and Digestible

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE EXERCISE INDUSTRY

The Command is "Inh-h-hale—Exh-h-hale!"

By M. K. Wisehart

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IMAGINE yourself an eyewitness to what happens in the domicile of V. R. Blank—Mr. Very Rich Blank—any morning except Sunday from the time cold weather sets in until balmy days invite to golf!

It is six o'clock in the morning—and cold. The thermometer by the open window registers ten above zero. Blank, slumbering under a mountain of bedclothes, is peacefully disposed—absolutely. In that comfortable state of oblivion he hasn't the least notion that the clock is already ticking the fateful hour.

Nothing has happened as yet to indicate that it is a fateful hour. The silence alone is ominous. Hark! In Blank's Park Avenue apartment, with its fourteen rooms and twelve baths, not a mouse is stirring, not even a cook. But at this moment a key turns in the lock of the outer door.

Enter a villain muffled in an ulster. Laying aside coat and hat—he acts as though he knew the lay of the land, but obviously is not interested in the dining-room silver—he goes straight to Blank's bedroom and knocks on the door. The light knock fails to rouse the sleeper. The villain enters, turns on the light, stands beside the bed.

Quietly, casually—relentlessly nevertheless—he says, "Good morning, Mr. Blank!"

Blank turns over, blinks at the light and affects a cheerfulness he does not actually feel. "It's you, is it?" he smiles wanly. "Well—er—good morning, professor. Do you know, I was just thinking as you came in that I'd have only the rub this morning. I'm tired. It was very late last night when I turned in—theater with the family. I don't feel like work."

Trainers

"BETTER go through a few easy motions just to set you up for the rub, don't you think?"

"I'd rather wait here till Bill comes," says Blank. Bill is the assistant physical trainer and masseur, who comes later.

"Come now, Mr. Blank!"

"Yes, yes," exclaims Blank, and he jumps out of bed with grim determination.

The preliminaries having been disposed of, Blank climbs into a gymnasium suit and sweat coat, and thereupon begins the business of the hour.

Picking up his three-pound dumb-bells and facing his trainer, Blank hears that old familiar long-drawn stentorian command: "Inh-h-hale—exh-h-hale!"

Action is suited to the word. Blank fills his lungs with air, bends and twists—warms up. He lies on the floor on his back and does a lot of work to stimulate his internal organs. A medicine ball is thrown at him a hundred times—he stops it with the soles of his feet and kicks it back. Nothing is said about letting up after a few easy motions. He goes through the whole routine and tops off with four two-minute rounds of boxing. This completes his half hour of work, at which time the masseur arrives to take him in charge and the physical trainer departs.

As for Blank, after a hot-and-cold shower he has time for a half hour's rub, a shave, breakfast, and a glance at the newspaper before he leaves the house to arrive at his downtown place of business by 9:30.

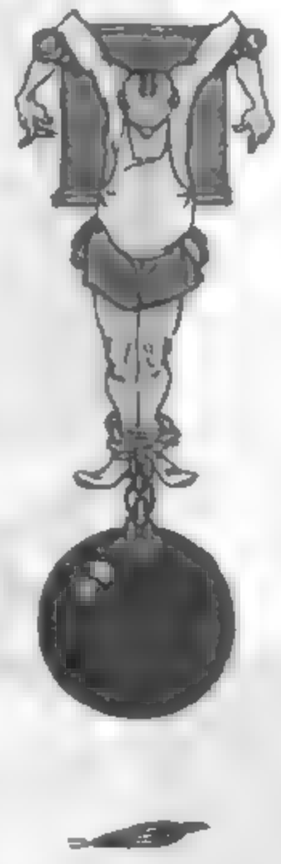
The proceeding just described is a by-product, or by-activity, of the exercise industry, and the service costs Blank twelve hundred dollars for six months.

Upon leaving Blank No. 1, the trainer immediately goes in a taxicab to the home of Blank No. 2, who has already started his exercise under the supervision of an assistant trainer. The trainer himself finishes exercising Blank No. 2 while the assistant trainer goes on to start Blank No. 3. Before the trainer is through with his second case, the masseur who took Blank No. 1 in hand arrives to rub down Blank No. 2. And so on. Thus, on his matutinal rounds, a trainer with two assistants puts six Blanks through their paces between six and 9:30 A.M.

And who is Blank that he should pay at the rate of twenty-four hundred dollars a year for early morning exercise? If the Blanks were to be mentioned specifically, you would find among them an American architect of international repute—his fame is such that even the newspapers refrain from using "well-known" in connection with his name—the vice president of a railroad company, the chief executive of a public-utilities company, a celebrated lawyer, a publisher, a banker and a number of moving picture actors, and there are others of equal prominence.

The special thing to be noted about Blank, however, is that spiritually he is even as you and I. He believes in early morning exercise, having faith that good days, distinguished by cheerfulness, mental clarity and vim, are bound to follow. But, though his spirit is willing, his flesh is weak. From previous experience he knows that he will yield to the temptation to lie abed and get up at the last minute—even as you and I. So he hires a trainer not only as an expert in exercise but as a kind of conscience to make him do his duty by himself.

In the past five or six years the exercise industry has developed marvelously and is now prepared to meet demands for any kind of service. It not only gets clients out of bed in the morning; it pulls them out of their offices and away from business affairs at all hours of the day—to put them through their paces and send them back refreshed. Mainly, the business operates during the normal hours from nine A.M. to seven P.M.—in thoroughly equipped gymnasiums which vary greatly in size and pretentiousness. In New York there are now scores of these gymnasiums, institutes or salons of exercise, as they are sometimes called. They are conducted by ex-boxers, some with championship titles, by graduates of physical-training schools, by trainers who got their experience in college athletics—and here and there by reputable physicians who have retired from the practice of medicine to devote themselves exclusively to the exercise business.



And the business is profitable. It must be, to pay the high rents and to furnish the necessary individual service. Some of the institutes are located in expensive suites in the downtown financial district, in the mid-town business section, and as far uptown as Sixty-sixth Street. The rent paid by the larger places runs as high as ten or fifteen thousand a year. There are smaller gymnasiums which occupy merely moderate-sized office space and pay a rental of not more than two or three hundred a month. While the small gymnasium is manned by a physical trainer and one assistant, a masseur, the larger places may have two qualified trainers and anywhere from six to twenty assistant trainers.

The smaller gym usually has clients to the number of about forty or fifty—managing clerks, brokers' employes, moderately well-to-do lawyers. They pay twenty-five dollars a month for exercising under the supervision of the physical trainer three times a week, or forty-five dollars a month for daily exercise. The elaborate salons have anywhere from two hundred and fifty to five hundred patrons paying from three to five hundred dollars for a six months' course—for exercise three times a week. One gymnasium, under unusually experienced and scientific direction, charges two hundred dollars a month for daily supervised exercise—and has a hundred regular clients. The clients of the expensive gym must obviously be the successful and well-to-do. One of the more sumptuous institutes—located on Broadway, a stone's throw from Wall Street—has among its clients twenty well-known bankers, eighty brokers, six capitalists, seventy-five lawyers, including a judge of the Supreme Court, and a hundred industrial and railroad executives.

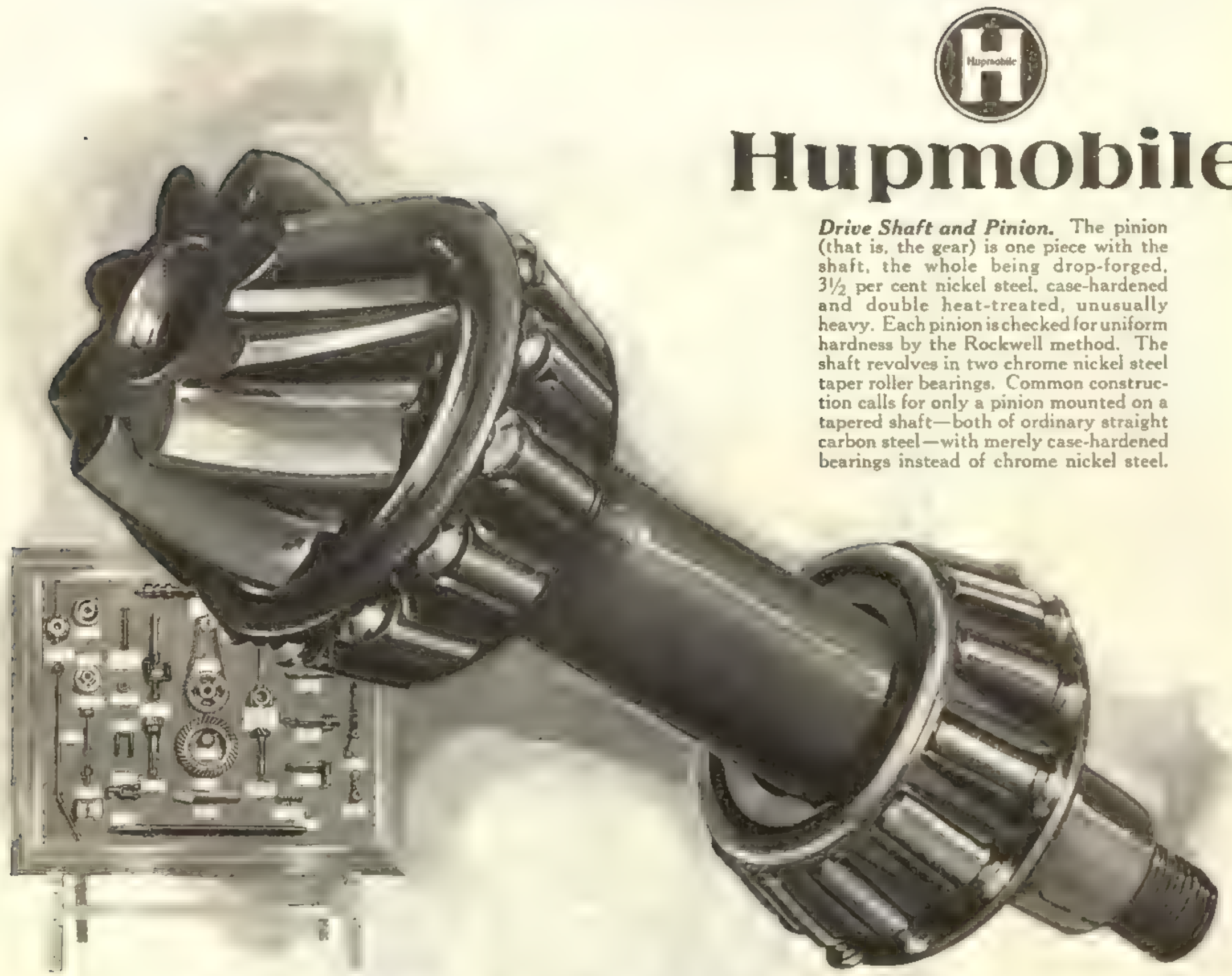
Dividends in Health and Cheerfulness

THE New York business and professional man is, as the salesman says, thoroughly sold on exercise. The *entrepreneurs* of the industry have seen to it that it is easy for him to get. They have deliberately moved into quarters adjacent to his business. They have adopted the new theory of exercise which precisely fits his case. They have equipped their establishments so that he can get in and out in one hour. He can drop in for exercise any time that his office duties let up. He can lunch on crackers and milk at eleven o'clock at his desk, and give his regular luncheon hour to exercise. In any case, he gets his work out, hot room or cabinet bath if he needs reducing, hot-and-cold shower, and rub—all in the hour.

Today exercise is sold in very much the same fashion as stocks and bonds. The salesman calls! As a man of means, Blank is often confronted with an opportunity to invest in exercise, with dividends in health, cheerfulness and mental clarity.

Recently I happened to be in the office of a Wall Street banker when he received a visit from a representative of the industry. Passing over for

(Continued on Page 63)



Hupmobile

Drive Shaft and Pinion. The pinion (that is, the gear) is one piece with the shaft, the whole being drop-forged, 3½ per cent nickel steel, case-hardened and double heat-treated, unusually heavy. Each pinion is checked for uniform hardness by the Rockwell method. The shaft revolves in two chrome nickel steel taper roller bearings. Common construction calls for only a pinion mounted on a tapered shaft—both of ordinary straight carbon steel—with merely case-hardened bearings instead of chrome nickel steel.

A Lesson In Invisible Costs As Simple As a Kindergarten Task

There are people who still buy cars on looks alone or first cost alone.

The fundamentals of quality, durability, economy are as unknown as the value of X.

We sympathize with that state of mind. That is why Hupmobiles are everywhere sold with the aid of a mechanical parts display.

Some Things We all Know About Cars

All of us appreciate pocketbooks and their contents. We do realize that some cars are not only noisy, rattly, jerky and bumpy, but short-lived, costly to run, and troublesome, most of the time.

We all know there are good and sufficient reasons why one car costs more than another.

And so we suggest that you step into your nearest Hupmobile sales room and study the parts display. You'll find everything labeled.

Parts that are drop-forged have a message you can understand without the slightest mechanical knowledge.

When Extra Weight Is a Costly Penalty

For instance, take the Hupp touring car. Its loaded weight is 3,400 pounds.

Supposing you bought either of two competing cars. In one case you would penalize yourself to the extent of 975 extra pounds; in the other 750 extra pounds.

This additional weight greatly reduces tire life and, naturally, consumes more fuel, more oil and more power.

Drop-forgings and alloy steels are the contributing Hupmobile factors in reducing weight and maintaining the strength that means safety and durability in the car.

The Hupmobile salesmen will point out, in the parts display, the drop-forgings and the parts made of expensive alloy steels. The cards attached tell of the cheaper methods and materials used in many cars and in some costing much more than a Hupmobile.

An Object Lesson In Genuine Quality

In other words, the parts display is really an object lesson in invisible cost, and—more important—in quality of the highest degree. It's so simple, he who runs may read.

And in it lies the whole answer to Hupmobile quality that for 15 years has given perfect satisfaction to thousands of American motorists.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

WITH CONTENTS UNKNOWN

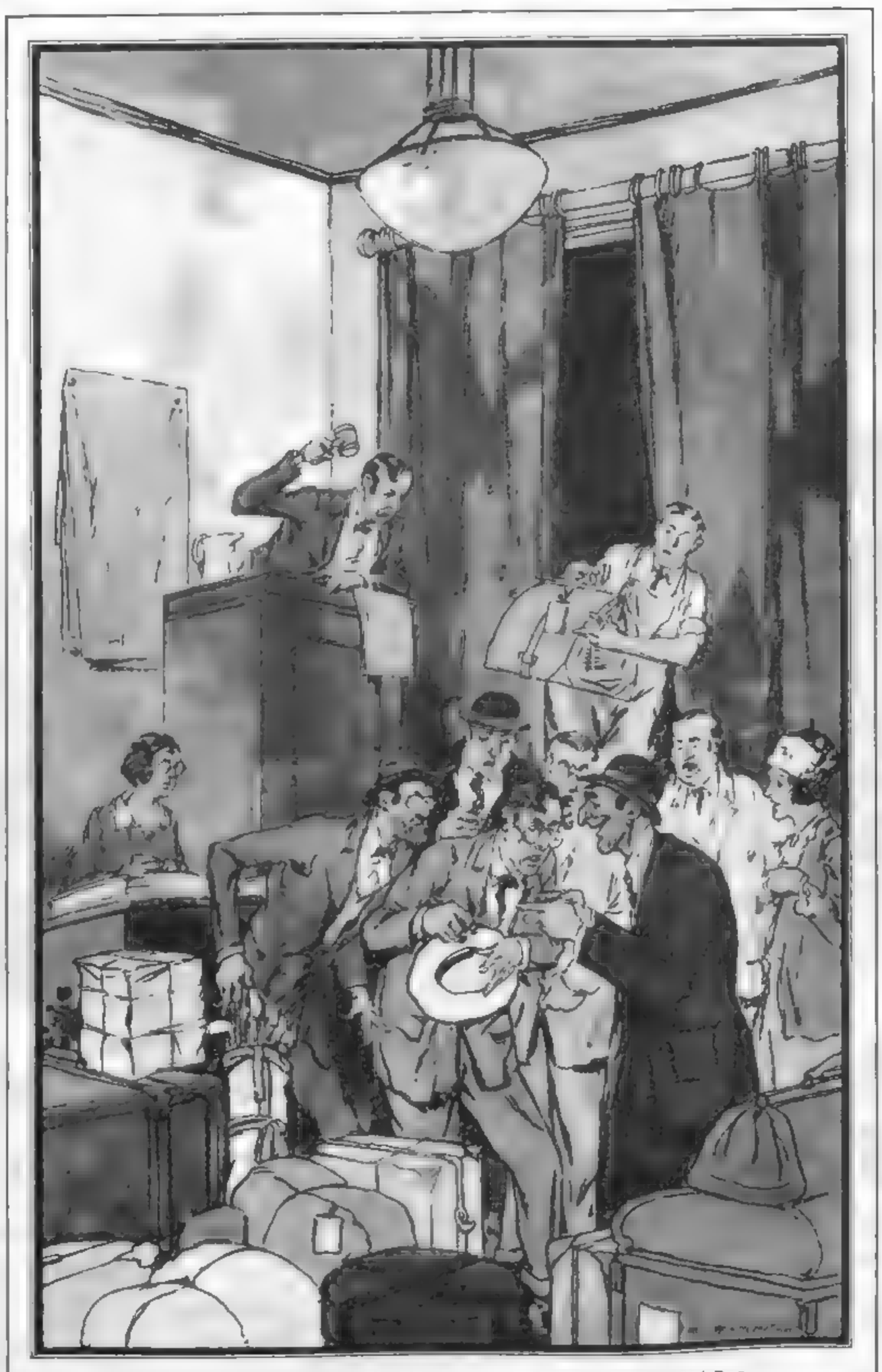
ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AUCTION THIS DAY
SALE NOW GOING ON
THEODORE VAN BRINK, AUCTION'R

LADIES and gentlemen, we are selling here today the unclaimed baggage of the Hotels Athenæum, Kenyon and St. Elmo, with contents, if any, unknown."

Wherever you see Mr. Van Brink's red pennant displayed, you will find me working inside, and our working day begins with the above formula. To hold my job, one must have a quick brain and nimble fingers, a cheerful disposition and the ability to concentrate in the midst of pandemonium. Above all, one must be willing to rub shoulders with all classes of people. You have probably guessed it—I am the auctioneer's assistant and cashier.

Different kinds of sales vary a little, but we run them all on the same general principle. Before the sale each item is tagged with a number, and these numbers and descriptions of the articles are listed on long sheets of paper made for the purpose. As the auctioneer sells, he places the amount and the name of the purchaser after each item. Some people for whom we auction like to have this record checked by one of their own employes. But due to the speed at which we work they find this costs more than it is worth. In order to get a proper check, they have found that it requires two and sometimes three people to keep up with us. Before the sale commences people who want to buy more than one item have to put up deposits. The amount varies with the value of the articles, but it is usually twenty-five dollars. I collect these deposits and give receipts for them. If the depositor buys nothing during the sale he can have his money back as soon as I have all the bills made out. People often put up gold or pocket pieces as deposits. These I have to find a place for apart from the other money for safe-keeping and then sort them out for their respective owners after the sale. But they don't seem to realize that I have anything else on my mind.



He Had Found it in a Box of Powder in a Dilapidated-Looking Old Bag

Fast Work

AS SOON as the sale starts I retire to my desk. In the auction rooms I have a small alcove to myself, shut off from the main hall by a curtain—designed to protect me from interruption, though heaven knows, it often fails in its purpose. When we sell elsewhere I sit wherever there is room for me. While the auctioneer is selling the first page of items I start listing the persons' names and the amounts they have deposited in the book, which will act as my check at the end of the sale. As soon as he finishes the first sheet he gives it to me and I begin making out the bills. I have to list the lot number, article and price in this fashion:

E. E. KATSKY

Lot 42—1 wardrobe trunk	$23 50
Lot 64—1 bag	3 25
Lot 91—1 box gloves	2 50
Lot 204—1 typewriter	18 00

I must not get behind and must have the bills made out from the first sheet by the time he has finished with the second.

During the sale people come in late or items are bought for cash and I must constantly leave my work and be ready with the receipt book to take more deposits or make change. It's quite a trick to keep up, but I do it, and spend my spare moments in counting the cash. I check my posting as I go along, too, by reading the bills back against the sheet.

When the auctioneer finishes selling, I still have the last sheet to post. Then I add the bills, take off each person's deposit and find out whether he owes us money or we owe him. Then, opposite each person's deposit in my book, I enter the amount of his bill and the difference between that and his deposit. The total of the column of bills, of course, must equal the sum of the deposits plus the amount to be collected, less what we must return. Each person returns his deposit slip to me and receives his receipted bill. This he gives to the porters, who hand out the lots by number and check them on the bill as they do so. With this system everyone gets the right number, and even in case of thousands of lots, no mistakes are made. When the bills are all paid I balance my cash and make out a check for the proceeds of the sale, deducting the auctioneer's commission and expenses. Then my day's work is done and I am through until the next auction. The law does not require auctioneers to make an accounting until thirty days after the sale, but we always make ours as soon as the money is all in.

And there is never any waiting for my salary either, for I pay myself and the porters directly from the cash on hand. My salary varies in accordance with what arrangements the auctioneer makes. Usually he is paid a commission plus a fixed amount for expenses. My salary is then included in this expense money. Sometimes, however, he takes a sale for a higher commission and agrees to pay all expenses himself. My salary is then based on what the sale brings. The larger the amount of the sale the more his commission and the higher salary he will give me. Auctioneers are very generous when they are making money. They do not take their losses with good grace, however. No one I ever met in business can surpass them for bad temper when the sale doesn't come up to their expectations. My salary is never less than ten dollars a day, however.

Legal Formalities

FOR sales of hotel baggage I usually get more than this, and we have more sales of this kind than any other. I am always sure of ten dollars, because each hotel allows five dollars for bookkeeping and the auctioneer will not advertise a sale of less than two hotels at a time. He prefers to sell three hotels on the same day, and that gives me fifteen dollars. Once in a great while we have four hotels at once, and then I get twenty dollars. This is only on rare occasions, however, for the baggage sales are all held in our auction rooms and we haven't space for more than three hotels unless the amount of baggage from each one is very small.

Assistants working for auctioneers who have a sale every day are on a weekly salary basis, and their daily average is not so high as this. I have talked with some of the girls in the auction galleries and they all seem afraid to chance the work by the day for fear they won't average enough. Some people seem to think that work which is irregular is not so worthy as that at which one daily punches a time clock. Mr. Van Brink and I were very much amused at one time to overhear the head of a transit company, one of those superior, successful men, refer to us as the chance workers.

At first I used to drop in at other auctions to see if I could learn anything that would be of use to me in my work, but now I never go except when I have an order. Following sales as I do, I learn what articles are in demand and who wants them. I am often commissioned to buy certain things for people, or I buy for my own account and resell. I make quite a little extra money in this way. Mr. Van Brink will not execute any of these commissions. He thinks it hurts his reputation.

We have about three sales of hotel baggage to one of any other kind. These sales make more work than the others on account of the legal end. When hotels sell people's baggage to satisfy their claims, both they and the auctioneer must follow the dictates of the law or they may be in for trouble later on. The baggage must remain on the auctioneer's premises for fifteen days before the date of the sale. On the day that it is delivered to him and on the day of the sale he must advertise it in two newspapers as follows:

On the 27th of August at 11 o'clock A.M., or as soon thereafter as convenient, the respective owners of the following hotels

(Continued on Page 109

23 New Buick Models at prices that make them the *greatest* motor-car values ever offered

Open Models

Standard Sixes

2-pass. Roadster	$1150
5-pass. Touring	1175

Master Sixes

2-pass. Roadster	$1365
5-pass. Touring	1395
7-pass. Touring	1625
3-pass. Sport Roadster	1750
4-pass. Sport Touring	1800

Closed Models

Standard Sixes

5-pass. Double Service Sedan	$1475
5-pass. Sedan	1665
4-pass. Coupe	1565
2-pass. Double Service Coupe	1375

Master Sixes

5-pass. Sedan	$2225
7-pass. Sedan	2425
5-pass. Brougham Sedan	2350
2-pass. Country Club Special	2075
4-pass. Coupe	2125
7-pass. Limousine	2525
Town Car	2925

Enclosed Open Models

(With Heaters)

Standard Sixes

2-pass. Roadster	$1190
5-pass. Touring	1250

Master Sixes

2-pass. Roadster	$1400
5-pass. Touring	1475
7-pass. Touring	1700

All Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories. Government Tax to be added.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Yes, We Have No Ginrickshaws

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHEN people have lived together for a number of years running into maybe two figures, but probably seeming more like three, whether they are in the married state or any other state in the Union, they come to a place in their life where each has got a idea the other one can't possibly get along without them, and this is even more true than usual when they are not only married but also in the same line of work.

I personally myself got this classic idea in Tokio, Japan, pop. 2,173,000, where I and Jim was playing the Imperial Theater. It was the second night we was in the town and our act, consisting of Marie and James La Tour Parlor Dancing Specialties, was going over pretty fair; but we was due for a new number, and any person which they have been in the show business will know just what I mean. When there comes a day that your act commences to look to you like something last year's cat has brought in, then is the time to shave, bathe and change. And that the stuff we was merrily carrying through the Orient was due to flop in Europe had come to me as a growing certainty. At last it got too big to hold, so I sprung it on Jim while he was helpless in the ice-cold bathroom of our suite at the Imperial Hotel. Believe me, it is no joke trying to get a bath in Japan in February, on account they been so busy advertising cherry blossoms they have overlooked little matters such as steam heat, and as we didn't go to any Eskimo school we was at a considerable disadvantage.

But Still and All, This Park Was a Wonderful Sight, With its Flags and Lanterns and Open-Faced Shops With No Doors or Windows

"Say, Gorgeous," I says over the top of my ermine coat, which I had it on instead of a negligee, from where I was curled up in the beautiful but freezing sitting-room sofa — "say, Gorgeous, I got a growing pain."

"How say?" says Jim, sticking a red but merely-from-cold nose around the open door. "A pain? I told you not to eat so much varnished fish over to that tea house last night!"

"It's not the fish shallac that's worrying me," I says; "nor the soy-bean sauce or candied whitebait. It's my art."

"I didn't know you had any," says Jim, which that is his idea of a wise crack. "But if you are developing symptoms, why we will have to cure it right off. There's no sense in leaving these dangerous Oriental diseases run."

Then he pulled in his head and heavy underwear and left the water run so's he could make out he hadn't heard me if he didn't like what I said next.

"The trouble with our stuff," I says very loud, "is that it went out of style the first year Roosevelt was running for office. And the reason it has done so, Jim, is on account it ain't art, see? The older I get the more I realize that we had ought to drop this vaudeville line, cut out the moving pictures and develop a five-dollar special matinée where we pose around in our underwear and the audience whispers, 'So primitive!' or something—see?"

"Not with a telescope!" says Jim, coming out with a rush and all his clothes on, including his fur-lined overcoat. "Why, we are professional dancers! We don't need any alibi about being artists! So long as I soft-shoe like I can, I should worry about galumphing around a draughty stage as God made me. Nix! Before I wear the most of my costume tied around my forehead I'll get a job as lineman with a wireless company!"

"Now, James La Tour Smith," I says, "it's fully time we graduated into at least the high school of art. Believe me, big boy, I'm telling you!"

"Blather!" says he. "The kind of act we do takes more real honest work then all these cheesecloth dancers put together. The audience ought to get paid when them birds show, that's what I think!"

"Think!" says I. "So you imagine you think, do you? Well lookit, how about St. Denis, eh? And Isadora, and Yvette Guilbert and so forth that used to be in vaudeville? If they would of stayed there who would remember them now?"

"Now listen to me, baby!" says Jim, pulling a rug over his feet and digging out his deck of cigarettes, which he never will use the gentlemanly gold case I give him regular at Christmas, but insists upon carrying them right in the natural package. "Now listen, it's better to do your own line to perfection then to do a higher class line poorly. This art stuff is out!"

"Oh, is that so?" says I. "Well, I think different. Who has always doped out our most successful numbers?"

"I have," says Jim, calmly inhaling. "Do you mean to claim you invented our Rabbit Walk that was such a hit?" I says, gasping

"I certainly thought up the only good parts of it," says he, getting calmer and calmer on purpose to irritate me. "Who started the buck-and-slide movement, eh?"

"Well I like that!" says I, meaning of course that I didn't. "I suppose you'll be claiming the Pierriott Waltz next!"

"It certainly wasn't original with you," says he. "And you couldn't of danced it alone."

"You're some dance creator, Gorgeous!" says I as nasty as I could.

"I'll admit you done a part of 'em," says Jim like he was putting something in the poor box.

"And you would have had some swell time climbing into the electrics if you hadn't had me to fill in your vacant spots!" I come back at him. "Just you try once, working up a new number all by your solitair and see the static you run into!"

Jim give me a funny look, but with nothing humorous about it, and stood up.

"Flatterer!" says he. "All right, that's a bet! We got to work up some new numbers before we reach Naples and you can do yours alone and see how good you come out!"

"Well, you'll get no help from me!" I says, furious. "Just you wait and see the flop you make when you got no art in your stuff!"

He got to his feet and made for the door.

"There you go again!" says he. "Where do you get this art gag all of a sudden?"

"From all around me!" I says, excited. "From artistic Japan, where art is even served with your food and every move is a picture; where the shops is jammed with it, and they wear it on their backs; and where the commonest theater puts on shows equal in every way to an American Little Theater."

"You said it!" says Jim. "That last is a mouthful."

"You know what I mean!" I says. "This Imperial Theater stock company would get all the reviewers and columists back home praising each other and it from the opening on. These geisha girls we seen dancing last night—why, they got the very essence of art!"

"But not much exercise," says he with a short laugh. "Say, don't you see that most of this so-called art the Japs keep shoving at us foreigners is merely selling us our own preconceived idea of what we ought to expect out of Japan?

"Here we are coming over by thousands every year, ready to gobble up whatever they need to get rid of, and how they love to see us fall!"

"Lookit how they carry their art into their daily lives!" I says. "Then say that again!"

Continued on Page 33

In the purchase of a whole piece of Premium Bacon there is a twofold advantage—that of having enough for the family's everyday enjoyment, and having meat which one may proudly serve one's guests.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Premium Bacon in pound and half-pound cartons is evenly sliced ready for the pan. A whole piece may be bought, however, in the original parchment wrapper

Premium Bacon with Fresh Tomatoes and Rice

Place a layer of cooked rice in a casserole. Lay slices of fresh tomatoes on the rice, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then dot with butter. Continue in this way until dish is filled. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with broiled Premium Bacon

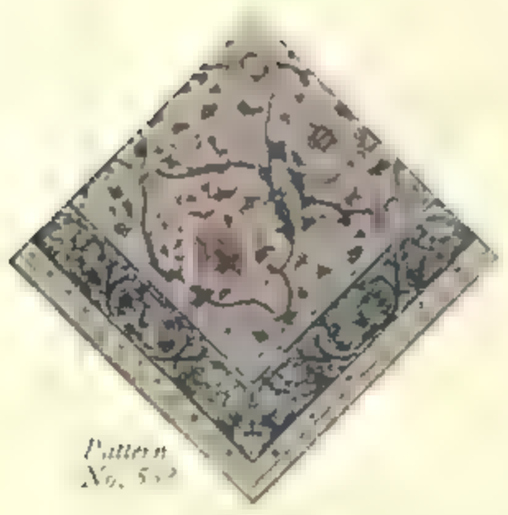
Swift & Company

The name of the Gold-Seal trade-mark guarantees the face of every genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug.

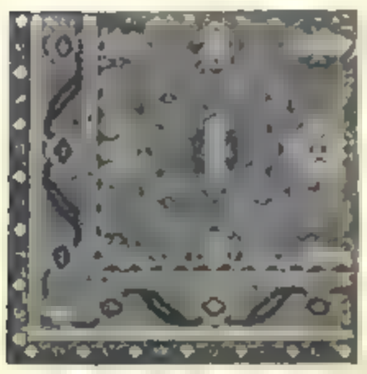
How well the rich colors of Rug No. 516 set off this cozy nursery! The 9x9-foot size costs only $13.50.

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

For a spotless nursery— an easy-to-clean Congoleum Rug!



Pattern No. 516



Pattern No. 323

Pattern No. 386

Perfectly appointed, dainty and attractive—exactly the nursery a woman dreams of for her baby! And the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug with its artistic design and sanitary surface completes the picture.

Patterns for Every Room

So varied and tasteful are Congoleum Rug patterns it's no wonder they're popular with housewives! From the host of styles—rich Oriental motifs, fresh-looking floral effects like the rug illustrated, conventional tiles and wood blocks—you can make an appropriate choice for any room in the house.

Waterproof—Easily Cleaned

Unlike old-fashioned floor-coverings, Congoleum Rugs are remarkably easy to clean. Made all in one piece of a sturdy, waterproof material they have a smooth surface that cannot take up dirt and spilled things. Just a few easy strokes with a damp mop and these sanitary rugs are again bright as new.

No trouble at all to lay, either. *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs hug the floor without tacks, cement or any other fastening. And no matter how long or hard the wear, they never curl at the edges or corners to trip unwary feet or interfere with swinging doors.

In view of their many advantages, the low prices of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs will surprise you.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet $ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet $13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet 11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet 15.75
9 feet x 12 feet $18.00	

Pattern No. 386 (shown below) is made in [illegible]. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large [illegible]

1½ feet x 3 feet $ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet $1.95
3 feet x 3 feet 1.40	3 feet x 6 feet 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

[illegible]

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 30)

"Don't you let them kid you," says he. "I notice they don't wear kimonos when they can afford to buy pants. You go ahead and work up a highbrow Jap dance and it will be the bunk."

"I'll do just that!" I says, trembling. "And without any suggestions from you, either!"

"You said it!" says Jim, and then he went out, slamming the door as nearly as was possible with a Japanese one.

Well, the room had been cold before, but it now seemed even more so. Also I wasn't feeling so good anyways, on account I had something on my conscience. I had been going to tell Jim about it and alibi myself straight to him, the way ladies usually do with a husband; but now that he was not alone my husband but an admitted enemy, why, of course I had to keep my troubles to myself and face my own consequences.

The thing I had on my conscience was a string of pearls which I had bought them through our Number One Boy, Itchy-something, who I called Bill partially for convenience and partially on account it seemed to be his middle name, anyways, since he was always showing up with one for something or another.

Well, anyways, this Bill was a real polite Jap who ached to work for us so bad and in such elegant language that ma and me hired him almost before he got through asking us. And believe me, when in Japan without being able to translate the simplest laundry mark, a native which speaks either English or Tourist looks like a life-saver with wings. And from the day we hit Yolklahoma he and his relatives, of which he had as many as a rabbit, had been seeing to it that we was supplied with everything, whether we needed it or not. And while it run to considerable money, we was able to afford it; and I thought, well, a person don't go around the world every day in the week, I may as well buy it while I am here, and this had gone for everything from kimonos and chop sticks to the last but not least buy, which was this string of pearls.

Of course I already had pearls suitable to all seasons from a light summer strand down to real winter weight, but a string of pearls at a good price always comes in handy, and I had heard a lot about Jap ones. So when Bill says his Cousin Oritorio or something has a string of pearls he has got to sacrifice, I says, well, fine; lead me to it, only I suppose the duty will be awful high. And he says, why make disgusting mention of such subject when pearls take up so little room in front of honorable corset or lining of voluminous coat? And I says, well, I don't approve of cheating the customs; and anyways, won't your cousin have to report a sale like that to the Japanese authorities? And he says why, yes, usually, as they are exorbitantly strict; but if no person mentions such sale of pearls, how is cruel authorities to know of it? And then ma says why be dumb, dearie, when everybody does it all the time, and anyways you will be paying them duty enough on your other things. And so I says to Itchy, bring on your pearls, and he did, with his cousin; and me and ma fell for them hard at two thousand yen, which is less then a thousand iron men, and they was worth seven thousand if at all.

"Will extinguished American geisha kindly not mention pearls to any Japanese person?" says Bill's cousin after I give him the money. "Or show same at all until return to native country? Very quick such stories get around and unsympathetic authorities may report on same."

"Never fear!" I says, petting mamma's new darling. "I suppose they was honorably stolen in the first place, but once is enough! I'll keep our secret, you dear old rice cake, because them is sure some beads for the money!"

Well, anyways, I had said nothing so far to Jim on account a male husband will develop morals at the most inconvenient times, especially when it isn't interfering with some law they want to break themselves. So I had merely sewed the beads quietly into the lining of this ermine coat I was wearing and from then on my worries began. Every time I seen a Jap looking at me funny I thought it was on account of those beads; and take it buy and charge, I wasn't enjoying my new necklace like the original oysters had intended.

Well, anyways, after Jim left the room I stood looking out at the picturesque mud of Tokio's main street with snappy ox-drawn express wagons tearing up and down it four miles an hour or less, and rickshaws, ricketing to and from, laden with tourists, all with, for a back drop, the grim masonry of the Imperial Palace wall. I was pretty well torn up between anger at Jim and how he thought he knew it all, and worry for fear he did and that I really would flop when I tried going it on my own. Also, I was at the same time wondering was the lining of that coat the best place for my pearls on account wouldn't the customs officers feel of my coat lining the first thing. And while I was standing there very quiet a peculiar thing happened.

Itchy Bill had a cousin in the silk business, and as a special favor to us, see, he had got this cousin to send over a couple of bales of kimonos for me to select all of them if possible. They was laying near me on the floor at that very moment, wrapped in the gay outside covers called firoshiki, which in Japanese means yes, we have no wrapping paper. Well, I hadn't taken time yet to look at these bundles; but now I did, and for the good reason that one of them moved!

Well, at first I thought Jim's drinking had been affecting me again, and stood holding my breath and position, and sure enough it was not saki but the sack. It wiggled, and in another minute a head poked out of it and looked around cautiously, coming to a frozen stop when it saw me. It was a girl's, with a French shingle bob like the best chorus girls was wearing back home; but she was a Jap all right, and her pretty little enameled face was pink and white as a artificial cherry blossom. She had on a dark silk kimono like the high-class people wear, and she stopped so still I could hardly believe she was alive only for having caught her on the move before.

"Ohio, Oki-San!" I says as soon as I was able, that being the Jap way of saying hello kid, and it certainly is remarkable the way America has come to influence that country so much that they even pick out one of our livest states to use as a greeting. "Ohio!" I says. "Come on out the shell!"

Then she come to life and crawled out. When she stood up she wasn't much bigger then a minute, and cute no end, with her feet in mittens and her little yellow hands politely hidden in her sleeves. Also she tittered like a bat.

(Continued on Page 45

We Set Out in Rickshaws, Which, as They Only Hold One Per Each, Kept Us From Fighting the Whole Ways

THE ENGLISH COMMERCIAL

By J. R. SPRAGUE

ENGLAND would be a discouraging place for the hustling young man whose ideas of business are to accept a position on January first, be appointed general manager in April, and on June tenth marry the proprietor's daughter and become chief stockholder of the sash-and-door factory. Such things, of course, do not actually happen in America, but we come near enough to it to encourage the fiction writers. In England even the imagination of the fictionists does not soar that far.

Take the traveling-salesman business, for instance. The only English story I ever read that dealt with salesmanship was one which described two London commercials who had been barroom friends for thirty years but did not even know where each other lived; and the drama lay in the incident of one of them eventually drinking himself to death and the other one going to his poor funeral. Not a line in the story to let the reader know if the two old commercials were failures simply because of the drink or whether it arose from having in their youth neglected to study psychoanalysis and how best to overcome sales resistance. Nor was there a single incident showing how in his happier days one of the commercials had pulled off a brilliant sales stunt, taking the big order over the heads of his competitors by his sheer resourcefulness and never-say-die spirit. From a constructive standpoint the story was as much a failure as the two old commercials. No man could truthfully say he was inspired to bigger, better salesmanship because of having read it.

The traveling-salesman profession in England does not lend itself to colorful incident or brilliant coup. If any young American, full of push and enterprise, has made up his mind to be a traveling salesman he will do well to stick to the U. S. A.; for those qualifications in England would probably do no more for him than to land him out of a job.

It was from the office of a prominent jewelry manufacturer in Hatton Garden, London, that I first had a chance to study the English salesmanship business at close range. The city salesman was just starting out to call on the West End trade and asked me to go along. He was a chubby, agreeable man of fifty, who would, I thought, be just the right person to accompany on a tour of the glittering shops of Piccadilly, Bond and Regent streets.

Without going into extended detail, the excursion was a little disappointing. Hatton Garden is a mile from the real West End, with busses going every two minutes; but the salesman walked; walked, and carried his sample case besides. City salesmen, he explained, do not have an expense account. Our first call was at one of the prominent Regent Street shops, a place I had often admired from the front, and I looked forward to getting inside under the wing of a man who had been calling there regularly for more than twenty years.

The Back Door for Commercials

BUT we did not go in with the style I had expected. Just at the side of the establishment is a narrow alley which leads to a back door, and this was the entrance the city salesman made for. A couple of uniformed porters were sitting at a little table just inside having a sociable cup of tea, and the salesman asked one of them to announce him. The porter finished his tea and disappeared. Directly a panel in the wall was shoved upward and a man's face appeared in the opening. The city salesman stood at attention like a soldier at inspection.

"Nothing required in your line today," said the man in the window.

"Thank you, sir. Good day, sir," said the city salesman.

That was all. As we went down the street I asked who the man in the window was.

"He is one of the buyers," answered the salesman, and then added brightly, "I met the proprietor himself once."

The eight or ten calls we made during the afternoon were all practically duplicates of the first one, except that in one instance the buyer had a memorandum in his hand from which he read the names of a couple of items required. The city salesman wrote the items in his order book, promised they should be delivered next day, and said thank you, sir, twice as the window was shut down.

It really wasn't much salesmanship from a two-fisted American standpoint, but the city salesman had a story of achievement which he told to show what he could really do in a pinch.

"It was in that first place on Regent Street," he said. "About a month ago I sold them one of our fine necklaces, a yellow sapphire one, for two hundred pounds. I stand in pretty well with the two porters, and one of them told me last week that the necklace had been sold. And what do you think I did then?"

He had to pause to chuckle at his shrewdness.

"Of course, I couldn't come right out and tell the buyer I knew they had sold the necklace, and ask him to buy another one; that would appear too pushing. I just took a similar necklace with me the next day, and when the buyer gave me an interview I asked him in an offhand manner how they liked the one they had bought before. He wasn't offended at this question at all, and told me quite freely that they had sold it.

"Then, quick as a flash, I said, 'Perhaps you'd like to consider buying another. I've got one right here!'"

The salesman took a long breath at the recollection of his temerity.

"They bought it then and there," he concluded, "and took no offense at all at what some might consider bad form on my part!"

The city salesman told me he realized the London trade was inclined to be a little formal, and said if I wanted to see English business at its best I ought to go out in the provinces, where men are men and where commercials frequently go in the front door to interview their clients. A week later I was able to take his advice.

An Invasion of the Provinces

THE commercial I accompanied into the provinces was in the Sheffield trade, which in this case meant silver-plated spoons and forks. He was a little man of uncertain age with grayish hair and grayish mustache and quaint gold-rimmed eyeglasses that set diagonally across his eyes. Also pleasantly communicative. His firm, he told me, was working under difficulties. In the first place its factory was in London, when tradition dictated that silver-plated ware should be made in Sheffield. And in the second place his firm had been in business only eighteen years and therefore was looked on with a trace of suspicion.

Our first town was Bradford, in Yorkshire, a particularly hard proposition for a London plated-ware manufacturer, because it is only thirty-odd miles from Sheffield itself. The commercial had never been there before and had written ahead for accommodations at the King George commercial hotel, which was listed in the latest hotel guide. Coming out of the station we asked two or three people as to the location of this hostelry, but none of them knew. The policeman who directed traffic at the corner was better informed.

"The King George 'Ouse," he said, "has been torn down about four years. Hi fawncy you couldn't stop there now."

He had not touched his hat as we approached him with our hand bags, and the reason came out with his next words.

"Commercials!" he said. "The proper place for you will be the White Horse, a comfortable place for those of our class."

He left traffic to take care of itself while he walked half a block to show us the way, which he probably would not have done had he thought us gentlemen, which shows that belonging to a class has its advantages. The White Horse proved to be all the traffic officer had said, being a hostelry that not only tolerates commercials but actually caters to them. Bed and breakfast to commercials was eight shillings. The office and bar were one and the same, and the young lady hotel clerk was also bartender when not occupied with other duties.

Whatever may be the English commercial's other shortcomings, he does not waste time; within half an hour after we had registered at the hotel we were out of it again looking for business. It is a peculiarity of the Sheffield trade in England that the sale of silver-plated knives, forks and spoons is about equally divided between jewelers and ironmongers, the latter being, in United States language, hardware dealers.

The Sheffield manufacturer naturally has to step carefully in order to avoid trouble. If he sells the ironmonger trade in a town he does not call on the jewelers, and vice versa. My commercial's instructions for Bradford were to size up the situation and decide for himself which class of business offered the better possibilities, and then try to sell that trade.

Herein lay considerable of a problem, because the character of the stores was not sharply defined. We found a number of exclusive jewelry establishments and several exclusive ironmongers; but many others appeared to hesitate between the two lines of endeavor. For instance, one prosperous-looking shop occupying a prominent corner was distinctly a jewelry store in front, displaying diamond rings, ladies' wrist watches and solid silver dinner services; but its side-street show windows contained brass goods, crutches and artificial limbs. Another place near by, facing one of the principal public squares, featured hardware, jewelry, fine china and gents' haircutting and shaving. From this it must not be inferred that Bradford is in any sense a tank town. In population it is about the same as Indianapolis, and in its specialty—the manufacture of woolens—it is the world's leading center. Merely, it is the British way.

In the case where gents' haircutting was combined with other lines, a resident explained to me that the proprietor had started business years ago as a barber in that particular location and had gradually got into merchandising, expanding his quarters as his business increased. But at heart he is still a journeyman barber and sees no harm in plying that profession while his assistants sell the solid-gold jewelry and fine china. From a purely commercial standpoint, however, he was making one bad mistake; for in one of his show windows, right up against his hair-cutting-and-shaving sign, some misguided assistant had made a display of all the latest makes of safety razors.

On the whole, the ironmonger stores that stuck strictly to their own line of business appeared to offer the best opportunities, and the commercial decided to try his luck with them rather than with the jewelers. The leading ironmonger establishment was an exceedingly imposing place; but, as the London city salesman had intimated, men are men in the wide open spaces of Yorkshire, and so the commercial walked boldly in the front door to make his sales attempt. He handed his card to the girl at the desk and asked to see the buyer for the silverware department. She said she would find out if the buyer could be seen, and directly the gentleman came out of a rear office. The situation appeared encouraging, for the buyer told the commercial he might spread his samples on one of the rear counters. Having done this, the commercial stood back respectfully to wait for the verdict.

"These articles appear very good," the buyer said after perhaps fifteen minutes had passed without a word on either side. "Quite good. Perhaps I shall be able to place an order."

The commercial hopefully produced his order book.

"Only, the two principal directors are out of the city," the buyer went on, "and I couldn't do anything definite until they return. I suppose you wouldn't care to wait?"

The commercial asked how long it would be.

"One of them, I believe, is expected next Monday," the buyer answered, "but the other will be gone about a fortnight."

No Strangers Need Apply

ON THE way back to the hotel I asked the commercial why he didn't push things a little. He might, I suggested, have got the buyer to give a tentative order, leaving one or two of his samples for the directors to look over on their return.

"Would a commercial do that in America?" he asked.

I said I believed an American commercial might go even that far. He shook his head sadly.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do here in England," he said. "It would be considered too pushing."

Business certainly was dull in Bradford, for with the exception of the slender hope offered in the above-mentioned incident no ironmonger in town showed the slightest inclination to buy or even to think of buying. The commercial decided he would go over to the enemy and try to place his line with the jewelry trade.

What was evidently one of the leading jewelry establishments was not on the main thoroughfare at all, but up a narrow side street hardly more than an alley. This again is the English way. The firm had started some generations ago in that particular spot, and succeeding managements saw no reason for change, which was probably good business; for in England the public is impressed by solidity rather than show, and a sign over the door stating that a business was established a hundred years ago is an advertisement hard to beat.

Again the commercial went boldly in the front door and approached a severe, spinster-appearing lady who was the sole occupant of the front office. The building had evidently been a private residence originally, and as the business expanded various rooms had been taken over for show purposes without knocking out the partitions. The spinster-appearing lady looked up from a large ledger on which she was working, and saw the two grips carried by the visitor.

"You're a commercial," she said severely and with great finality. "The management does not wish to buy anything."

In spite of this discouraging reception the commercial persuaded the lady to receive his business card, which she read grudgingly and at once passed back to him.

"We do not deal with strange firms," she said. "We have bought our silver from the same Sheffield house for forty years."

(Continued on Page 38)

The development of the enclosed body from the heavy, cumbersome, extravagantly expensive type of 1910, to the comfortable, modestly priced and durable product of the present, may be traced in the history of Fisher. Fisher development is enclosed body development. The experienced motor car buyer finds complete satisfaction, in each price class, only in a car which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

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Although she appeared to consider this an unanswerable argument the commercial respectfully asked if he might not be permitted to speak with the silverware buyer, adding that his firm manufactured some new things it might be to the advantage of the management to inspect.

"It won't do any good," she said stiffly, "but as you are so insistent you may see him."

She went to the doorway leading to the former parlor of the ancient residence, now used as the silverware room, and called the man in charge, a portly gentleman with a red face and heavy double watch chain with a gold two-guinea piece for a charm. After looking at the commercial's card he repeated the precise words of the spinster-appearing lady.

"We do not deal with strange firms. We have bought our silver from the same Sheffield house for forty years!"

Other calls were equally discouraging, and in the evening back at the hotel the commercial summed up his day's business in the following words:

"In all Bradford," he remarked, "I haven't scratched my order book. All I've scratched is my 'ead!"

The traffic policeman had not been mistaken when he said the White Horse was a comfortable place for those of our class. In the regular tourist hotels commercials are usually tolerated and given a special rate, but they are not expected to sit in the parlor after supper with the other guests; there is a commercial room for their especial use. In the White Horse the commercial room was the only room for social intercourse, and there took place the session that is a regular part of the English traveling man's night life.

Subjects Before the Meeting

The oldest commercial, who wore spats and a Prince Albert coat, appointed himself chairman. He had his beer served in a silver mug while all the others got along with ordinary glass ones. His line was thermometers and clocks. A fat man with a single wisp of hair brushed flat across his baldness was from Manchester with a line of candies for the grocery trade. A tall thin young man, almost incredibly wall-eyed, sold brass goods out of Birmingham. These three were the principal speakers, although a lonesome-looking Scotchman who did not divulge his line usually came in at the end of each discussion with some pessimistic remark.

The first subject considered was the state of unemployment in England. The fat commercial opened up by saying it was all the fault of the Labor Government, because it stood to reason that nobody would invest capital in any new enterprise when any time it might be confiscated by some Bolshevik legislation. For himself, he was Tory.

The Scotchman said the reason there was so much unemployment was simply because there were too many people.

The wall-eyed young man held that free trade was the sole cause of all England's troubles. He especially denounced the recent removal of the M'Kenna duties on foreign automobiles, which he said would result in a flood of cheap cars from France and America and drive more thousands of honest English workmen from their employment. What the wall-eyed young commercial recommended was that a heavy duty should be put on everything, and thus keep out competition from Germany and America and all such foreign countries.

The Scotchman said if that were done all prices would go up so high that everybody would starve to death.

The chairman showed considerable uneasiness during the course of the wall-eyed commercial's high-tariff speech and several times tried to interrupt, but was not successful because the speaker had the advantage of being able to frown at the chairman with one eye and hold the attention of the audience with the other. It turned out afterward that the line of clocks the chairman sold was made in Germany.

"I want to tell you gentlemen," said the chairman when he gained the floor at last, "that you are all mistaken. There really isn't any more unemployment in England than there ever was, only it's different people who are out of work." He sank his voice to a deep impressive pitch. "I tell you it is the wimmin who are responsible for all the trouble! Formerly it was the men who had the jobs, and the wimmin stayed at home; but now the wimmin have the jobs, and the men are walking the streets. You notice it more, that's all!"

He proved his point by an incident in his own family.

"My sister-in-law, by name Gladys," he went on, "before the war had a berth with a firm in the shipping line, and she was proud to get her pound a week. When the boys was away fighting and wages went up she was advanced until she was getting her five quid. I ask you gentlemen, is Gladys going to drop her five quid to marry some poor fellow who will never get that much in his life?'

No one answered except the Scotchman, who said a law should be passed to compel the girl to marry and have a family. He believed in big families. He had eight children himself.

Mr. Jelks' Star Customer

Other questions were discussed, including the bad effect of picture shows on the young, the necessity that something should be done to get the boys back on the farms, and the probable tenure of the Labor Government. The chairman, probably thinking of his German clock line, related a not very convincing story about how Germany had really enabled England to come into possession of Gibraltar and become a great empire.

The session broke up at midnight, a full hour after the young-lady bartender had gone to bed, and no question of great moment positively settled. Only one thing. These rather shabby commercials, earning salaries that would be considered rather a joke in America, practically every one of whom say sir when addressing a gentleman, nevertheless felt a personal responsibility for the welfare of England, and in their own way were trying to figure out public problems.

Our next point was only half an hour's ride from Bradford. In the third-class compartment five men were already seated when a lady came in. She was very stout, perhaps fifty years old, and of an expansive sociable nature. During the first ten minutes of travel she confided to all present that she had recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia and no one could tell her it was not a painful disease. Worse, she stated, than either abscesses or gallstones, from which she had also suffered in the past.

Then she went to sleep with her head on the shoulder of the commercial next her, which everyone felt was just as well, as she might have told more about herself.

Business was not much better in this next town. The first place we went in was a jewelry store, the proprietor of which was something of a humorist. He was a tall thin man with gold spectacles and very false teeth which rattled as he talked, and as we entered he threw both hands in the air.

"If you're commercials," he said, "I don't want to see you!" Then he dodged down behind his counter. We waited for him to come up again.

Although he would under no conditions consider buying any merchandise or even look at a sample, Mr. Jelks was willing enough to talk about himself, especially when he found one of his visitors was an American. He was a watchmaker by trade and had started in business thirty years before with a capital of twenty pounds. He had done well in the old days, before German and American goods had hurt the local manufacturers. At one time he carried a stock worth eight thousand pounds, but trade had gone to the dogs and now he carries only half that amount. He would close out altogether except for his son, Charlie, who might go on with the business fifty years more and perhaps make something out of it. At this point his young-lady assistant remarked quite casually, "You're too cheerful, Mr. Jelks!"

Although he blamed America for part of his troubles, there had been one incident that inclined Mr. Jelks to us after all. Only a year ago an American gentleman came in his shop to have his watch repaired and before he went out Mr. Jelks had sold him a diamond ring for one hundred and fifty pounds! The American gentleman was a fine man; an engineer of some kind, although Mr. Jelks did not rightly know whether it was locomotive engineering or mining engineering. Perhaps I might be acquainted with such a gentleman? Mr. Jelks could not recall the name of the city in America where the gentleman came from; he asked his young-lady assistant.

"The name of the city," replied the young lady firmly, "was South Florida."

Putting two and two together, I surmise the home town of the American locomotive or mining engineer may be South Orange.

Mr. Jelks had made one bad business mistake in his career. Up to ten years ago he was located on a side street, away from the main business section, where his rent was four pounds a month instead of the exorbitant nine pounds he pays now on High Street. But it is not the increased rent that bothers him so much as a trait in English nature that he failed to take into account when making the move.

"When I had my shop around the corner," Mr. Jelks said, "I had a fine trade in the line of engagement and wedding rings. I don't sell half so many now. In the old days, you see, the young men and girls could slip into my place without being seen, while here they imagine half the town is looking at them. Too much publicity is a bad thing in this line of trade."

He was thinking, he said, of putting a rear door to his shop so prospective wedding-ring purchasers might enter unobtrusively from the alley, but his lease will expire about four years from now, so he doubts he will get around to it.

It was also in this town that we met the lady commercial. She was an Irish girl, perhaps twenty-four years old, who had a line of flour for the grocery and bakery trade. That evening at the hotel she wrote her letters in the regular commercial room, but as a tribute to her sex the management allowed her to spend her leisure time in the parlor with the upper-class guests. The way she got into the commercial profession may be instructive to us in the United States who have an idea that life must be easier in other places.

Her people, she told me, are farmers in Ulster. When she was eighteen she felt the urge to get out into the world, and a place was found for her in a drapery establishment—or, as we would call it, a department store—in the county town. From our standpoint it would hardly be considered a desirable situation, because she had to bind herself to work three years for nothing and board herself. During that time she was moved from one department to another, assisting the regular salespeople and picking up information about the merchandise and proper methods of salesmanship. It was not until the third year that she was allowed actually to sell anything. When her apprenticeship was up the management was so well pleased that she was offered a regular berth at a pound a week, with the added prospect of becoming, in two or three years, an assistant buyer and perhaps later to be allowed to go to London once a year to buy goods. In such a position she could hope in time to earn as much as fifteen or even eighteen dollars a week.

A Girl Who Made Good

Attractive as this outlook was, she had other plans. During her last months of apprenticeship the drapery firm had allowed her to take hats and other articles to the houses of the neighboring gentry when the ladies preferred to make their purchases at home; and finding she could do this successfully she conceived the original idea of becoming a real commercial. It was out of the question to expect a regular salary at first, but a drapery wholesaler in Belfast took a chance on her by offering to guarantee her traveling expenses and give her a commission on her sales above a certain amount.

For two years she traveled throughout Ireland for the Belfast concern, during most of which time fighting was going on between the various factions. On several occasions trains on which she traveled were held up by the irregulars and her samples were confiscated. Eventually she bought a motorcycle with a side car for her samples and avoided trouble by skirting around sections where the war was on. A little more than a year ago she did another unconventional thing by changing her line from drapery to flour, and is now covering the northern counties of England with a real automobile, American make.

Evidently she is making good, because she passes on the credit of the houses she calls on and does not sell to anyone she thinks might not pay the bill. The only loss her house has had on the territory occurred when it shipped some goods on a mail order to a dealer she had passed up. Besides this, she delivers her sales. The morning after our talk I saw her at the railroad station superintending the unloading of bags of flour from a freight car, which a half grown boy whom she had engaged as assistant put in the box on the back of her automobile to carry around to her grocery and baker customers.

The lady commercial's family in Ulster thinks very little of the activities of the daughter of the house.

"What my father would like," she told me, "would be for me to marry a big fat farmer who owns a lot of cows and pigs, to whom he could point with pride and say, 'That man is married to my daughter!'"

Business in this town may have been good in the flour trade, but it was anything but that in the spoon-and-fork line. His whole day's work yielded my commercial friend one order amounting to five pounds, and for several days thereafter the average was no more than that. If anyone does not think England has a financial problem on her hands he should try to sell merchandise not of a strictly necessary nature, to the retail trade in the manufacturing districts. Many thousands of men are out of work and depending on the government dole, which is about enough to buy groceries, but certainly no luxuries. In Crewe, which is a big railroad center, I met a commercial who was selling adding machines of an American make and who told me his firm was concentrating practically all its efforts on the retail-grocery trade because the purveyors of luxury lines were in no position to buy extra office equipment. In large offices, too, there is a disinclination to buy adding machines because to do so means getting along with fewer bookkeepers, and it is held to be unpatriotic to let employes go in such times.

Never Say Die

One must set it down to the credit of the English commercial that he does not easily get discouraged. The man I was traveling with kept steadily on, making his calls without any signs of pessimism, only occasionally getting off his joke about scratching his head instead of his order book. Nor does the English business firm easily get discouraged. During the evening sessions in the commercial rooms I heard of no case where an established firm had let a traveler go on account of poor business, although the present depression is now nearly four years old. Seeing these things one begins to sense why the English have managed to build up their world trade in spite of their apparent lack of imagination and often old-fashioned ideas. In export circles one constantly hears stories where American, German and even French firms have established agencies in foreign countries, only to pull out again when their operation failed to show profits during the first few years. But almost invariably the English firm sticks, throwing good money after bad for ten, fifteen or twenty years, willing to gamble on ultimate profits. The result is that foreign firms, faced with the decision of taking on new lines, are inclined to give preference to those of British manufacture because they know such connections will be permanent.

On the train going to Manchester the commercial and I shared the compartment with a humorous-appearing man who asked me before the journey was ten minutes old what part of the States I came from and what line I might be trying to sell in England. His name turned out to be Murphy, from which one may deduce his nationality. Murphy himself was a commercial with an international background. For fifteen years he had sold goods in the United States; he spoke as familiarly of Dallas or Wheeling or Utica as he did of the North of England towns where he now travels. It seems he saved enough money in America to come back to Great Britain and start a business of his own, which is to sell lubricating oils to British manufacturers. Murphy's remarks on Anglo-American sales methods may be accepted as those of an unprejudiced observer, because he thinks very little of either in comparison with Irish methods. The English commercial hung on his every word.

"The trouble with the average English commercial is," said Murphy, "that he is too slow. And the trouble with the average American traveling man is that he is too fast." He had a story to prove his point, which I repeat in precisely his own words

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For Ford engines there is no other oil like Mobiloil "E" because

"DURING the six years that I used Mobiloil "E" on my last Ford there was no repair work done on the engine. I never even had a wrench on it."

—E. W. A.
South Dakota

1 It retains its lubricating properties under the heat of service.

2 It distributes readily to every friction surface.

3 It burns clean—minimizes carbon formation.

4 Clutch drag is eliminated—there is no creeping.

5 It minimizes "chattering."

6 It gives the utmost economy of operation.

"I HAVE driven a Ford Coupe approximately 60,000 miles without having a spark plug or bearing touched, and I have used Mobiloil "E" during the entire period."

—G. B. F.
Pennsylvania

"SINCE we started using Mobiloil exclusively in the new Fords sold by us we have disposed of almost 100 cars and have not taken off the cylinder-head or crank-case on a single one."

—*A Ford Dealer in Indiana*

"WE have a 1916 Model Ford that has run over 22,000 miles on Mobiloil "E" and has never had its bearings taken up or had the motor taken down."

—Mrs. W. R.
Minnesota

for your HOME GARAGE:

The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum of Mobiloil provides an ideal supply of lubricating oil.

for TOURING:

The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while touring. Carry two or three under the seat. Now on sale in many states. Prices 35c or 3 for $1.00.

Domestic Branches: New York, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Oklahoma City, Detroit, Dallas, Peoria, Boston, St. Louis, Rochester, New Haven, Albany, Chicago, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Portland, Me., Minneapolis, Buffalo, Springfield, Mass., Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Mo.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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for fear someone might accuse me of taking sides.

"When I was on the road in the States," said Murphy, "I called one time on a manufacturer in Bridgeport to try and sell him some lubricating oils. There was a railing around his desk with a little swinging gate for an entrance. He was looking over some papers when I was ushered into the office, and as he didn't look up I advanced only as far as the gate, where I stopped and awaited his pleasure. Pretty soon he spoke:

"'Why don't you come inside?' he said, still busy with his papers.

"'Because,' I answered, 'there's a fence here and I suppose it was built for a purpose.'

"'It was built for a purpose,' said the manufacturer, 'but most of the salesmen who come around here don't seem to realize it. Now come in and let me hear what it is you are going to try and sell me.'"

Here Murphy came to the point of his story.

"If I had been an English commercial," he said, "I would have waited back at the door for a sign that I might approach the throne. If I had been an American I would have bustled through the gate and up to his desk without being asked. But being Irish, I just went as far as the gate and looked wishful!"

The English commercial's fascinated attention drew another transatlantic story from Murphy, which I must again remind the reader that I set down here verbatim and without bias.

"When I was covering the Middle West," he said, "I had a traveling-man friend who was what you call a go-getter. His line was overalls. One day I met him in an Illinois town where he told me there was a wholesale dealer whom he had called on several times without success and on whom he was going to work a scheme that day which he was sure would succeed. He was so proud of his scheme that he invited me to go along and see him put it over."

The Tug of War

"The first thing he did was to pick up a fellow who was hanging around the hotel who looked like a ham actor out of work. This fellow went along in the capacity of sample carrier. When we got to the wholesale house the salesman marched into the outer office, from which the proprietor could be seen through an open door, sitting at his desk in his private office. A girl came up and asked the salesman what he wanted, but he made no answer, only taking the sample case out of the ham actor's hand and unstrapping the lid. He pulled out a pair of blue overalls and said in a voice loud enough for the wholesale proprietor in the other room to hear:

"'These overalls are the best in the world. No man alive is strong enough to tear the seams!'

"The ham actor was evidently rehearsed in his part, for he looked at the overalls sarcastically and retorted, also in a loud voice, that he did not believe the overalls were much good, and he would bet a dollar he could tear the seams without half trying. The salesman showed great excitement at this.

"'And I'll bet you a dollar,' he yelled, 'that you and I could use these overalls for a tug of war and not damage them a bit!'

"Everyone in the place was interested in the argument by this time and watched to see what was going to happen. The salesman grabbed the overalls by one leg and the ham actor grabbed the other leg, and both began to pull apparently as hard as they could, the salesman letting out loud whoops whenever he got a little the best of it. The contest got so hot that the front office could not hold them, and pretty soon the salesman was dragging his opponent through the door into the proprietor's private office, both stamping and yelling as hard as possible. The salesman hauled his opponent twice around the desk of the proprietor before that gentleman recovered enough from his astonishment to interfere.

"'What's the meaning of all this?' he shouted. 'Stop it or I'll have you thrown out!'

"They stopped.

"'It means,' the salesman answered, very dignified, 'that this man here doubted my word when I told him this make of overalls is the best in the world. I bet him a dollar that the two of us were not strong enough to tear the seam. Will you, sir, kindly look at the garment and see if I have not fairly won his money?'

"He shoved the overalls into the proprietor's hands, nudged the ham actor to get out, and began explaining why the garment would stand the test just given it. And, by thunder, before he came out he had an order!"

Murphy guaranteed the foregoing story to be absolutely true down to the smallest details, even offering to supply names. The English commercial had listened spellbound, his face alternately showing strong disapproval and fearful admiration

"I should be inclined to think," he said at last, "that the commercial in question acted in deucedly bad form."

"You might try something like that on some of your customers over in Yorkshire," remarked Murphy in the flippant tone Irishmen sometimes use toward their English brethren, "and see what happens!"

"I know jolly well what would happen without trying," responded the commercial gloomily.

According to Murphy's experiences in the United States, the West is the easiest section for a salesman to get an initial order, but the hardest to hold, for the reason that business men there are inclined to consider every line that comes along; while in the South and East it is more difficult to make a start, but once started the connection is apt to be permanent. But from a commercial standpoint Murphy considers the New England business man just right.

"Not so changeable as in the other parts of America," he said, "and not so tied to tradition as in old England. The only people I can compare them to is the Irish!"

One of these days, when Murphy has made enough money selling lubricating oils to the North of England manufacturers, someone is going to have a chance to sell him a nice ten-acre place about halfway between Boston and Springfield.

It was in the commercial room of the hotel in Manchester that a somewhat distressing incident occurred during the evening's session. One of the commercials, a tall thin man with round spectacles, either had experienced a bad day's business or had taken too many bitters, for he was in a most contentious frame of mind. A seafaring man who had strayed into the meeting first irritated him by making the statement that he had once sailed three thousand miles up the Amazon River. The tall commercial stated that the Amazon was not that long, and even if it was the seafaring man had not gone up it. Then the discussion got around to the probable destiny of the British Empire and a very young commercial with a bald head made the remark that precipitated the real trouble. It appeared he had been out to China for his firm of Manchester cotton-goods manufacturers and was much impressed by what he had seen.

"In two thousand years," said the bald young commercial solemnly, "it wouldn't surprise me if there won't be any British Empire. Like as not the Chinese will be running our show for us."

Out of clear sky came the contentious commercial's rejoinder.

"You look to me," he told the young traveler, "like a Chinaman yourself!"

Which was curiously true, for the young man had prominent ears and a rather flat face in addition to his shiny bald head. He returned the contentious commercial's look steadily.

"You can't make me feel bad," he said, "by telling me I look like a Chinaman when I see what funny faces some other people have. Now for yourself, for instance, you don't by any chance have a habit of climbing up drain pipes, do you? For to me you look exactly like Harold!"

The young-lady bartender saved the situation by calling loudly that it was nearly eleven o'clock and if the gentlemen wished any more beer they would have to order at once.

Uphill Sledding

The commercial I was traveling with picked up a few orders in Manchester, which is a large enough city to make it possible for him to call on both the jeweler and the ironmonger trade without danger of hard feelings. His firm maintains a showroom in Manchester; and in the case of one or two buyers who wanted to see a more complete line of samples than he could carry in his hand grips, he induced them to accompany him to the showroom, where they could inspect samples of everything his firm makes. The local showroom is a feature of English business that requires a little explanation.

The English manufacturing firm of any importance ordinarily maintains a showroom and a complete assortment of its products in each of the larger cities of the kingdom. These hardly correspond to the branch houses as we know them in America, where the branch manager is usually responsible for a certain territory and sends out his own salesmen. In England all the salesmen go out from the factory direct; the local showroom is kept up merely as a convenience for the buyers in the immediate territory and as a help to the traveling men, who, as in the case of the commercial in Manchester, can use it when necessary. The cost of the local establishment, I was told, is not charged up against the territory, but entered in the general overhead of the factory's activities. As in the case of export operations, once a local showroom is decided on it is kept going through good times and bad, the home office shouldering the losses.

The commercial needed the slight encouragement he received in Manchester, because Liverpool, the next point, was dead as a door nail, especially in luxury lines. A good proportion of the retailers, including department stores, were advertising reductions ranging from ten to twenty-five per cent from regular prices. There was also an evident tendency, more marked than in other places, to discriminate against foreign-made articles. A familiar sign in many shop windows was to the effect that only goods manufactured in the empire were on sale. A huge American-owned five-and-ten-cent store reached out for trade with this sign stretched boldly across its front:

"Eighty-five per cent of the merchandise sold in this establishment is of British make!"

The commercial cocked his eye at this exhibit humorously. "Things are pretty bad around here," he remarked, "but they might be worse. Suppose now, I was trying to sell American-made goods in Liverpool!"

The commercial's first call in the city was at an important ironmonger establishment not far from the Lime Street station, which looked prosperous enough to be able to buy spoons and forks even though general conditions were so unpromising. The English spend their money in peculiar ways; one of the hard-times exhibits in this firm's window display was a small, exquisitely finished lawn mower marked to sell for three hundred and fifty dollars. The commercial had little trouble in getting to the firm's buyer, but the interview did him no good. The buyer would not consider any merchandise or even look at samples, even though the commercial pushed things to the extent of urging that his house was making some new and very salable pieces. The buyer merely replied noncommittally that he did not need any Sheffield goods, and even if he did need such merchandise he would not buy any.

The same baffling answer was received in several other places, and at last the reason came out. One of the biggest Sheffield firms, one buyer admitted, was supplying the Liverpool dealers with all the merchandise they needed on terms of sale and return, which meant in plain language that the Sheffield firm, hard put to it for business, was placing stocks of its wares in the retail stores on consignment, the goods to be paid for only when sold.

Anyone who has ever been on the road knows this to be competition of an impossible sort, because naturally no dealer is going to buy anything outright when he can have it without investing his own money Whatever the commercial thought of the situation he did not allow it to interfere with his regular habits, for he kept on plodding from one dealer to another. I wish I might be able to say his persistence was rewarded, but it was not. The nearest he came to getting an order was when one buyer consented to look at his samples and liked them so well that he called the proprietor himself to look them over. The latter said he was willing to take on the line, but if so it would have to be on terms of sale and return. The commercial replied that such terms were against the rules of his house.

"I don't care anything about the rules of your house," said the proprietor. "If you want to do business with us you'll have to give us those terms."

The commercial permitted himself one great moment when he put class aside and spoke simply as the representative of the firm that gave him his living.

"My house," he said, "isn't in business to finance shopkeepers. If we need money to carry on with we don't try to put the load on to someone else. We go to the bank and pay for the accommodation. Pay through the nose. If you want our goods you'll have to do the same thing!"

With that he put on his hat, picked up his sample case and walked out of the place.

It was late in the afternoon that he summed up his day's experiences.

"In the great city of Liverpool," he said, "I haven't scratched my order book. But it's all right. The firm isn't going to sack me just so long as I play the game according to the rules. I'm going to keep right on getting my seven pounds a week, and a quid a day for traveling expenses. Perhaps in Crewe tomorrow I'll do some business!"

STRICTLY PRIVATE

(Continued from Page 17)

the old tinpot flivver went to the junk pile anyhow.

He discovered that Donaldson's unlucky speech had done even more harm than he had foreseen. Spangler only laughed at his efforts to browbeat and wheedle, made no secret of his conviction of safety, even offered to bet Sim that he'd be gypped out of the reward money. Long before the evening train brought Mackenzie up from the junction, Cole had given up the attempt to sweat anything out of Spangler. He was at the station when the shoofly came in and the sight of Mackenzie's sober face restored a measure of his complacency. The old man had been thinking it over, he decided; he'd had time to realize that Sim had made a monkey of him.

"Find out anything down yonder, sheriff?" Cole spoke with exaggerated respect as they crossed the channeled dust of the road. Mackenzie shook his head wearily.

"Reckon I wasted the car fare. You wire them No'thern folks, Sim?"

"Reckon they already started a man down after him," said Cole. "Wired he was on his way anyhow."

He suppressed a temptation to tell Mackenzie about the reporter. The old man would find it out when he read the Northern papers that wouldn't even mention his name. Mackenzie amused him a little by trying his hand on Spangler. Cole saw that the prisoner, if he'd ever been afraid of the old man, had got bravely over it now. He chaffed the sheriff almost as flippantly as he had dealt with Cole himself.

"Man'll be along down for you in a day or two," said Mackenzie at last. "Reckon you know you got a right to oppose extradition if you want to. Titled to a lawyer, too, if you aim to fight."

"Much obliged." Spangler chuckled. "Sooner I get back North the better it'll suit me. Don't care for the beds or grub in your hotel."

"That's good sense." Mackenzie nodded gravely. "Bound to carry you up yonder in the end anyhow. Right sorry we can't fix you up no better while you're here."

In the corridor he stopped Cole.

"Spoke sort of quick to you this morning, Sim. Don't want you should figure I ain't right pleased with how you handled this. Done a first-rate job, only for one thing—couldn't nobody have done it better."

"What did I do wrong?" Sim bristled. "I reckon ——"

"Might be only my notion. Maybe it ain't the style nowadays, but I always figured arrests was something 't had ought to be handled sort of private."

(Continued on Page 40)

Illustration from photograph of the Marmon car winning the famous Klausen "Grand Prix of the Alps"

Racing over the Alps

Competing against many of America's and Europe's finest racing cars, a Delco-equipped stock Marmon touring car driven by Werner Risch of Zurich, Switzerland won the International Mountain Race on the Klausen Hill in the Swiss Alps.

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Many of the contestants had specially designed and stripped racing cars with professional mountain race drivers.

Marmon carrying merely stock equipment, and not geared for the race, as were practically all of the other close contestants, won not only the mountain climbing event, but also carried away first honors for the best speed on the straightaway.

The faultless performance of Delco ignition was a material factor in Marmon's victory. This achievement, exceptional as it was, is but another contribution to the long list of splendid Delco victories on land, water and in the air.

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THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY
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Delco

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION

(Continued from Page 38)

Sim Cole laughed and swung away. Private! He thought happily of next week's Messenger and the way Allie Bishop would write up that scene on the junction platform, of the big Northern papers, with Donaldson's dispatches featured under black headlines. Private, eh? Poor old Mackenzie!

II

IT WAS easy enough for Sim Cole to identify the single stranger who swung down from the early train. He stepped forward quickly, forestalling any possible effort on the part of Dan Mackenzie to assert his technical authority before the little group of attentive onlookers waiting in the shadow of the station.

"Mr. Leary, I reckon. My name's Cole."

He shook hands with the short-necked, stocky stranger, deciding instantly that Leary measured up to his expectations—a man, clearly, to deal even with such dangerous criminals as were to be found in the big rich cities up North. The mouth was thin-lipped and menacing; there was an effect of something like cruelty in the opaque eyes. Cole felt uneasy under their deliberate inspection, as if he were justly under the suspicion they seemed to suggest. He turned hastily.

"This here's Sheriff Mackenzie."

It annoyed him to observe that Mackenzie didn't offer his hand, contenting himself with a grave, slow nod and word of greeting. He injected an extra measure of cordiality into his own voice as if to atone for the omission.

"We was expecting you last night—rode clean down to the junction on purpose to meet you. Reckon you missed Number Five outen Washington."

"By an eyelash." Leary swore without heat. Cole approved of this and of the voice, hard and rasping; Spangler would stop chaffing when this man questioned him. "Held me up over the requisition papers back home or I'd have made it easy." Leary touched his pocket.

"Le's step over to the office."

Mackenzie spoke gently and, without waiting for answer, turned and led the way through the ankle-deep dust. Cole and Leary followed, with the crowd strung out behind them. In the bare room in the courthouse Mackenzie motioned to a chair, but Leary shook his head impatiently.

"Here's the papers—might as well get started back," he said. "Hear Spangler's willing to waive extradition, so there's nothing to hinder ——"

"Nothing only the railroad." Mackenzie repeated his gesture. "Ain't no train outen the junction till Number Six, along about sundown. Might's well wait comfortable. Sim and me, we been kind of counting on a right good chat anyhow. Reckon you c'n learn us a sight of new notions about this here sheriffing business."

Leary swore pungently.

"Mean to tell me I got to waste a day in this hole?"

Cole glanced apprehensively at the sheriff. Mackenzie didn't like his own criticisms of Tyre and he half expected some display of resentment, but the sheriff's face was as amiable as ever and his voice held no hint of anger.

"Reckon it's bound to look sort of slow to you," he said gently. "Don't get much in the killing line down thisaway. Only for moonshine liquor they wouldn't be hardly nothing for Sim to do. Wouldn't want to go hunt stills with Sim, to put in the time, I reckon?"

"Le's go over to the jail and see can you make Spangler talk," said Cole quickly. "Ain't ever had a chance to watch a first-rate third-degree job."

He stopped and turned to the window at the sound of hoof beats, muffled by the thick dust, and yet by some quality of their tempo suggesting urgent haste, news. He recognized the lean mule that stopped at the pipe railing, and the stooped lank man who slid down from the blanket saddle. He felt pleasantly important. Lish Fidger, just home from the penitentiary after a term for still running, gave Cole an agreeable sense of power. The deputy was grinning when Fidger reached the office door.

"Morning, Lish." Mackenzie's greeting was affable. Cole disapproved of his habit of treating criminals with the same courtesy he showed honest citizens. "Anything wrong out your way? Sounded like it, way you was riding."

"They's a man killed." Fidger spoke deliberately in spite of his quickened breathing. "Found him in the swamp where the road bends in to cross the branch—shot through the head, sheriff. Figured I better ride in and tell you."

"Done right." Mackenzie did not rise. "Take a seat, Lish. Know who it is?"

Fidger sat on the edge of a chair, elbows on knees. He shook his head.

"Never seen him afore—stranger, I reckon. Kind of tall and thinnish—bald-headed, only for a little gray hair around the aidges."

"What kind of clothes?"

"Didn't have none on him—only underwear and shoes."

Mackenzie straightened slowly.

"Stripped, eh? That's kind of queer." He turned to Leary. "Looks like we had something to show you, after all. Right lucky for me and Sim it happened while you was here to give us some help. Take it kind of you to ride over and ——"

"Long as I don't miss the train," said Leary. "How far is it?"

"Ain't over six-seven miles. Get there in no time in Sim's car. Might go fetch it, Sim, so's we c'n get started. Lish better ride down with us. We can get his mule back to him when it's rested up some."

Cole hurried to the shed behind the jail where he kept his rickety car. Luck was with him, incredibly; a chance to handle a murder case with the big Northern policeman on hand to watch his work. He regretted the absence of Donaldson. If the reporter had tended to business he'd have been in Tyre today, covering the transfer of the prisoner, instead of frittering away his time over at Summerhills. Well, it served him right, of course; he'd miss a first-rate story for his paper back home. There was no such justice, however, in Sim Cole's lost chance for more publicity. He was scowling over the grievance when he brought the car around to the courthouse and Leary climbed into the front seat beside him, leaving the sheriff to share the tonneau with Lish Fidger in his work-stained overalls. The topic suggested itself naturally enough when he had pulled through the dust to the harder surface of the Rayford road.

"Didn't happen to fetch along the newspapers, did you? Sort of like to read how that Donaldson wrote it up. Claimed he was going to put something in about me."

"Left 'em on the train," said Leary shortly. "Donaldson, eh? Le's see—he works on the Express, doesn't he? Sort of remember the name."

"Talked like he owned it," said Cole. "Looked like it, too—drove a pretty good car. Come over from Summerhills in less 'n two hours, and it's upwards of fifty miles."

"When was all that, Sim?"

Mackenzie's question startled Cole. He'd spoken louder than he realized, to make himself heard above the clatter of the car. Mackenzie, with his mossback notion of keeping things out of the papers, would make a fuss about that lucky publicity of Sim's.

"Didn't I tell you?" He spoke over his shoulder. "Day we got Spangler. Newspaper man from Pittland was down to Summerhills and drove over to get the story. Figured I'd ought to tell him the main facts."

He was relieved at Mackenzie's calm acceptance of the information. The sheriff for once seemed to understand without argument. Sim could hear him resume his talk with Lish Fidger about the killing and was prompted to open the same topic with Leary.

"Looks like it might be a right interesting case, some ways. Kind of queer, the stripping business."

Leary shook his head contemptuously.

"Looks open and shut. Who's this lad that found the stiff? Got any dope on him?"

Cole's hands jerked at the wheel.

"Why, sure enough! That's the answer looking me right in the eye!" He leaned closer, lowering his voice. "Ain't been outen the pen over a month—lives out yonder right close to the swamp too. Ought to 've guessed first off, only it kind of fooled me the way he come in with the news."

"Old stuff." Leary grinned sourly. "Show him up quick enough. You watch!"

It occurred to Sim Cole that he needn't let Leary have all the glory. If he handled it right it might be made to look as if he'd had this notion all along. He shut his lips on the agreeable thought and quickened the speed of the car.

"Yonder's the place—right in behind them bushes."

Fidger leaned forward as the car dipped sharply to the coolness of the hollow. Cole saw the wheeling flight of the buzzards above the overgrowth, a dozen or more of the huge unclean birds circling warily low. He stopped the engine and twisted over the side of the car.

Mackenzie called out sharply, "Wait a minute, Sim. No use making no extra tracks in yonder yet a while."

Cole laughed and pointed at the trunk of a fallen gum tree, stretching across the shallow black water, a bridge between the raised arc of the graveled road and the clumped scrub over which the buzzards wheeled and glided.

"Reckon you ain't going to find no tracks, sheriff. Yonder log's too solid."

Mackenzie did not answer. He bent over the damper earth at the margin of the banked roadway. The print of a shoe showed clearly just at the end of the fallen tree.

"Reckon that's mine, sheriff."

Fidger thrust one broken boot forward. Mackenzie nodded. He stepped out carefully to the tree trunk and Fidger followed him; Cole and Leary exchanged glances.

"Got his nerve right with him, anyhow," said Leary, with a chuckle. "Never turned a hair when the old man spotted that footprint, did he?"

"Don't know enough to be scared, most likely," said Cole.

He walked out along the tree to the clump of bushes, Leary close behind him. Fidger had lifted a tattered piece of burlap; and Cole, craning his neck to look over Mackenzie's shoulder, drew back with squeamish disgust, lifting an involuntary glance at the great sailing birds.

"Tracked up the mud some when I found him," Fidger was saying. "Didn't see no other tracks, so I figured it didn't matter. Fetched out this here blanket to cover him up."

Cole saw his thin neck bend and his eyes show white as his gaze twisted upward.

"Reckon we c'n carry him out, anyhow. Ketch holt, Lish."

Mackenzie lifted the feet and backed carefully along the trunk, Fidger staggering under the greater share of the awkward burden.

"Nobody I ever seen afore." Cole forced himself to study the face. "Kind of queer 't a stranger'd be in here. Wonder what he was after."

"Sight of things to wonder about, Sim."

Mackenzie wagged his head slowly. Leary laughed and the sound reminded Cole of his half-formed plan; he chuckled in the same key.

"Think so, sheriff? Looks sort of simple, way I figure it, only for what fetched this man clean in here. Reckon I know the answer right now." He turned toward Leary, leaning against the rear of the car, his hands in his pockets. "Wouldn't wonder if Mr. Leary'd tell you the same."

Mackenzie's glance shifted deliberately to Leary and again to Cole.

"If you both got the same notion, seems 's if it'd ought to be pretty near right," he said. "You got it all figured out, sir?" He spoke deferentially to Leary, whose lips twisted downward in a grimace of contemptuous amusement.

"Guess Cole's wise," he said. "Leave it to him."

Cole straightened, whirled sharply on Fidger, shaking an admonitory forefinger.

"What'd you do with his clothes, Lish? Where you got 'em hid up? Come on, better own up before we take and make you."

Fidger, squatting beside the dead man, looked up stupidly, his jaw sagging, the whites of his eyes visible again.

"Clothes? Done told you he was like this when I found him. Figure I'd go stealin' off'n a daid body?"

"Don't need to figure. I know. Man shot right close to your shanty; nobody else livin' nowheres near; your foot tracks everywheres and nary other kind in sight; your tobacco blanket wropped around him ——"

"Fetched it down on purpose when I went back to git the mule." Fidger's brain seemed to grasp only the final count. He rose slowly, and against his will Cole felt a certain crude dignity in his face and tone. "Reckon I better go back to my work, Cole. Done lost the best part of a day tryin' to he'p you."

"Hold on, Lish." Mackenzie stopped him, and Cole grinned sourly at the mildness of his voice. "Take it right kind of you to stay a while longer, till we get this cl'ared up a mite better. Ain't only right 't Sim should ask you them questions. Quickest way to show him you didn't do it is to answer 'em." He glanced at Leary. "And maybe Mr. Leary aims to ask some too. Be right glad to have you he'p us, sir."

Leary wagged his head.

"Don't see any need of it," he said. "Cole's handling it right. Open-and-shut case, anyhow. This man's got a prison record, hasn't he? What more do you want?"

Mackenzie's eyes shifted to Cole's face and the deputy resented their implied reproach. Why shouldn't he have told Leary about that stretch in the penitentiary? The sheriff shook his head.

"Know about that, do you? Don't know 's I figure it matters. This here's right different from runnin' a still." He smiled apologetically. "Sight of folks down thisaway don't see no harm in working up co'n liquor, sir."

Leary shrugged.

"Maybe not. But if I was handling the case I'd keep it in mind just the same. And I'd want to know another thing too. Been waiting for you to spot it—a dead give-away." He wheeled sharply to face Fidger. "Look here, you! Here's a stiff hidden in some thick bushes forty or fifty feet off the road, water and mud knee-deep all around him. You claim you found him there. What were you doing, wading around in that muck? If you didn't know he was in there, why did you go in to look?"

Fidger stared blankly and Leary laughed.

"Why, that hangs you! If you didn't put him there yourself you wouldn't have found him in a thousand years! Expect us to believe you went in there for a swim?"

Fidger's head moved slowly and Cole was able to understand the new quality in his look and voice, even to enjoy Leary's discomfiture. These grand Northerners didn't know everything, after all.

"No, sir. I went in yonder lookin' f'r one of my hawgs." He waved his hand toward the ridge beyond the swamp. "Seen them buzzards sailin' over the bushes when I come out this mornin' and figured a hawg might be mired in there. Reckon they don't have buzzards where you was raised."

Leary's glance followed his upward gesture at the slow, patient flight of the wheeling birds. He watched them for a perceptible interval. Cole came to his aid.

"It don't matter anyhow. They's plenty without that."

His hand moved to the hip pocket where he carried his handcuffs and came away unwillingly at the peremptory movement of Mackenzie's head.

"Guess that's a first-rate answer, Lish. Won't keep you away from your tobacco no longer. Right obliged to you for ridin' in to tell us." He made a gesture of dismissal. "Jake'll fetch out your mule soon's we get back."

"But looky here, sheriff ——" Cole exploded in angry protest as Fidger moved away. Something in the mild eyes gave him pause in midspeech.

"Le's see can we get the body in the car, Sim. Wrop the blanket around it first."

Mechanically Cole's habit of obedience asserted itself under the tone. Mackenzie rarely used that voice of authority; but when he did, for some invisible reason, Cole argued afterward or not at all. The sheriff climbed into the tonneau, steadying the swathed figure. Cole and Leary resumed their places in front. The car moved on across the swamp, passing Fidger, and turned on the higher ground beyond. As Cole drove back to the hollow he saw Fidger standing at the side of the road, his head tilted back, staring up at the sky. A swift upward glance told Sim that the buzzards had drawn an accurate inference. Already the number had dwindled to three or four, and these sailed high, in wide, slow circles.

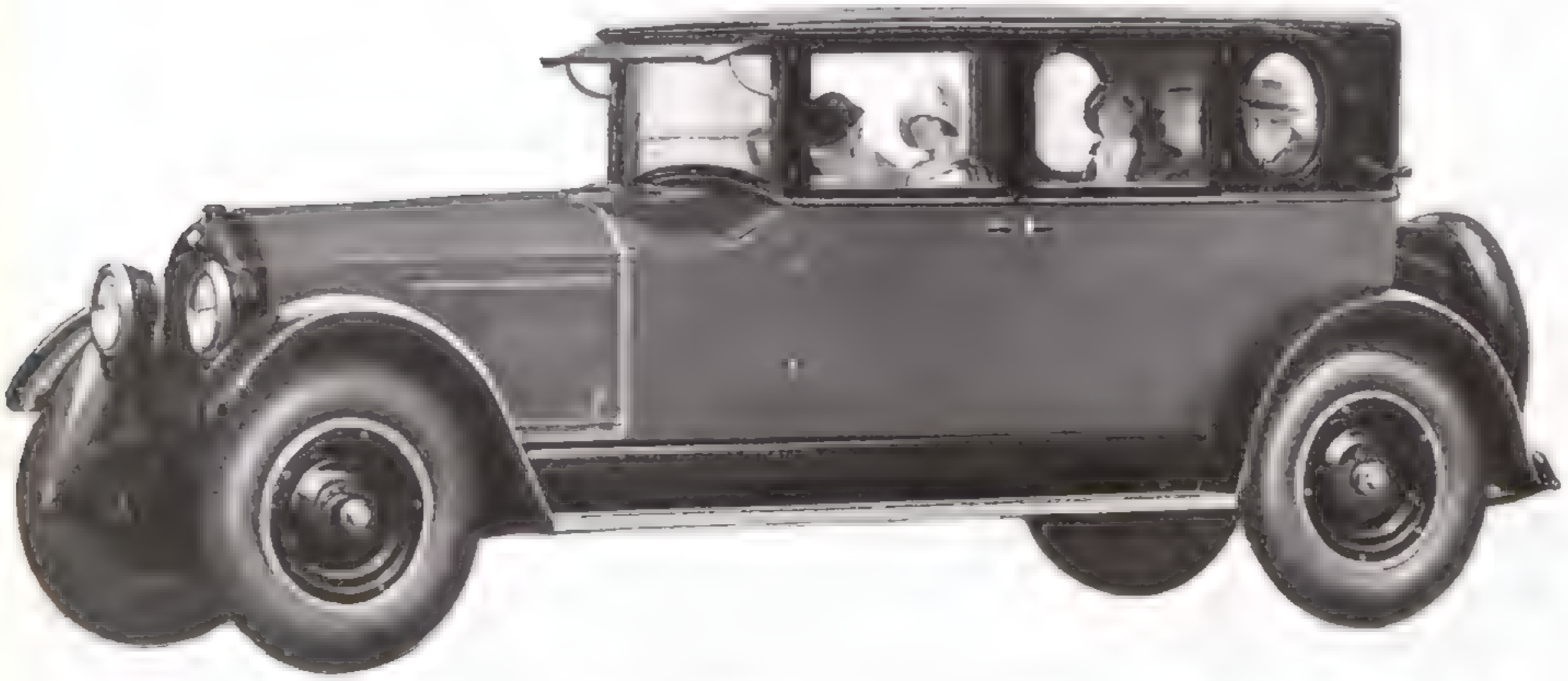
Mackenzie leaned forward, addressing Leary, slouched and sullen at Cole's elbow.

"Figured it out already—them buzzards, sir. Know they's no use waiting around. Seein'est birds they is, I reckon. Folks 't ain't used to 'em wouldn't hardly believe how far and straight a buzzard c'n see, sir."

Leary did not answer and the sheriff made no effort to continue the talk. Cole drove in silence, angry at the stubborn folly that had overruled him. If Fidger got away to the hill country they'd have a nice job following him. He thought of the lost opportunity to drive up to the jail with a prisoner handcuffed to the car, a token of a murder case cleared up in less than half a day, and his irritation deepened. One thing, though—the thought lightened his mood a little—he'd have Leary to back him up when he told the story to the people at the

(Continued on Page 42)

A New Enclosed Paige for only $2175!



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THINK! Last year the 4-door enclosed Paige sold for $3235. Here's the New Paige Brougham—smarter in appearance, bettered in performance—for only $2175! Now think what this means:

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 40)

hotel. Maybe it was good luck, after all, that Mackenzie'd refused to see reason back yonder; it was another chance for Sim Cole to show him up.

III

ALLIE BISHOP'S tilted chair came down with a thump and his fat hand touched Sim Cole's sleeve in warning.

"Sh-h, Sim! Yonder he comes now."

Cole's jocular sentence hung in the air. He watched Mackenzie come across the road from the station, his loose-kneed, shambling stride lifting a little puff of dust at every step, his lean shoulders swung forward wearily, as if a weight lay on them. In spite of his triumphant malice, Cole felt a thin pity for the old man. Dinner, with Allie Bishop's eager ears attentive to his tale, with Leary treating him as an equal, without the restraint of Mackenzie's silent presence, had mollified his morning rancor. He could afford to be sorry for Mackenzie.

The old sheriff seemed to feel the hostile atmosphere. Instead of joining the group in the friendly shade of the hotel porch, he stopped at the roadside in the full blaze of the sun, and beckoned, almost apologetically, to Sim.

Cole took his time about rising, and swaggered toward him with intentional deliberation, shaking the ash from the cigar he had considered essential to the occasion. Mackenzie waited until he had come close, and spoke a little more softly than his habit.

"Been talkin' over this here case with Allie Bishop?"

Cole frowned.

"What if I have? Ain't no reason why Allie shouldn't get the news, is they? No sense to that old-fogy notion 't folks had ought to be kep' guessin' till the trial. Up No'th they know better—leave the newspaper boys he'p 'em right from the start."

"Heard so." Mackenzie seemed impressed. "That other feller ain't been back, has he? One you talked to the other day, I mean. Forgit his name."

"Donaldson? No, he ain't."

Cole spoke shortly. He resented Donaldson's absence as a personal injury. He'd counted on another chance to appear in the Northern papers.

"Reckon you give him all he wanted the other time." Mackenzie looked thoughtful. "Kind of figured he'd be over today though. Aimed to talk to him some."

"Hanker to aidge into the papers yourself?" Cole laughed sourly. "Figured you'd change your mind one of these days, sheriff."

"Wouldn't wonder." Mackenzie seemed to misunderstand the tone. "What I wanted to ask him was why he didn't telegraph up No'th. Charlie Doble and me been looking up the files down to the telegraph office, and ——"

"Good reason why you didn't find nothing. Telegraph's too old-fashioned for them No'thern papers. Donaldson he taken and phoned the story."

"That's how it was, eh? Reckon I better go see Mis' Lunn then. Liable to remember whatever goes over the phone most as well 's if she was a letter file."

"Didn't phone from here." Cole stopped him as he turned. "Told him this wire wasn't no use for long-distance talkin'. Drove down to Rayford, where he could get right on the main line."

Mackenzie nodded slowly.

"That's how it was, eh? Kind of wondered." His glance moved out toward the crossroads where the turnpike led away toward the big swamp and the railroad town beyond it. "Reckon he'd be back if he'd knowed Mr. Leary 'd be here so quick. Pity you didn't tell him, Sim, long 's you was talkin' anyhow."

"Did tell him." Cole frowned. "Ain't no way to suit you, seems like. Want I shouldn't give out no news at all and blame me for not giving out more."

"Ain't blaming you. Jest wanted to know. Reckon something must 've kep' him away. Be here now if he was coming." Mackenzie hesitated. "Jest as soon you didn't say nothing about this to Allie—not yet a while anyhow. That's orders, Sim."

"All right—all right." Cole spoke angrily. "Don't have to rub it in on me 't you're the boss. This here case 'd be handled different if you wasn't!" His affronted self-importance loosened his tongue. "Have Lish Fidger locked up this minute if I had my way, 'stead of reaking a good chance 'f having to chase him all over the hills."

"Figure he done it, Sim?" Mackenzie's tone was respectful, interested

"Of course he done it! Anybody'd know it except ——"

"Told Allie Bishop how you look at it?"

"Didn't have to tell him. Give him the facts, that's all. He's got sense."

"Kind of wish you hadn't, Sim. Reckon I wouldn't tell him no more right now. Might be wrong about the newspapers, like you think I am; but I been into the sheriffing business a right good while, and they's times when it'd ought to be handled private, Sim—strictly private. This here's one."

He turned abruptly and shambled toward the courthouse. Cole watched him climb the battered steps, and as he walked sullenly back toward the porch, heard the thin, distant tinkle of the telephone bell in the office and knew that Mackenzie was patiently winding the crank of the old-fashioned apparatus on the wall, as out of date, Cole thought sourly, as Mackenzie himself.

"What'd he want, Sim?" Bishop sniggered expectantly as Cole resumed his chair.

"Nothing; only some more of his back-number notions. Caving in worse every day, he is."

He tilted back, withdrawing from the talk. Presently he grinned at the sight of the old sheriff shambling through the deep dust toward the station. Strictly private! He thought of the Northern papers, the headlines and photographs and diagrams that spiced such stories with the eager acquiescence of the police, and wondered what they'd think up there of a sheriff who believed in privacy. It was too bad Donaldson hadn't come back. He'd have written it up comically, the way they did it up yonder, so that there was most always a laugh or two even in a murder story.

The talk on the porch dwindled. Two of the loungers started a game of checkers.

Cole sat still as Mackenzie approached. The shadows had slanted almost across the road and it wouldn't be long now before the shoofly came in and left again, carrying Leary and his prisoner.

"Sorry I couldn't make out to stay around this evening." Mackenzie spoke mildly to Leary, stopping at the foot of the steps. "Been right busy, but I reckon I'm about done now." He pulled out his big silver watch. "Most train time. Might go over to the jail and finish up this here business."

Leary rose abruptly.

"Suits me. Let's go. Can't stand much more of this excitement."

"Reckon it's been right quiet, sure enough. Be more exciting on the cars though. Must be sort of resky, traveling all that ways with a pris'ner. Got to be ready to shoot any minute, I expect."

Leary lifted his shoulders as the three faced toward the jail.

"All in the day's work," he said carelessly. Mackenzie nodded.

"That's what I was thinking—them very words. All part of the day's work, same as any other business. Only it takes a sight of nerve to look at it thataway, I expect. I ain't got it; not that kind anyhow. Never made out to shoot nobody yet. Seems 's if my finger wouldn't pull the trigger." He laughed gently. "Reckon you got one of them newfangled guns 't don't need much pull. Kind of like to see it afore you go."

Leary shrugged again and produced a flat gun from the pocket of his coat. Mackenzie took it gingerly, holding it well away, its muzzle carefully lowered. Cole's lips twisted. Automatics were an old story to him; there was nothing unusual about this one of Leary's. Mackenzie acted as if he'd never seen one before!

"That's how they look, eh?" The sheriff slanted his head admiringly. "How do you load?"

Leary demonstrated the action skillfully. Mackenzie took the gun from him again and imitated him, fumbling timidly till the clip of cartridges lay in his palm. They were at the jail door now, and the old man stood aside to let Leary enter first. In the corridor he unlocked the door of the stuffy little room where prisoners were allowed to confer with their counsel, a room not much larger than a cell, and as dismal, with its narrow, grated windows.

"Reckon we better wait in here. It ain't train time, but I wanted to talk to you—private." His voice held a touch of apology. "Expect I'm right old-fashioned, but I never got the hang of talking sheriff business with the newspapers."

"Well, make it snappy." Leary ran a finger inside his collar. "This ain't any ice palace."

Mackenzie fumbled with the cartridge clip as if he found it hard to arrange his words.

"Been sort of studying over this man Spangler," he said. "Acts right queer, some ways. Scared most to death when Sim arrested him, but he ain't been scared since—not a mite. Acts like he was right glad to be starting home."

"Don't blame him if your jail's this hot."

"Might be that, sure enough, but it don't look like good sense. Had a kind of long talk with him this evening, and it give me a sort of notion I figured I'd ought to tell you afore you go. Spangler he ain't worried enough."

"He'd get over that before we're done with him," Leary grunted. "If that's all that's on your mind ——"

"It ain't. Been sort of studying over this here case, what little we heard about it down here. Spangler he talked right smart about it too. Seems they was two others into it with him—the two that done the shooting. They wasn't recognized neither. Spangler he's the only one 't c'n give 'em away."

"That's all old stuff. He'll squeal, all right, when we start on him. That's why he ain't worried more. He thinks he can beat the chair by tipping us off. Maybe he can, at that."

"Wouldn't wonder if that was the straight of it, sure enough." Mackenzie seemed to think it over. "But they's another way to look at it. Suppose I was one of them two other men and knowed Spangler was the kind to squeal. Reckon I'd be right restless when I heard he was caught. Might make a try to get him loose afore he talked too much. Expect I would if I was one of them fellers. Didn't look like they was afraid to take chances, neither of 'em. Yes, sir, I got the notion Spangler ain't worried because he figures he ain't ever going to get to Pittland. He's counting on them two others to take him offn you on the way. Pretty near told me so when I got him talking nice and easy."

"A fat, Chinese chance!" Leary laughed. "No such luck, Mackenzie! Those two yeggs have been beating it all they know ever since the story broke. You can bet your neck they ain't crying themselves to sleep on Spangler's account!"

"Maybe. They got plenty of notice, sure enough. Pity Sim and me couldn't 've handled it more private. Might 've left Spangler ride down to Summerhills and show us who he wanted to see there, for one thing; might 've 'rested him sort of offhand, anyhow, and kep' it quiet till they was a chance to pick up the others. Yes, sir, reckon this here was one of the cases 't had ought to be handled old-fashioned."

Cole said nothing. No use advertising a mistake in front of Leary, as long as Mackenzie was fool enough to take the blame. He confronted an unwelcome belief that perhaps Mackenzie had recognized Spangler too; just like the old man to keep it to himself if he had.

There wouldn't have been any mistake if he'd let Sim Cole know what he was up to; it was his fault for trying to be so blamed mysterious about it.

"It don't matter," Leary was saying. "Spangler'll talk and we'll go get the others. Don't matter how far they travel as long as we know who to look for."

"Yes, sir. That's how I figured them two others might look at it, if they was right clever folks. Reckon I might even look at it thataway myself if it was me." Mackenzie smiled bashfully. "Kind of a funny thing about this Donaldson, one 't was over to see Spangler the day we ketched him. Say you know him back yonder, Mr. Leary?"

Leary seemed to reflect.

"Couldn't say for sure. Too many of those newspaper boys to remember all of 'em. Name sounds kind of familiar. What's funny about it?"

"Well, one thing—he ain't been back. Seems like he'd want to be here when you come, don't it? Kind of left go the story right in the middle, you might say. Expect it sounds plumb foolish, but I kind of got a notion it might 've been him 't Spangler aimed to see down yonder to Summerhills. Spangler didn't have only twenty-four dollars on him, and that wouldn't last long, not at Summerhills. Figured he might be after some money. And this here Donaldson——"

"Nothing in it." Leary shook his head. "Don't know Donaldson, but there's nothing to tie him up to this job."

"Expect they isn't." Mackenzie nodded. "Only it's kind of funny that they ain't been nobody named Donaldson at Summerhills. Taken and called up the hotel to ask 'em right after I quit talking to Sim this evening. Why'd he want to register under some other name, d'you suppose?"

Leary scowled.

"Looks fishy for a fact. What did this bird look like?" He turned to Cole, who gave him a stumbling description of the man and car. "Don't sound like anybody I know. Might be one of the gang, at that. Pretty fair nerve, I'll say, if it was!"

"Yes, sir. Figured 't a man with nerve enough to come right over thataway 'd maybe have enough to see could he get Spangler loose. Ain't all of it, neither. Soon's Sim told me he went over to Rayford to phone up No'th I rung up the office over there and asked would they find out who he talked to. Looks like he never bothered to call up a newspaper; only talked to—this here's the funniest part of it—talked to a party named Walker, and then called up police headquarters—in Pittland, I mean. Reckon that must 've been two-three hours afore your train left—no, forgot you didn't get started till the next day. You hear about a phone call from Rayford?"

Leary shook his head.

"Just got orders to beat it down here and get Spangler. Didn't tell me how the news came in." He straightened as the thin hoot of the shoofly engine droned mournfully across the hot, still air of the room. "There's that train. I can't stick around here hot-airing about ——"

"Plenty of time afore it starts back. Sort of wanted to ask you if you figured Donaldson could be mixed up in this here killing Sim and me got to straighten out. Had a notion he might be. One thing, he drove past the place on his way over to Rayford, so he'd know the road. And the feller 't was killed looks like he might 've come from up No'th. Ain't sunburned like us folks 't lives down thisaway. You ——"

"Now you're going good!" Leary laughed impatiently. "You don't need to go guessing about who pulled off that job—answer was right in plain sight, if you wanted to see it."

"Expect it was. Did have a kind of notion, when we was out yonder in the swamp, but I wasn't right sure. Knowed whoever done it come from up No'th, anyhow; knowed that much the minute I see all the trouble he taken to hide the man from folks without even trying to hide him from the buzzards. Lish Fidger ain't any too knowing, but even Lish 'd 've knowed better 'n that!"

He slipped the clip of cartridges sharply into the gun. There was no sign of any uncertainty in the act, and the muzzle pointed steadily at Leary's belt buckle.

"Reckon you better stand over by the wall yonder till Sim gets them handcuffs fixed, Walker. Ain't ever shot nobody yet; but if I got to start, I expect I'd jest 's soon begin on you. First time I ever handled your kind—folks 't look at killing like it was a business, all in a day's work."

His voice tightened, so that Sim could hardly believe it was Mackenzie who spoke.

"Kind of fretted me to leave you loose all day, Walker, but I aimed to be right certain. Didn't know for sure till I got the wire from the police up to Pittland with Leary's description and knowed it was him 't Lish Fidger found out yonder in the swamp—knowed how you worked it—Donaldson phoning from Rayford p'tending he was Sim Cole and telling the chief to have Leary get offn the train at Rayford, 'stead of riding clean down to the junction. Reckon you and Leary come down on the same train, didn't you—last night's train? Donaldson waiting for you with his car and a first-rate place picked out for you to hide what was left of Leary when you was done with him! Easy enough to drive back and get to the junction by the back road so's you could ride up here with Leary's papers on the shoofly this morning. Reckon you said it jest right—handled it like it was a business deal, a reg'lar day's work! Come right near fooling me and Sim, only for them buzzards."

Sim Cole, snapping the steel rings shut on the paralyzed wrists, turned to see the old man standing with his back against the closed door, his eyes hard and bright and cold under the white brows, the ugly gun steady in the thin hand.

"Handled it right pretty, Sim, so far, only I expect you better not do no talking over to the hotel. We ain't got Donaldson yet, and I wouldn't wonder if it'd be some easier to ketch him if we take and go at it old-fashioned—strictly private, Sim."

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YES, WE HAVE NO GINRICKSHAWS

Continued from Page 33

"How come?" I says. "How come that my icy cold and highly uncomfortable abode is open to your exquisitely unexpected visit?"

I put it that way, see, on account the Japs themselves never can ask a straight question or fire a good two-fisted insult, but they always have to jazz it up. Yet in spite of me speaking so fluent and natural it got us no place at all. Possibly because Ohio was the only part of it I could say in Japanese. She just stood there, bent over almost double, tittering.

"Say, sister," I says, "won't you deliciously divulge what made you put on the laundry-bag disguise? Why the dry-goods entrance?"

Still no remarks from Miss Moon-Faced-Sister-of-Cherry-Brandy, or whatever her name was. I begun to get tired of my monologue, and to figure out was she maybe an honorable Nipponese lady burglar, or something, when all of a sudden she come at me like she was on a slide and grabbed my white ermine negligée by the lining. In one jerk I had it away from her.

"Here! None of that rough stuff!" I says. "I have had about enough of this graciously bestowed visit and you will please to honorably beat it before I lift you up and heave you through my despicable door."

Well, that registered all right, for the part of her neck where the enamel run shy turned canary color and she shuffled off from me, her eyes still expressing absolutely nothing. I opened the door with a wallop and she scuttled out on the double-quick and made for the stairs.

Just as soon as she was out of sight I shut the door again, grabbed the lining where my beads was and went over to give the second bundle a good kick. Evidently there was nothing in it but empty kimonos, for it took the punishment without a quiver. I give a long whistle which I could see frozen in the air, and then I commenced feverishly to rip out the pearls and sew them into the crown of a new hat—a silk one trimmed with cherry blossoms, which I had bought as a sort of compliment to the Japs, and to date these was apparently the only cherry blossoms in the empire. I acted quick, for I couldn't tell, see, how soon the Jap Government would have another spy hara-kiring around my trail. And scarcely was the necklace stitched in under Maison Rosabell Inc's well-known headband then I heard a pair of rows out in the hall, and in another minute in burst ma and Mrs. McKinney, a lady off our boat, both enveloped in a storm of bundles and followed by a Jap bell hop carrying even more. Behind him come Mural McKinney, the statuesque belle of our boat, the Cantdetania, carrying nothing but her head in the air.

"I'm exhausted!" says ma, dumping her stuff on the sofa and flopping into a three-legged early 21st century chair with all the security of a German mark. "I'm froze to death, and mud clear up to my knees. What was that you told me on the boat about Japan was going to be one long print? Not fit to print, I guess you meant, daughter. When I was with the circus we was once stranded in North Dakota in February, and the canvas froze to the ground; but Dakota wasn't sending out no cherry-blossom publicity."

Then she turned to the bell hop and raised her voice.

"Hey, you!" she says. "Send up a little Christian coffee, will you? Good and hot!"

"Iss!" says the boy from behind the heavy cheaters he wore.

"And some cream!" says ma. "Understand me? Ferstaine zee? Cream! Top of the cow! Get that?"

"Hush, ma!" I says, feeling ashamed she should yell at him that way.

"But I want some coffee!" says ma, pretty near screaming by this time, her face close to the Jap's. "Coffee with cream, see? C-doubleffdoublee, coffee!"

"Iss!" says he, alithering for the door, and exiting.

"With cream!" yells ma. "My heaven, it's hard to make them understand!"

"How many times have I told you," I says, "that shouting in English won't translate a thing into Japanese? You seem to have a idea, ma, that if you only yell loud enough, they will get it, while all it really does is make you appear like a tourist."

Well, of course, that shut her up on account the one thing no tourist likes to be taken for is that, and then the three of them commenced showing me what they had just bought—that is to say, ma and Mrs. McKinney done so, while Mural merely sat in all her operatic beauty.

"You know, I don't believe in buying trash," says Mrs. McKinney, "so I have kept pretty well to kimonos and fans and ivory and silks. Just take a look at these kimonos, dear—nothing like them in Kansas City!"

Well, she commenced opening up her stuff then, and ma done the same, and between them they had a bunch of embroidered stuff that the high-class stores in Kansas City, or New York, either, would of been ashamed to show their intelligent customers—kimonos embroidered in a way to make a Jap laugh in his sleeve, and that can be a big laugh, on account there is plenty of room for it. They had obis, which means belts, that looked like bureau scarfs made in Hoboken; Damascene that could of come from the Five & Ten and bead necklaces that might have had the same great natural source. Also they had bought silks almost as good as a person could get from a real reliable American firm, and they hadn't paid over a third more per yard, with the duty still to come. And worse yet, they had bought embroidery pictures, ma's being that of a old Yankee playing a violin, all done in Japanese silk and conception of same.

"Ain't it natural?" says ma, holding it up. "I'm gonner take this back to Mr. Amazon, the head of our circus."

"I expect he will be glad to add it to the freaks," I says, but ma only nodded real serious.

"How much did you pay for yours, dear?" says Mrs. McKinney.

And then they was off, each lying to the other and cutting the real price in half to make their friend feel stung. They was at it fast and furious when a waiter come up with what was alleged to be coffee, and Mrs. Mac paused long enough to yell a few complaints at him, and then they returned to the last of their packages and Mrs. Mac stuck her hand into a mass of cotton batting pulling out a handful of pearl necklaces which they fairly made my eyes bulge.

"There!" she says. "Did you ever see anything so gorgeous? Nothing like that in Kansas City!"

I took them in my hands real reverent. Of course, by the number of them I at once realized they was imitation, but that was the only thing told me. I had certainly never seen such handsome ones in America except one string at a time retailing around fifty dollars, and it turned out Mrs. McKinney had bought these wholesale from a cousin of Itchy Bill's for about three apples per string.

"Will Extinguished American Geisha Kindly Not Mention Pearls to Any Japanese Person?" Says Bill's Cousin After I Give Him the Money

"They certainly are handsome," I says. "These Japs are really a wonderful little people."

"Of course, I don't generally care for Mural to wear anything imitation," says her mother. "But with pearls it's different, don't you think? A person can hardly tell them on the neck if the rest of the clothes are in keeping."

"And genuine pearls is such a terrible responsibility," I says, continuing this classic line which all ladies pull at one or another time during their friendship.

"Yeh," says ma. "You gotter take your real ones out the safe once in so often and wear 'em or they get dull." She pulled her share as brightly as if it was news, and we all acted like it was.

"I seldom take my real pearls out the safe deposit," I says languidly, following out the conventional remarks which was of course by then socially expected of me. "I only have three really good strands, anyways."

"I usually leave mine there too," says Mrs. Mac quickly. "For as I always say, nobody gives you credit for their being real, so what's the use?"

"Well, I, personally, myself, wouldn't care to wear imitation," I says sweetly. "But these are certainly real handsome and I might buy a few to take home to friends."

And the formula having been carried out in this truly womanly way, why, we was free to talk of other things.

Well, that night after our show at the Imperial, a swell big marble theater as fine as any, with programs in both languages, a revolving stage, good modern lights and lady Jap ushers in black European dresses and white aprons, but not too clean, and also all kinds of goods for sale in the lobby—well, after our show, the bunch of newspaper men which was seeing to our publicity took the whole entire company out to see Asakusa Park, the local Coney Island.

We started for this district about 10:30 P.M., and we was kind of a conspicious party, as ma had took a extreme dislike to ginrickshaws, meaning not a drink like a person would suppose, but a kind of two-wheeled baby buggy that has been very prevalent in Japan ever since their invention by a American missionary about fifty years ago. Well, there was no other way for us to get to this Asakusa Park without walking, and ma wouldn't do that either, so she insisted on having two rickshaws put together face to face so's it would have four wheels, and then it took two men to push her on account she filled both comfortably.

Now this amusement park is some sight, especially at nighttime, and they told us this was an extra good one, it being the Night of The Horse, whatever that meant. However, in Japan it is different from home, where we admit every dog has his day, but never act on it, as you might say; but in Japan pretty near every animal seems to have a night, the Fox Night being devoted to the movies, the Cat Night being Ladies' Night, and so on along those general kind of lines. And this night the horse seemed to be on us. Anyways, the Japs all laughed and sniggered in the rude way they have when they see a foreigner, they being just as impolite as when a Jap in his native bath robe goes innocently up Fifth Avenue looking at the quaint foreign customs of picturesque little old New York.

Now this Asakusa Park, you got to walk when you get there, and it is miles long and wide. It is certainly one of the most picturesque places I ever smelled, and each street carries only one line of goods. For a sample, one quarter of a mile had push-carts with flares on them down the center of it, and these carts was exclusively devoted to miniature gardens and dwarf trees. Another street had only candy on its carts—candy of sweet-bean paste made up into toys of every kind. Another had only umbrellas; another was all theaters, the street hung with clouds of bright banners for ads, and under them crowded the natives, dressed for a large part in overcoats cut like the ones men used to wear over dress suits when Calvé made her debut. Also American golf stockings was conspicuous on the gents,

Watch This Column

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together"— SHAKESPEARE

Keep watch of your favorite theatre for two pictures that will shortly be released. The first is ***"The Turmoil,"*** adapted from Booth Tarkington's great novel of American life, with an impressive cast consisting of GEORGE HACKATHORNE, EILEEN PERCY, EMMETT CORRIGAN, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, EDWARD HEARN, PAULINE GARON and others. The second picture is ***"The Family Secret,"*** an adaptation of Augustus Thomas' stage success, "The Burglar," and Frances Hodgson Burnett's great novel, "Editha's Burglar." This picture features BABY PEGGY and such excellent artists as GLADYS HULETTE, EDWARD EARLE, FRANK CURRIER, CESARE GRAVINA and MARTHA MATTOX.

Countless letters coming to me from all classes of people, praising ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** starring LON CHANEY, prove that the thirst for knowledge and appreciation of a classic are not confined to the scholar and the pedagogue. Though written in France's darkest hour, over one hundred years ago, the success of this great spectacle overshadows that of the most successful modern drama. It is one of the principal topics of the times. See it and write me your opinion of it. Tell me also what you think of ***"The Signal Tower,"*** with VIRGINIA VALLI, ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES and WALLACE BEERY—of ***"The Reckless Age,"*** with REGINALD DENNY, and ***"The Sawdust Trail,"*** with HOOT GIBSON.

What *is* a clean picture? In my estimation it is one which appeals to the decent side of the human mind—a picture which depends for its success on ideas which refresh and enthuse and charm rather than those that are base and unchaste. I am going to make clean pictures, but they will be full of punch and thrills.

Don't forget the JACK DEMPSEY ***"Fight and Win"*** pictures. The champion is going to surprise and please you. These pictures are full of action—full of drama, comedy and thrills.

Carl Laemmle
President

To be continued next week

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

and a large per cent wore black masks over the mouth and nose. I thought maybe these was professional gunmen out for an evening's relaxation; but the boy from the Japan Advertiser which was guiding me says no, they are merely afraid to breath this cold damp air. Any Jap lady which could afford it had on a American sports muffler around the neck of her kimono, and I could plainly see where, if the wifely kimono is wrecking the beauty of home life in America, believe me the knitted goods of America is fast taking all the picturesqueness out of street life in Japan.

But still and all, this park was a wonderful sight, with its flags and lanterns and open-faced shops with no doors or windows, but the bright goods hung in bouquets all around the frames like our Ninth Ave puller-in stores back home, only a million times gayer in color, and a dry-goods store looks like a flower store at a little distance in Japan; and they don't pull you in, far from it. The whole sales force will sit around the fire pot on the raised-dais part of the shop with the most gotohell manner you ever saw, and you got to beg them to sell you what you want.

In the very middle of this park, see, was a temple to the Goddess of Mercy, Kawan-Yuen—a solemnly beautiful open temple with these cross-bar arches called torii, and paper lanterns big enough to hold a tall man, burning mellow and religious all through the night. It was a queer park, take it all in all, for the Japs are a silent people; you never hear them call out, or shout or laugh. They hardly ever talk, and in all Japan pretty near the only sound you hear is the incessant clatter of their wooden clogs, and, in the night, the occasional whining twang of the phonograph record of a samisen.

Well, the certainty that the girl I had thrown out of my rooms at the hotel that afternoon was a Jap spy on my trail come while we was watching a street fight. I was standing there paralyzed with interest on account the way it was fought, and for once I and Jim had a mutual interest and refused to be dragged away. The point was, these two men didn't fight like our men, see; they fought like cats. They spit at each other and hissed at each other and used their claws, but not their fists. And while this was proceeding nicely, I happened to look across to where a bunch of the tourists from our boat was also taking in this fight so's to be in a position to tell how they saw something they bet nobody else did. Well, anyways, there among them stood that very same Jap girl.

She was in European clothes this time, and was with a party of Japs also in cloaks and suits and the thick glasses of which they are so fond; but I knew her in a minute and grabbed at my hat to feel was the pearls still there and to wonder was the lining of a hat a real good place for smuggled goods, after all, because that was such a natural place for a customs' officer to look. And it seemed like I could hardly wait to get back to the hotel and shift them into the front of my corset.

Well, by the time we moved on so had she, and our party climbed into a taxi which one of the Advertiser boys found some place, and they make you keep the lights on inside a taxi at night in Tokio, which is a great inconvenience at times, and I felt like the lady detective was probably watching me all the way.

"Got anything on your mind except your hat, hon?" says Jim on the way home, and I nearly hit the ceiling in both senses on that bumpy street.

"Nothing but my new Japanese classic dance!" I snapped at him. "I guess you haven't that much—all your dancing is in your feet."

"That's more than your favorite Japs have," he come back at me. "The dancing they do—why, they had better join a wig-wagging corps so's to make it mean something!"

Well, the next week we still played Tokio and our old act, and I seen nothing more of the mysterious Jap flapper, which I was by now convinced she had give me up as innocent. I had got me a phonograph of Jap make, with some Jap classical pieces on the records, including Jonkina, and I kept all the kimonos from Bill's cousin, and between shows I would put on a record and a kimono and sit still and wiggle my hands and give my new geisha fan its daily dozen, while in the next room Jim would, behind the closed door, turn the juice into a new number from home called Those Japanese Blues and I could hear him soft-shoeing it in a perfectly swell new tap with a kind of half stop to it. And meanwhile ma would watch me rehearse with a anxious eye.

"You'll get fat if you set around so much, Mary Gilligan," she says to me, real worried, about the fifth day. "Setting around in a kimono by the hour never improved wife or dancer as yet."

"I'm not setting around, ma," I says indignantly. "This is a old Jap art-classic dance I am doing called the Rest of the Butterfly. It's the genuine thing."

"Ought to be called the Rest of the Nut Factory!" says ma. "It certainly looks more like a rest cure then a dance."

Well, at the time we was through in Tokio there was a few idle days before we had to leave for Kobe, which we played next, and our Mr. Rowlyn Blackwell, the young English lad, as he labeled himself, who had been sent along by the management as a sort of courier meaning he was to coo for us personally—pulled what he called an absolutely necessary optional trip on us.

The fact was that we hadn't taken any very earnest look at Bong Nippon, or whatever is the Jap equivalent of Hail Columbia, and it seemed a pity we shouldn't get a slant at some part of the country besides the shops. So, seeing that a bunch of tourists from our ship was going to a place called Nikko for a coupla days, Rowlie fixed it up for us to go with them. Itchy Bill was quite enthusiastic about it when I told him.

"We always have a saying," says he, drawing in his breath and his salary with a single gesture, "'never utter the word "beauty" until you have seen Nikko.' The perfect taste and great wisdom you honorably display in purchasing will be most satisfied there. Also, by most curious coincidence my Cousin Kudsumi carries on best lacquer shop in that city. I shall therefore take pleasure to accompany you."

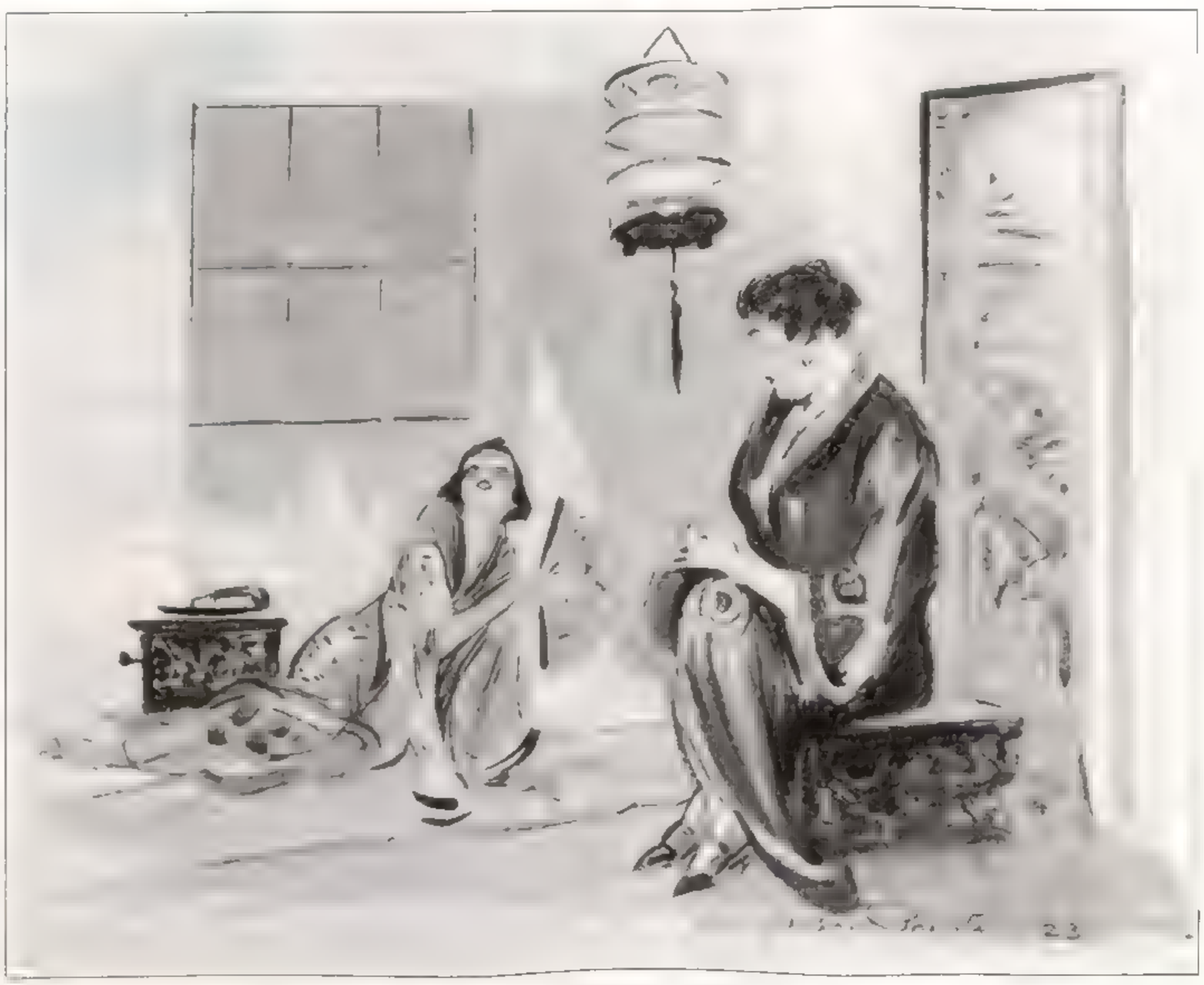
Jim wasn't so strong for the trip.

"Say!" he says. "What do I want going around any more temples for, when they got a good hotel with a regular lobby in this town, not to mention a bar with a rail in it? I'm sick of taking off my shoes in them cold temples—it gives me the gripes."

"And another alibi for drinking," says I. "Well, it's going to be cold up in the mountains—that's one place you'll have a real excuse."

"That so?" says Jim thoughtfully. "Well, maybe I'll go after all."

(Continued on Page 48)



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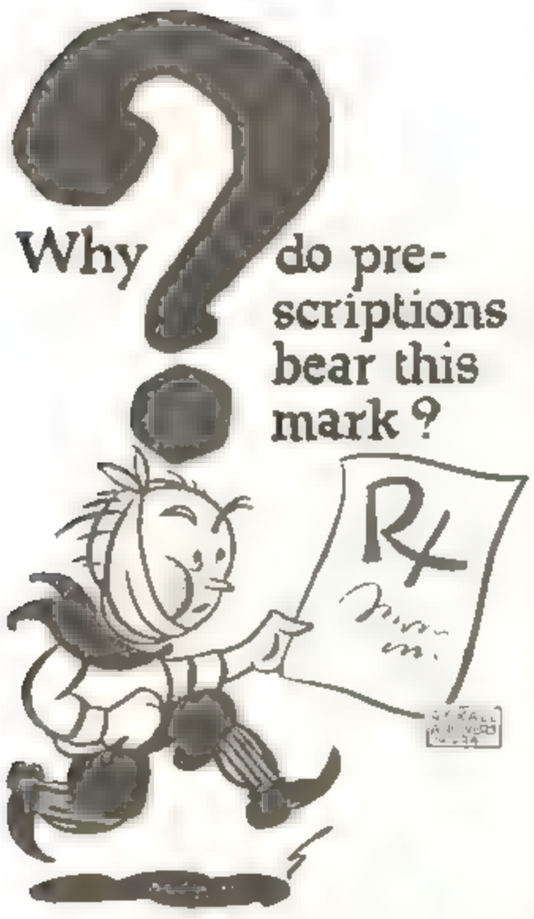

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(Continued from Page 46)

Well, anyways, the train we was to go on was a special one, all fixed up for the Cantdetania crowd, and it was thoroughly filled with them by the time we arrived at it, going through a huge railway station which might of been that of any big American city. The seats of this train run lengthwise like a closed trolley car, but was extra wide on account the Japs shed their clogs and sit facing each other on their knees. The center of the car had American spittoons down the middle of it, and the seats was upholstered in bright blue velvet. Ma found a seat next to her friend Mrs. McKinney and they at once fell on the other's neck with chatter to the effect of Say, my dear, are there good shops in Nikko? What can you buy there? Do let's go right to the shops the minute we arrive before the crowd goes and runs up the prices on us, and so forth. Mr. Clegg McKinney, her husband from Kansas City, which at the beginning of the trip had told Jim he didn't care any more for drinking then for taking castor oil, but who said in Japan he had found out a little whisky was good to prevent him taking cold—well, anyways, he came up looking for Jim and they disappeared into the smoker, talking also, but more about licker then lacquer.

Miss Mural McKinney, our beautiful but dumb, as usual merely sat calmly in the wake of her mamma's conversation, looking like a perfect artificial pearl that you could hardly tell from the real thing. And for company, I drew Rowlie himself, who I quickly found out he had parked beside me on account the view of Mural was so good. I didn't pay much attention to what he said because of having my secret string of pearls sewed into the heavy braiding on the front of my dress, and I kept feeling of them to make sure the stitching hadn't come loose, and wondering was that really a good place for them, after all.

Well, by the time I had decided the pearls would be better off in the hollowed-out heel of a shoe then in any other place, I turned my attention to looking out the window, and as we had eight hours of unadulterated landscape, why, I was able to get a pretty good idea of rural Japan; and believe me, it certainly looked just as I remembered it from the Japanese prints in our dining room, only the people don't stand quite as bad as in those prints or drag their kimonos so much; but the fields, mountains and ect was like them, only more so.

For a sample a person always hears where Japan is agricultural within a inch of its life. Well, we in the U. S. A., where we got space enough to let the edges run wild and welcome, we got no idea what cultivating all the ground means. In Japan it means that in every railroad yard where a little triangle is left between two converging tracks, a place measuring say twenty-five feet across the big end and twenty-five inches at the small, is a cultivated patch with perfect rows of truck filling it solid. And the entire country is to match. In all the miles and miles I seen of it, and as the train crawled I seen it good and plain, I never saw a weed. I know that don't seem possible, but it is true. I saw many a Jap lady with a big kid of maybe as much as two years old strapped to her back working out in them fields and gardens to keep them immaculately manicured, but that's what they were without exception. If it was a boy child the lady was packing it might even run up to three years, on account boys rate the highest by far and are kept babies and actually nursed up to three annums. But if it is a girl, why, she is let shift for herself from about eighteen mons on; and for some reason the Japs seems to think this plan will make the boys superior, and perhaps it will. All I can say is, it certainly don't work out that way with alley cats.

Well, to go back to what I seen in the farming country of Japan, because out there the farmers is the backbone of the nation and the statesmen the bonebacks just the same as in other countries.

Anyways, the rurality was exceedingly beautiful in just the same sense that a beautiful snatch of tune out of a great opera is beautiful—a motif, they call it. And also the Jap landscape is as monotonous as said theme would be if it was played over and over steady for eight solid hours with no rest for lunch on account we had a basket one. There was hundreds of miles of symmetrical truck gardens and rice fields dotted with oasises of fir trees about thatched homesteads, the truck growing gayly green in spite of snowdrifts here and there. The pine trees was each a print, and the no. of perfect evergreens on every hand would make one of these nurserymen, which they make foundation plantings a specialty, sick with envy. The earth was dark brown and the houses unpainted, but turned a typical Japanese silver gray like on the art postals some nut generally sends at Xmas.

Well, they don't have flivvers, these Jap farmers, like ours do, but they certainly do trim up their horses pretty with bright cords and tassels, also the oxen. But nobody rides on the wagons, no matter how much room there is. The farmer walks along beside the animal and keeps it amused, the same as we with our cooks, in order to stay on good terms with them. As it rains two days out of every one in that country, the most of the farmers go around dressed in a hayrick, with another on their head; and the funny part is, the pictures you have seen of this is not comic strips but actual fact.

But the principal feature about this farming is that it is neat, neat, neat, from the compounds of Osage orange about the barns clipped like the paper ones on an English-country-estate set out in Hollywood to the willowy rows of mulberry and the hedges of tea which borders the truck gardens. It is neat enough to drive you crazy, and before the fantastic snow-clad mountains in which Nikko sets come into sight I was mentally clawing my way to the free spaces of Arizona, and less inclined to blame ma for preferring stereopticon views of it to looking at the world. I just about settled in my mind that the Japs can never be a world-beating nation on account the surroundings they have been raised in is too neat, too finicky, too accurate and too overtrained to be really forceful; and that just like with the Germans, that kind of careful, soulless accuracy, that brand of thoroughness, don't grow you anything good but vegetables. It may make an awful snappy-looking army that parades like West Pointers and obeys like Robots, but it don't leave no place for the immortal soul of the nation to grow. And spirit—new, fresh, untrammeled spirit—is what makes world power and always has.

Now it seems to me like there is only a few really great sights in the world, and some of them was made by God singlehanded, like the Grand Cañon, and the Pali, a great cliff in Honolulu, and the Himalayas. And others has been made also by the same Great Artist, but He left man help Him at it. And in this class is the Taj Mahal, the Pyramids, the Parthenon and the Tohshogu Temple at Nikko.

Well, anyways, this temple, while typically Jap as to architecture, is like many another professional beauty—largely dependent on its color, and the Japs have seen to it that she has plenty. The town of Nikko is the lacquer center of the world. It produces lacquered toothbrushes, finger bowls, chop sticks, towel racks, prints, parasols and cuspidors, besides all the usual line such as boxes which people carry home for Xmas presents for other people to wonder what to do with. And the center of this center is the Tohshogu Temple, which is several buildings and gates, all of them lacquered on the outside, most of it red and 350 yrs. old, but as brilliant to this day as the tea tray on grandma's shelf, and not a chip off it anywheres.

This temple is led up to by a avenue of fir trees, twenty-five miles long and sixty feet high, and they are much like our big redwoods. Also the brilliant temple itself sets on a slope in the midst of a grove of these same trees which was planted when it was built, and they are so near to being black that the temple shines for all the world like a jewel in a velvet box.

Well, the inside is as beautiful as the out, and one gate is called the All-Day Gate on account it takes at least that to see all that is on it. And they tell how the shogun, which I expect is Japanese for our sonofagun—well, anyways, this shogun that had it built employed two thousand workmen and it took them twelve years to do the job on account, I suppose, they didn't have these modern paint sprayers like they use now in automobile paint shops to put on a good job, and had to use brushes for the lacquer. Well, when they was finally finished this sonofagun come to look it over, and after inspecting the fancy carvings, including the three well-known monkeys and the sleeping cat, the only thing he liked in the entire outfit was one homely little bronze figure by the gate. All of which shows there was Greenwich Village minds in Japan even in them days, and it certainly is wonderful how early our American influence on other countries seems to of started in.

Well, to go into this temple everybody had, as per usual, to take off their shoes and pad around in their cold feet; but some of our crowd got the cold feet even before they took the shoes off, including ma and Mrs. McKinney, who having also gaiters over their high-buttoned ones, never saw the insides of the temple at all; and having traveled only a little over twelve thousand miles so far to see the wonders of the world, they merely give the priests a good balling out for not breaking their religious rules out of respect for American rheumatism, and went shopping instead, to buy some lacquer cigarette trays, dandy little things to take home for presents to people you didn't care much about.

And I stood out in the rain and let it trickle down my neck and added my tears to it for sheer pleasure in that glorious building against its still more beautiful trees, and I forgot to say where the Duke of Saki or somebody, who was so broke when the temple was built that he couldn't give a nickel toward the building fund or underwrite the mortgage, why, he give the trees and had them planted, and today they are the best half of it. And I am giving this temple a good press notice on account since I never heard of it in the past, why, I feel the public is probably the same, but should no more pass it up when in Japan then they should fail to brush their teeth.

Well, after I had wet my neck and froze my stockinged feet and cried and enjoyed myself thoroughly and thought how can I work this delicious pain into my great classic Jap dance, I went back to the hotel intending to see had Jim left anything at the American bar, which from the name you would expect soft drinks, but it was quite to the contrary. Well, I thought I would get a small shot for my own cold feet, buy a dozen more carved canes and a few more lacquer ash trays and glove boxes from Itchy Bill's cousin, Mr. Enamel himself, because when abroad it is a true characteristic that no matter how many souveniers a person buys, why, they will always be worried for fear they haven't got enough so's there'll be something for Mr. Emergency if he drops in to hear about your trip.

Well, anyways, the temple and my art and its and so forth had taken up my mind to a point where I had forgot all about my illegal pearls and the Jap flapper detective, and so when I started for Jim and the bar it was a considerable jolt to see her in the hall. Her back was to me, and she had on at least seven kimonos the way they do for the cold weather, but I knew her right off by the bobbed hair and the fact that, the hall being empty, she was at the coat rack, feeling of my coat, which I hung there when I first come in. She was patting it up and down real careful, and then doing the same to Jim's, which hung next to it, and she was so busy she didn't even hear me coming along the Brussels.

Now the Japs are a lot of things, but thieves is not one of them, and you can leave stuff around loose in a hotel, but it will never be taken the way it will at home. So when I see this girl pawing through our stuff, see, I realized that it was up to me to do something prompt. She was getting hot on the trail of Cousin Whosis' stolen beads, that was a cinch. I stood for a moment, anxious to clutch the roll in my stocking where I by now had my necklace hid, but unable to do so. With that girl sticking around a small town like Nikko, it sure was no place for me!

I did a half pirouette on my toes and sneaked up the stairs to our room without disturbing her, and locked the door on the inside. Then I give one look at the quaint Japanese varnished pine bureau from Grand Rapids, Mich., a charming piece in the F. O. B. period and what I seen decided me. I and Jim had shared this room and bureau, see, and that morning I had trimmed my dark bobbed hair. Also, the maid had not yet cleaned up, but the main bulk of the hair I had cut was gone, and beside the remains was a Jap female vanity case. A person could not mistake one of these on account they are very trick, and besides, I remembered it because she had been carrying it before. It was as plain as Abraham's nose that she had been in and helped herself to a sample of my locks.

Well, I am not generally one of these hysterical women that they go all to pieces at somebody's strange aunt's funeral, or laugh and cry because friend husband has

Continued on Page 50

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Continued from Page 48

forgot to bring the butter or something; but this time proved the rule with me, and I lost my head even worse then if I had succeeded in reaching the American bar and that drink I had promised my cold feet.

I guess maybe it was a combination of me not being a smuggler of the customs by nature, or accustomed to buying stolen goods or concealing either from my husband. Also, although of course I had been doing so for a good many years, I was not used to quarreling with him, and taken all together, the dose was too much and I done a crazy thing. I decided to make a sneak back to Tokio that very minute and leave them wonder. So I wrote a note and left it in the mirror the same as when I played the not-quite-erring wife in the superfeature Mad Husbands, and rung for Itchy Bill.

Well, I might just as well of rung for ice water in Hades for all the good it done me, and realizing that the twelve-o'clock train for Tokio was scheduled to leave about now, why, I grabbed another coat, my own vanity case and beat it, catching a rickshaw at the back door. I'll say that rickshaw all but flew, yet not so fast but that on Main Street, just before I come to the depot, who would I see but Itchy standing in front of his Cousin Dentalfloss, the false-teeth dealer, who was squatting on a corner beside a bushel basket of assorted false teeth while Itchy and a couple of other customers was trying on set after set, endeavoring to find ones to fit them, false teeth, especially gold ones, being, next to specticals, the favorite fruit of the Japanese and available on pretty near any old street.

Well, anyways, Bill was so taken up with selecting new molars that I couldn't make him hear me and I darsen't stop. So I kept on, yelled Tokio good and loud at the ticket agent so's to be sure he would understand me, and the next thing I knew I was on a moving train that hadn't a white person on it but me, and I without a word of Japanese only Ohio to my vocabulary.

Now in Japan no foreigner can eat raw fruit, lettuce or uncooked stuff or drink plain water on account of typhoid, but you have to drink tansan, a sparkling one much like Scotch whisky's old partner. And on this train there was none of it. I asked every Jap I seen, including the brakeman who come in to sweep up around the spittoons between stations, and when they didn't answer me, I yelled at them to try and make them get the idea I was thirsty, but to no avail. Whenever the train stopped I yelled it louder and louder at the boys which come up selling lunches and stuff; but got no satisfaction, but only a bottle of what I thought was lemon pop by the looks of it, but turned out to be saki, the native hooch of Japan, and it has got a kick like a tourist's hotel bill.

Well, I couldn't drink it, but I was pretty near dead from hunger, too, so I pointed to a package at random, and I'll say The Ladies' Home Journal never pictured any more dainty a dish than this common railway food turned out to be. It was a chicken sandwich made of white bread garnished with shredded cabbage, immaculately cut into dainty squares, folded in a paper napkin and laid in a sweetly new little wooden box. On top was a second napkin, neatly folded and speared to the sandwich with a new wooden toothpick—and the whole business cost me thirty sen, or about five American cents. Also I come to find out that it is always safe to eat Jap railway food, and it has great variety, rice and meats and fish dishes coming equally well packed, and the Japs themselves inhale all this with much polite hissing and smacking of lips, about every half hour during a journey.

Well, I arrived in Tokio about ten that P.M. And in my room at the Imperial, I thought, well, maybe my garter isn't such a good place for those pearls, after all, especially if they was to sick a lady inspector on me. And so I changed them to the lining of my beaded bag before I went to sleep with it under my pillow. And knew no more as the poet says, from utter fatigue, until the next A.M., when Jim stormed in full of what and the hell struck you, this new artistic temperament you caught, it's the worst disease of the Orient, get up, we are sailing for Kobe from Yoholakhoma this evening, and so forth. But no further word nor sign of Miss Quito, the girl sleuth, and I come to the temporary conclusion I had her stung.

Well, we all got on the boat once more, tourists, human beings, and a couple of monkeys and parrots bought by the crew; also Junior had spent his allowance on two Jap spaniels which they was a kind of ½ portion dog, mostly ears, and we set sail—meaning, of course, steam—for Kobe, Japan, population 608,000, and I spent most the day writing up my dairy, which I had promised my friends I would faithfully do it around the world, and I liked to get it cleaned up well in advance of the places we was coming to, and have it off my mind when I got there. So I got out my fact book on Japan, and done just that. I wrote:

Kobe is at the N. E. end of the Inland Sea. It was founded in 7 hundred A.D. It has fifty up-to-date banks and one hundred and fifty old temples. It has a big bronze Daibutsu, which is Jap for the Great God Buddha, but not so large as the fifty-foot-high one at Kamakura. Fish and fish garages is the principal native industry.

Kioto, pop 591,000, has 900 shrines. It is the first original capital of Japan. The Emperor still has a extra palace there just for luck. Tourist shops is the principal industry.

Osaka, population 1,252,000, is the Pittsburgh of the Japs, being the industrial center of Japan. It is the greatest commercial city of not alone the Japs but of the whole entire Orient. The most of it was built in 1584, but that has mostly fallen down.

That was a real long entry, and so, having nailed the facts, I locked up my dairy, which had one on it so nobody could read your secret thoughts, and slept off the effort, and the next morning there we was at Kobe, which place actually had some pavements, a good hotel with typical hotel shops in the lobby and a fair theater, which we played one night and which I could of enjoyed only for thinking I saw that Jap flapper in the audience. But I couldn't be sure, so I merely thought oh nonsense, I will forget it, and next day we went on to Osaka, pop. 1,252,000, where you wouldn't hardly know you was in Japan, for it had pavements, wide streets, skyscrapers, dept. stores, and every characteristic which makes one city look just like another. You had only to imagine that the kimonos was accounted for by the fact that everybody had run out early on a fire alarm, and the place might of been St. Louis, Mo., Cleveland, Pittsburgh, or where do you come from?

Well, we played this place, and they think considerable of all theatrical things on account it is not alone their commercial four corners but the home of their Shakspere—you know, that well-known author. Well, the name of the Jap equivalent was Chikamatsu-Monazemon, and he wrote goruni, so you can dope out for yourself how good he must of been. Anyways, they built him a swell memorial theater, the Naka, a darned sight better then the S. memorial one at Statford, England, pop.?

Well, at Osaka, beyond the biggest audiences and success we had had so far in heathen theaters, there was no excitement except buying a couple of tons of Damascene ware off of Itchy's cousin, Mr. Metalworker, and then we moved over to Kioto, pop. 591,000, the ex-Washington of the country, and settled down for a three-day stand in one of the cutest, nicest hotels I ever seen any place. It had a real Jap garden with gigantic bronze figures in it—hunters as tall as telegraph poles, chasing deer to match, and stone lanterns of a size an old-fashioned newly wed couple, without these modern extravagant ideas, could set up housekeeping nicely in one of them. The weather was warmer than down to Kobe, and once in a while a dash of sunlight lit up this garden; but the inside of the hotel, which I should say must of been built about 1890, was so gay with white paint and red and green carpets, so European in the preconceived sense, so gayly shabby, that I felt good in it right away, and set to work on my art dance the very minute I was in my room.

Well, it seems Jim must of felt the same, because hardly was I started on Butterflies Out of Tune then from the next room come the strain of the Japanese Blues and the soft tap of Jim's stocking feet, which he generally practices in them when forced to work in hotels. I stood it as long's I could, and then I knocked.

"Hey, Gorgeous!" I says. "That jazz stuff is interfering with my art. Rest yourself, can't you?"

"Just because you've give up dancing," says Jim, sticking his head in, "is no reason why I should leave off."

"And just because you want to keep on the low level of a four-a-day act is no reason I should stint my growth!" says I, real mad.

"Aw, shut up, will you?" says Jim. "I'm going to quit pretty soon, anyways, and take my bath."

"That's the cleanest thing you've said today," I says. Then I slammed the door and we went back to our work, which I kept it up until Itchy Bill come to the hall entrance.

"Honorable exponent of perfect taste," says he, sleeving his hands, "I have astonishing good fortune to import."

"All right, Itchy, shoot!" says I. "I need to hear something pleasant. How much is it going to cost me?"

A merely nothing by way of money for what it is," he says. "It is through my Cousin Noki that I come by this."

"And what is it?"

"This is entire collection of hon. ruined Japanese noble of high family," says Bill. "He has gone so extremely bent as to be practically broke, and my cousin have entire confiscate property for sale. There are of great value and rawness, many Kakimonos, carved ivories, swords, brocades and jewelry. Also fine paintings. A collection for rich American only of exquisite taste which is really educated."

"That's me!" I says. "I don't know about those Khaki-Mona's you mention; I don't care for khaki myself since the war. But I would like to take back a high-art collection of stuff the rest of the bunch on the Cantdetania wouldn't have sense enough to buy. How much is there?"

"Large collection fit principally for museum," says Bill, hissing with relish. "You expect to honorably sail day after tomorrow, so haste must be taken in conclusion of buying, and if yourself has no interesting, I should humbly desire to offer same to Mrs. McKinney."

"No you don't!" says I quickly. "I'll take it, Bill. How much will it be?"

"Merely five thousand dollars," says he, smiling.

"That's a good deal of cash," I says.

"Not cash," says Bill. "No Chinese money; American dollars."

"That's what I mean too," says I. "At the price I think you had better tell Cousin Nougent to hold it until I see it. It's the most expensive deal you've thought up yet, but I'll look it over before the show tonight. And if it seems sufficiently decrepit and peculiar to be the real thing, why, the deal is on. In the meanwhile, out you go. I got to dress and do a piece of sight-seeing with Mr. Blackwell and he'll be here any minute."

"The sale is as good as completion," says Itchy, making for the exit. "Stuff is all genuinely useless pieces of pure art. I will return to guide you for preclosing view at 5:30."

"Atta boy!" I says. And when he was gone, I commenced getting ready, hiding my pearls in my blouse and thinking what a treasure Bill was, and how I would certainly have the drop on Maison Rosabell and Ruby Roselle and my other dearest, most expensive friends when I come home with a complete outfit of Jap highbrow art; for I had already decided I would take it, see, only I wouldn't say as much to Itchy on account with these foreigners you mustn't let them think you are too anxious or they will stick you, and I had thought I would offer him four thousand five hundred and then weaken if he didn't.

Well, Rowlie and Mural showed up about as soon as I was all set, and Rowlie persuaded Jim he should go too.

"Really, Jim," says our professional steer artist, "you must see the old palace of the emperors. They are all born there, you know, and always brought back there to die. It's one of the finest things in Japan—the very essence, the fountain of their art, one might say."

"Art, my eye!" says Jim, growling, but coming along just the same. "The only genuine art I've seen this far was Nikko."

"Oh, for goodness sake, lay off that line!" I says.

"All right," he says; "but I'll bet you anything I can show up the whole shooting match to your own satisfaction before we leave this country, Marie, just the same!"

"That's on!" I says. "If you'll bet me anything, will you bet me our next new number?"

"Whatter you mean?" says he.

"I mean, if I win, will you make it a high-class artistic act, and drop that syncopated stuff you are practicing?"

That seemed to stop him for a moment, then he took a long breath and a chance.

"It's a serious business risking a big stake on being able to convince a woman against her will," says he. "But my hunch about these wonderful little people is so

Continued on Page 52

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It marks another margin of advantage in Hudson-Essex values that all acknowledge.

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Get a Fisk

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value for every car, truck or speed wagon.

FISK
CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 50

strong that it amounts to a certainty, although I couldn't say right now just what I'm going to do about it."

"If you prove to me that the emperor's old homestead is a bluff, I will be perfectly satisfied that you win," I says sarcastic. "I'd just as soon we'd settle this thing today."

Well, Rowlie smiled at that, and Mural looked blank and beautiful, and the four of us set out in rickshaws, which, as they only hold one per each, kept us from fighting the whole ways to where the vast dry masonry of the emperors' palace loomed gray above the town, its giant blocks of granite and overhanging dark old evergreens reflected in the wide waters of the moat around it. Ever since I seen that big body of water I just can't understand where they get that moat-in-the-eye stuff.

Well, they made a big fuss about letting us in this palace, having a guardhouse on the inside of the drawbridge, with glass shoji, which is sliding panels, in it. And we, along with a number of other folks from our boat, stuck around here while a few Japanese generals or bell hops or something made up their minds to pass us in. But finally they left us walk up about a mile of graveled road to the inevitable point where our shoes had to come off.

Any place belonging to the emperor is sacred, see, so you got to go in your silent stockings. This is a regular Jap custom, not mere pussyfooting such as might reasonably be expected around any seat of government.

Well, anyways, the minute I set my stockinged foot inside that palace I saw I had won hands down, because it was art with a capital R all right, all right, and I could almost hear Jim's face fall as we followed the guide from one wonderful room to another.

This palace was built almost entirely of natural woods of the finest sorts, untouched except for dull rubbing, with hinges and hardware of red lacquer or engraved brass. The aunty rooms where the more distant part of the family lived, with their matting floors and perfect proportions, was a mere series of exquisite screens, and the audience chamber, meaning the room where the emperor was allowed a audience to his royal act, had blue-landscaped shoji with handles of heavy tan silk cord and tassels. The whole front of it opened on a garden and lake with a waterfall. Such exquisite restraint and simplicity, combined in just the right architecture, would of filled the soul of any art-theater director with the peace of heaven.

There was gratings of black lacquer between the attendants' rooms and the emperor's own suite, and loose boards was purposely left in the floors to warn his highness was anybody coming. We all stood in awe around our guide in the Court of Pure Water, while he explained a few of the high spots. And Jim's hand stole over and squeezed mine in silent apology.

"This is the real thing, kid," he whispered. "The finest sort of stuff. No question about it."

I give him a grateful look, but no answer, on account the guide was telling something interesting.

"On this court the emperor's own rooms face," says he. "Observe the graveled court, barren of everything except the ever-flowing stream of crystal water and those two ancient bamboo trees. Those trees are named for the two great Chinese philosophers from whom Japan got her civilization and philosophy. They are named in grateful appreciation of these inheritances, and to their branches come the sparrows at dawn to awaken the emperor. Facing them, you will see his meditation chamber. Each dawn he comes from the sacred precincts of his equally simple bedroom beyond, to sit upon that ancient throne, which is, as you will observe, the room's only piece of furniture, and then he will silently meditate. The bedroom is empty, and the roll of bedding brought in each night and laid upon the floor."

"Ain't it remarkable how simple they live?" says Mrs. McKinney in a loud whisper. Ma give a snort.

"Ain't it simple, how remarkable they live?" says she, and the party commenced to move again.

The last but not least part of the palace to which we now come was a long, narrow corridor, formed by the most wonderful shoji we had seen anywheres as yet. They was of natural wood, silver gray, and on this untouched background were paintings of birds and trees, the most perfect imaginable. They was arranged so beautifully it would make something very deep in you feel glowing. The colors was not very bright, so the most of the crowd beat it on ahead without paying much attention. But I and Jim and Mural and Rowlie stuck along with the guide, a Jap which had lived many years in California and could speak it real good.

"The painting was done three hundred years ago," he says, "and the colors are of ground minerals. Ground jade for the green, torquoise and lapis-lazuli for the blues, coral for the red, and the grays and black are granites. It is a more expensive thing than gold."

Well, while we was saying oh and ah and how marvelous for the royal family to keep this great and perfect example of Japanese art and living like they did, I happened to notice that one of the shoji a little ways down the corridor was open about two inches, and full of natural curiosity I walked over to peek, my arm in Jim's.

Well, the minute we arrived there things commenced to happen fast. The panel slid all the way back as we come abreast, and there was that darned Japanese flapper, regularly laying in wait for us, and with a kind of squeak of triumph she threw herself on the floor and grabbed Jim by the ankles, jabbering like a magpie. Then she left off of him and grabbed hold of me.

"Jim," I hollered, "make her let me go! I will confess all!" But he paid no attention to either her or me.

"Come and see what I found!" he yelled, making a dash behind the shoji she had opened. I followed the sound of his disappearing voice, and then with her still hanging on to me for dear life I went in after him. Mural and Rowlie come close to my heels, and after the five of us ran the guide, all excitement.

"Stop! Stop!" he begged. "Oh, sacrilege! Oh, horror!"

What everybody had gone crazy about was more then I could see. The corridor we was now in, and which run parallel to the one we had just left, was a mere common series of ugly rooms badly furnished in the European style of forty years ago, with garish, worn Brussels carpets in crude red with a big yellow floral design. The furniture was mostly light oak, varnished and spool-turned, with red plush upholstry, the window curtains was Nottingham lace, and the chandeliers rope brass. Before the angry guide hauled us back out into the corridor of beautiful paintings I caught a glimpse of a bedroom furnished in bird's-eye maple of the well-known department-store period, the center table covered by a flowered chenille table cover with tasseled fringe.

The whole suite looked about like a old-time theatrical boarding house we used to stay at when I was a kid traveling with ma and the circus made Rochester, N. Y.

"What's all the excitement for?" says Rowlie when the guide had us all back where we started from, headed by Jim, who was holding his sides and rocking with laughter.

"Yes!" says he. "Yes, we have no bad taste in Japan! Go on, buddie, tell the ladies about them sacred rooms!"

"Those," says the guide in solemn tones of deep disgust with us—"those are the emperor's real rooms, the most sacred apartments which he and his illustrious family actually occupy when in residence here. The others are for show only. You have intruded into the holy part without permission."

"Haw-haw!" says Jim. "By gollies, they are a wonderful little people, these Japs!"

Well, all this while the flapper detective had been pawing at me and keeping up a kind of moan. It was plain she thought we ought to be hung for dashing into his majesty's department like that and flabbergasted as I was by the shock of that revelation, I was also fearfully worried over what she would say or do next. The crowd was making gestures for us to come along and I was scared to death she would maybe try and pinch me right then and there before my husband, who didn't know about them pearls, or wouldn't approve of them neither. And even as the thought come to me, Jim spoke of it.

"What does the doll crave?" says he. "Is she a member of the royal family, or the chambermaid, or what, that she was sticking around in the king's highly artistic personal quarters?"

(Continued on Page 54

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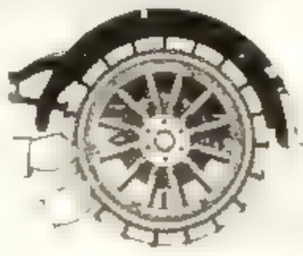

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Continued from Page 52

"This is very well-known Japan lady," says the guide hastily, and here is where I seen my cue and took it.

"She's a friend of mine that I had a date to meet here," I says hasty. "She's going to teach me a dance called the Cockoo's Delight." Then before they got their breath I grabbed her by the arm. "Come on, Mabel, let's go!" I says. "Hurry up, dearie, or there won't be time for a lesson before tea!"

And then without even a excuse us please I dragged her out over the long gravel walk, past the hothouse guards, she trotting along like a unwilling baby girl in a department-store isle with her mother. At the gate I luckily found a taxi, on account I didn't want to trust her in a separate rickshaw.

All the way to the hotel we didn't speak, and once arrived I bundled her up into my room. Then I locked the door on the two of us and sat her down in a big chair as if she had been a doll. I flung my hat and coat to one side with a desperate gesture, and took out the pearls from their hiding place.

"Now lookey here, sister!" I says. "You got me beat, and I know it. Here are the beads. I'd sooner give them up freely and perhaps under the circumstances you'll be willing to take them and let me go at that."

"Take them?" she lisped softly in perfectly understandable Japo-American. "The beads? A thousand thanks of my ancestors for your honored gift. Seldom if ever have I seen such fine ones."

She grabbed them and commenced bobbing her bobbed head to the floor in front of me.

"Present, nothing!" I says. "A fine piece of graft, you little scamp! Nix! You turn 'em in and me too if you like, but you don't get away with gypping me and the government both!"

"Most honored wife of glorious and illustrious prince of movies makes some mistake," says she, looking very much puzzled. "I am nothing to do with most distinguished Government of Japan, any more than these pearls are connected with honorable oysters."

"What?" I says. "You ain't a government detective?" She shook her silly little black head like one of these dolls that do so. "And you say them is imitation pearls?" I went on. "What nonsense! Of course they're real pearls! Why, they can't be fakes!"

"Thrice blessed wife of a glorious husband, these pearls are false," says she firmly. "All Japanese make most cleverly indistinguishable from real pearls, but Japanese eye is not deceived by them. Besides did not your discriminating self purchase these from your low slave of a courier?"

"I did," I says, real worried, yet relieved at the same time. "I got them from old Itchy Bill himself."

"Well, Hon. Bill, as you so distinctly call him," says she, "is noted to all Japanese friends of American as most smoothly dishonorable among guides. I beseech you will not think thusly of Japanese because of him!"

"Then where do you come in at all?" I says, much upset. Suddenly she threw herself on the floor at my feet and broke out in a torrent of tears and also words.

"Most gloriously placed of women," she says, "for long time since in American fillum of movies I have loved your honorable husband. Then boat arrive and I see his face is more godlike than ever. I will be your servant to help you wait upon him. I will slave even the most menially to serve you both. I will sacrifice life and ancestors with uttermost discretion and walk as far as the end of the world or New York if necessary, following you both even as I have followed you all over Japan, going to such length as stealing this lock of his hair which I stole it from the bureau in Nikko the Glorious. Oh, honorable wife and enviable mother, I will do anything, anything you command if only only you will get me into the moving pictures!"

Wouldn't that stop you? Well, it done so to me, pretty near. But as soon as my wind come back I lifted that Hollywooded Japanese kid to her mittened feet and let her cry on my shoulder, and told her not to be a dumb-bell, but in the kindest way, and left her go, satisfied because I had taken her address and told her I would let her know when we could use her type, the poor young one never realizing that is a stock answer in the trade. I left her go thinking the lock of hair was Jim's, and also give her those darn old near-pearls. They had cost the most of any imitation yet reported, but experience never did come cheap.

Well, scarcely was she gone then in come Jim. He didn't say a word, but took off first his coat and then his vest and shoes and watch. By the time he had the furniture pushed back and was rolling up the rug I was not alone wise but stripped to my underwear and ready to go to work on the first honest-to-goodness rehearsal I had tried in weeks. Jim dragged the phonograph in and was putting on Those Japanese Blues when ma stuck her head in the door.

"Itchy Bill is downstairs," she said. "And he claims you got a date to go buy five thousand dollars' worth of genuine art collection. What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him, ma," I says firmly—"tell him to go to "

"Bla-bla-blabla-bla!" says the phonograph, just in time.

"All right, just's you say," says ma, shutting the door. Jim turned to me, pulling up his cuffs.

"The idea I had was this," he says, stepping: "A Jap sailor and one of these guysher girls, see? They meet in a Jap park set, see, with a bench. He comes in on the umpah, this way."

"And she would do a double turn on her entrance in a kinda modernized chiffon kimono," I says, getting the theme at once. "This stuff, what?"

I showed him, and he clapped.

"Good egg!" he says. "We always could work up great stuff together, hon."

For a moment we hung onto each other's neck like a coupla shirts, then he let me go with a kiss.

"Now," says he, "the both of us in that alternating patter—let's go!"

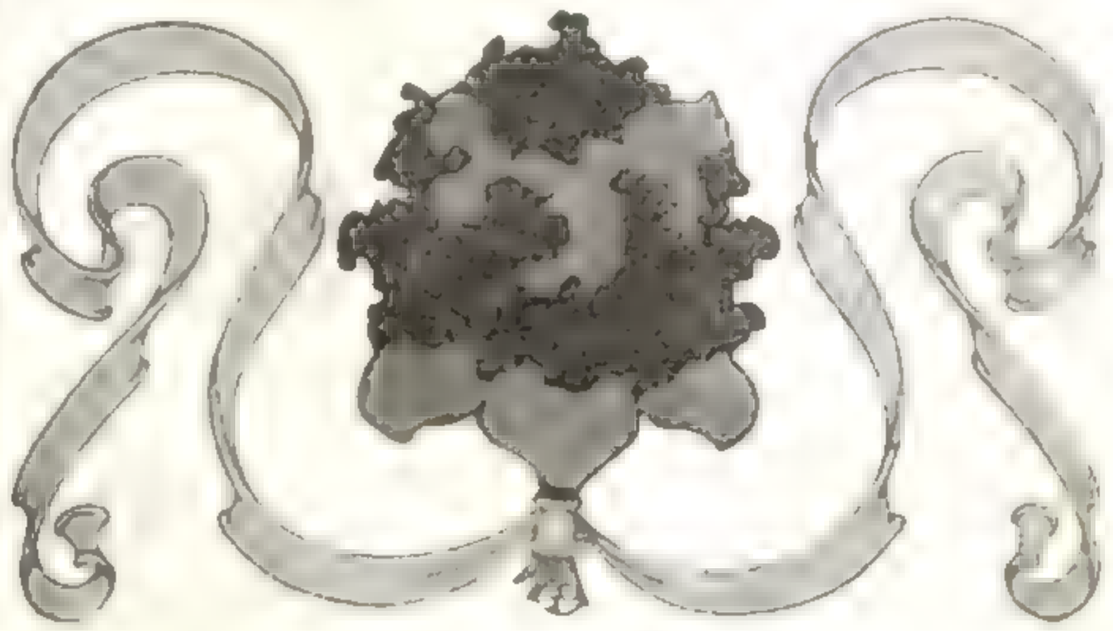
In another moment we was soft-shoeing real pretty and Jim spoke in that casual tone he used to use kidding the audience while we danced, in the old days on the small time.

"Say, lady, I want to ask you something," says he. "What made you give up art?"

"Oh, well," says I, "I decided it wouldn't be fair to Ruth St. Denis to cut in on her stuff. She's a good kid, and I like her. Now I'm going to ask you one. Do you believe it's dishonest to cheat the customs just a little when you are going to declare a lot of other stuff?"

Jim stopped dead in his tracks and he turned to me with his jaw dropping.

"Damn that Jap, Itchy Bill!" he says "I told him if he said a word to you about them pearls I bought you for next Christmas I'd cut his throat!"



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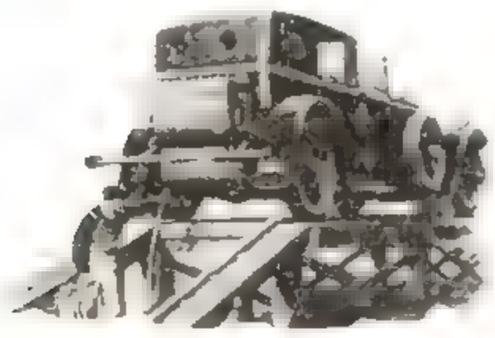

the smallest average 8 to 10 per day. And gasoline filling stations report that lubricating service actually increases their gasoline business as much as 350 percent.

Since the appearance of the gasoline filling station itself, no service has had such sensational growth.

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In all Alemite lubricating stations the work of lubricating cars is standardized. Every workman is trained according to the official Alemite service station manual. Only approved grades of lubricant are used. Detailed lubricating charts are followed.

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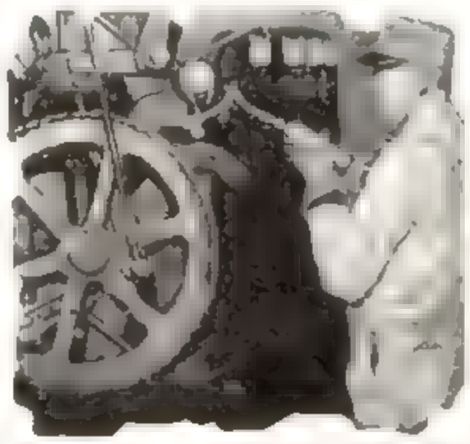

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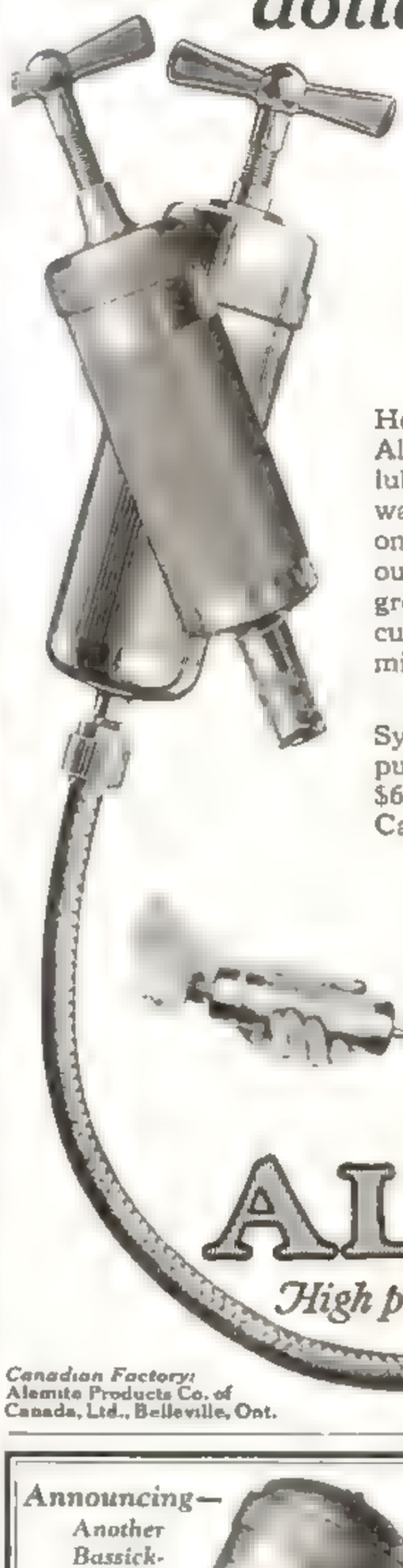

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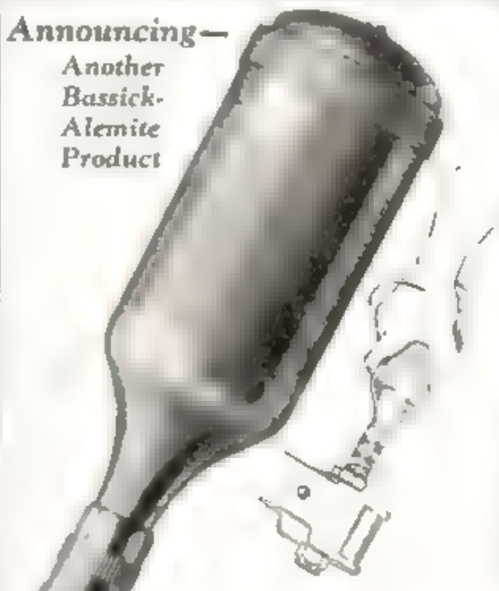

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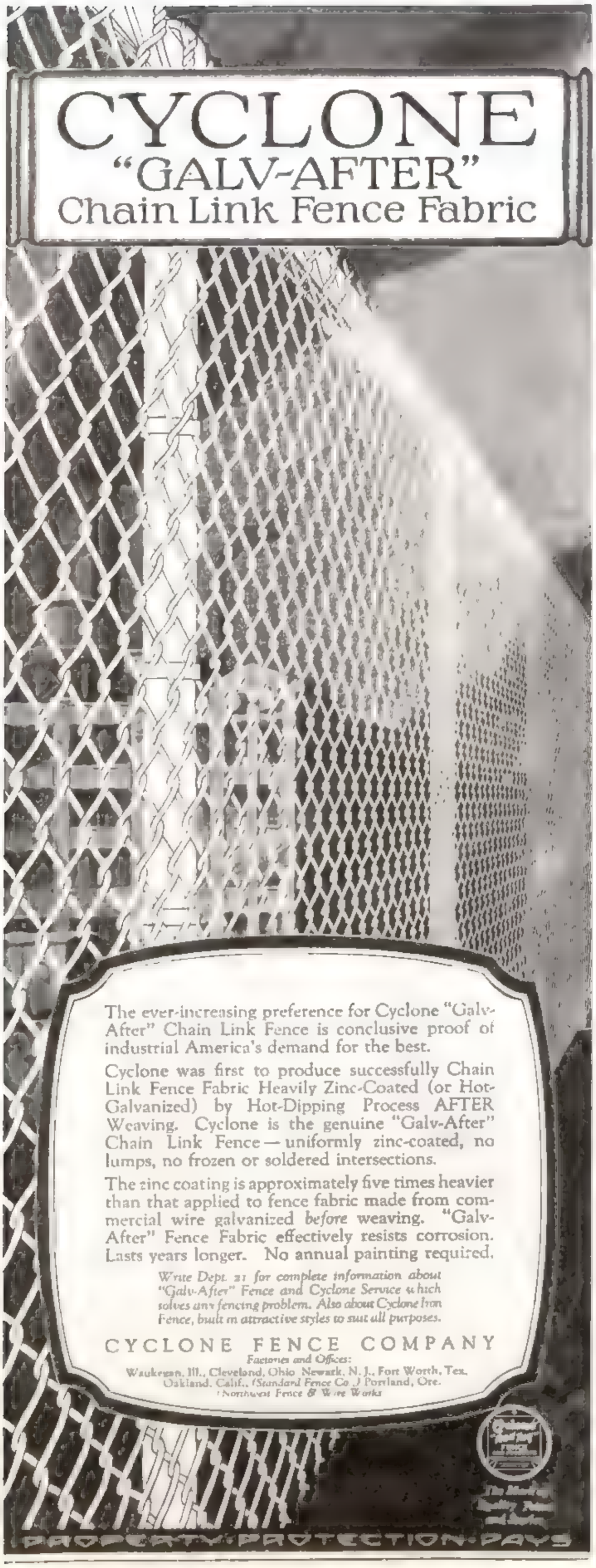
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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

HENDERSON, OF COURSE!

(Continued from Page 15)

accumulations when Andy Mitchell came and was met cheerfully. Henderson wriggled into comfort in his chair and began the usual roughing of his hair.

"I thought I'd like to know what I've been doing since I've been away," he said pleasantly, "so I sent for you. You know, and I'm interested. Tell me"

"What's it all about?" asked Mitchell, smiling and unabashed. He was a privileged individual, this burly, gray-hued veteran among Wall Street news gatherers. Good-humored, soft-spoken, even lisping a little now and then, boyishly eager with his questions, he carried cynicism in his heart always, but never, in business hours, on his sleeve. He commanded entrance where he would among the windowed cliffs of Wall Street. They called him Andy and perpetually asked him what he knew and joked him about the money he hadn't made; and he, by habit, regularly laughed when he left them to go and write that which they might not relish but must read.

"What's it all about?" asked Andy Mitchell with his little twisted smile. "Fabrics?"

"Certainly," replied Henderson. "Fabrics. You've made me rather hot. Somebody puts his foot through the stock, and immediately all you guardians of the public welfare say, 'Henderson, of course!' Then you run down to Calhoun, Connor's, and someone there says it again: 'Henderson, of course!' So that confirms it, and you go after me with red ink, without trying to find out what I might have to say."

"I didn't!" protested Mitchell, promptly indignant. "I tried to get hold of you—either phoned here or came in every day. They wouldn't tell me where you were or when you'd be back. These clerks of yours are fish."

"Still, you've gone on taking Calhoun's word for it that I've been doing the whole thing"

"Well," said Andy, grinning to soften his boldness, "haven't you?"

"No; nor any part of it!"

The reporter's surprise changed quickly to satisfaction. "That's news!" he exclaimed. "Can I print it?"

"You can't," declared Henderson emphatically. "You can't print it or quote me to anyone. But you can tell me how it matches up with what the Calhoun outfit has been saying about me. I sent for you to ask that."

"Well," Mitchell replied thoughtfully, "they've never been definite about it, but they've made no secret of their suspicions"

"Of course! That's how it's done. Suspicions, eh? Well, you can give 'em my love and tell 'em to go on suspecting. They'll have plenty of it to do."

"I suppose that means Chisholm Motors," remarked the reporter.

"What about Chisholm?" demanded Henderson quickly.

Mitchell nodded in the direction of the ticker. "It's down six points this morning. Haven't you seen it?"

"Haven't seen the market since the opening." Henderson's chair whirled about and he ran a yard of tape rapidly through his fingers. "You're right! Hundred and two! That's off eight points, isn't it? What's the matter with it? Am I doing that too?"

"I suppose you are, although you don't show it."

"Why not go down and get Calhoun or Connor to do a little more suspecting? You needn't say you've seen me."

"I'll do all of that," agreed Andy, settling his hat. "I'll let you know what I hear."

"Don't!" advised Henderson. "I'll tell you it isn't true, and then you won't be able to say 'Henderson, of course!' in your valuable paper."

He turned to the ticker after the reporter had gone, and studied the tape carefully for a time, reading it backward, coiling it as he read, and finally flinging the coil back into the long basket with an exclamation of impatience. Later he stood at his open window and stared down, unseeing, upon Broadway while he tried again to fit together the pieces of his puzzle.

First Allied Fabrics, and now, as he had suspected it would be, Chisholm Motors! The inference was plain some weakness, some pressing necessity within the group of men that Wall Street called the Chisholm interests. That was logical enough; and yet, why had the selling appeared so suddenly in only one stock at a time? And why had it been pressed so furiously as to break the prices so badly? Why were the selling operations like vicious bear drives intended to slaughter values, rather than intelligent efforts to market stock? That bred new suspicions. Was someone in the Chisholm camp already in trouble? Or was some one about to be?

For the rest of the Wall Street day Johnny Henderson watched the ticker record increasing weakness in both the Chisholm stocks. From time to time he used his telephone to ask questions that brought him small bits of information to fit to what he already knew, and after the market had closed there came to his office a portly person who puffed a little as he dropped into a chair and whose wilted linen showed the result of more physical exercise than a fat man should undertake on a hot day.

"Hello, Johnny," said the portly one. "Sorry I couldn't get over sooner. Big day, you know. Didn't know you were back. How come?"

"Frank," commanded Henderson, "get your breath and tell me just what the situation is in Fabrics. You've been in there every day, haven't you?"

"Johnny," replied Frank Conroy earnestly, "I've been in the exact middle of the damn thing all day every day and no time off for lunch or refreshments. I know more about it than the duchess knew about the duke, which was plenty. No X ray can tell you more about the danger of wearing your own teeth than I can tell you about the danger of fooling with Allied Fabrics. In the last week it's picked me up and slammed me down and spanked me goin' an' comin'—me, the specialist in it, and the very best specialist on the floor, as is well known to all. What d'you want to know?"

"Everything," said Henderson. "In words of one syllable and without humor."

"All right," assented Conroy. "If there was a drink in the place I could do it without strain."

Half an hour later Henderson held out his hand. "Thanks, Frank," he said. "You've told me what I wanted to know. It works out about as I thought. Calhoun's the head devil. He's been selling real stock and selling it as low as he could."

"Yes," Conroy agreed, "and lower than that. But now what?"

"I don't know—yet," Henderson replied thoughtfully. "But you can tell me something else. What's that club on the Avenue where Herman Stone and the rest of our best people gather every night for pinochle, or whatever it is?"

"The Philanthropic?"

"Of course! How could I forget that?"

"Lord help you, Johnny, if you wander in there. You may be all right at this game, but you're not good enough to last with those boys. Better come up to my club. I'll leave the key to my locker for you."

Henderson laughed. "If I was looking for lockers I wouldn't try the Philanthropic, Frank. They probably have time locks on theirs."

When Conroy had gone both secretaries were called upon to locate George Chisholm by telephone, but George Chisholm was nowhere to be found, nor did anyone seem able to say where he might be.

"All right," said Henderson finally. "Drop it! That ends things for the day. If the car's down there I'll go."

He rode uptown to the quaint bachelor home on Murray Hill, enjoying the rush of the streets again and reading on the way the afternoon newspaper comments on the spread of the Allied Fabrics weakness to the similarly controlled Chisholm Motors The logical inferences were not unduly veiled, nor did the financial-gossip columns fail to hint that Johnny Henderson had the Chisholm crowd on the run.

Henderson dined alone that night, finding immense pleasure in the well-loved familiar things that were about him once more. With his coffee came word that Mr. George Chisholm was telephoning, asking for him.

"I want to see you tonight if possible," said Chisholm's voice. "Will you be free?"

"Come at once," replied Henderson, and in a little time George Chisholm came, smiling bravely for all the uneasiness in his

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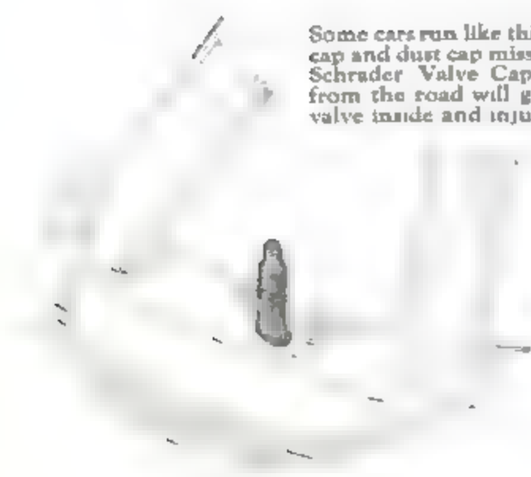

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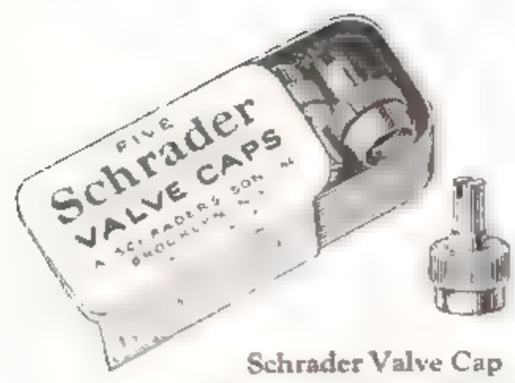

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fine eyes. His curiously precise politeness was no less evident than the night before, but he was restless, nervous, and he found no comfort in the great deep chair to which his host waved him. They sat in the big book-lined room that was John Henderson's refuge, and a painfully bald manservant arranged needful things between them before they were alone.

"I've acted on impulse," said Chisholm, "and I haven't any other excuse for boring you. I've regretted all day that I cut last night's talk so short. If I had told you more I think there would have been fewer shocks today."

"You won't be boring me," replied Henderson cheerfully, proffering tobacco. "I went looking for you this afternoon, but couldn't find you. That break in Chisholm Motors today gave you something more to think about, didn't it? Was I right about Calhoun and the others?"

"I'm in the dark," declared Chisholm. "Frankly, Mr. Henderson, I'm worried and I'm not thinking straight."

"Which is bad," commented Henderson, showing no surprise nor offering sympathy.

Chisholm leaned forward and said earnestly, "The truth is, I find myself in a very serious situation. I'm badly extended. I have very large loans on my securities - I mean the securities of my two companies. I don't own much else. Their values have been cut down so that suddenly I find myself in a very bad way; in fact, at about the end of my resources. The fall in Chisholm Motors today was a finishing touch."

Henderson nodded with understanding. "I suppose so," he said.

"I'm telling you this frankly, although I suppose it's a foolish thing to make such an admission to anyone, and particularly to you, when I barely know you. But all day I've had a feeling that you might advise me, might see a way out; or at least a better way to handle my position than my attorneys seem able to advise."

"Lawyers!" frowned Henderson. "Did you have to go to them? They told you to compromise. They always do."

"They advised me to lay the whole situation before certain bankers and make the best terms I could."

"Not bad advice," admitted Henderson, "but they'd be sweet terms. Besides—is there time?"

Chisholm drew a sharp breath. "That's what I'm afraid of," he said. "I don't believe there is."

"They're after you, eh?"

Chisholm nodded.

"I've been smelling this all day," said Henderson reflectively. "I could see they were gunning for someone. You're the victim. Calhoun and his crew are doing the gunning. But what are they after? What have you got that they want to get?"

"I'm to be shaken out of Allied Fabrics, I suppose," answered Chisholm bitterly.

"Not enough!" declared the other promptly. "Why not Chisholm Motors too?"

"No!" Chisholm leaped from his chair and both pain and fear were in his cry. "No! Not that, Henderson!"

The younger man put his hands on the other's shoulders. "Downtown they call me Johnny," he said with the rare smile that never failed him. "You mustn't pop up like that. Sit down again. Meanwhile—look here! Before the war I laid in ——" He drew squat bottles from a cabinet. "This won't hurt you neat, but there's water on the table there if you want it."

Chisholm choked a little as he swallowed.

"You can't understand, Henderson," he declared, excited and earnest, putting down the glass. "Chisholm Motors is mine—mine! I made it—made it with my head and my hands—and my heart! It's mine, I tell you, and they can't have it! Allied Fabrics is different. It's been a toy. I found that. I don't value it—much. It can go, if it must. But not Chisholm Motors!"

"Yes, I know, I understand," said Henderson quietly, watching Chisholm closely; "but that doesn't keep these men from wanting it. If they can break you badly enough they'll take what you have—all of it. And you'll be on the outside with what's left after your debts are paid. You know that Chisholm's the real prize of the two."

"I tell you they won't get it!"

"Wait a bit! What about these loans of yours? What are they, and which ones are worrying you most?"

"They're scattered about," Chisholm said absently. "They're with several banks here and with others out in my own country. None of them have enough collateral tonight. But the loans here in Wall Street are pressing me hardest -I mean the accounts of brokers."

"Calhoun, Connor?" demanded Henderson quickly.

"Calhoun, Connor most of all. That's much the biggest. They're carrying seventy thousand shares of Allied Fabrics for me."

"Hell's bells!" exploded Henderson. "Why didn't you say so at first? Seventy thousand in that one office. What else with it?"

"Fifty thousand of that I bought through them. I gave them twenty thousand more of my own stock as security, also a lot of Chisholm Motors and some government bonds."

"And how close to the cushion is that particular account?"

"Very close." Chisholm spoke impatiently, as if the questioning seemed useless. "I went over it this afternoon. The securities are worth something over three millions at today's last prices, and that's not 5 per cent more than what's due on them."

"And you've been called, of course?"

"Today -this afternoon—and rather definitely. But I can't give them more. If I can't arrange with Calhoun, a lot of the stock will have to be sold out. And I'm afraid of what that may do to the price. But I'll talk plainly to Calhoun in the morning."

"Don't!" said Henderson earnestly. "Don't see anybody in the morning until you've seen me first. Don't go to your own office when you go downtown, but come to mine. Be there at eleven."

"But why? What do you mean?"

"I mean I want a chance at this! I mean I think I see a way out of it—a way out for you and a way to scoop a bit of profit for myself. Give me what information I want tonight, and if it's what it ought to be, I'll make you a proposition in the morning. You can take it then, or leave it, as you please."

Chisholm made no response for a time, but suddenly he roused himself energetically. "What do you want to know?" he asked briskly; and for an hour after that he met a running fire of Henderson's questions. In the end it all was made quite clear.

He told how all through the recent unsettlement of the stock market he had bought his companies' shares to support their prices against threatened declines. He had pledged much of what he already owned of them to borrow the funds he needed. That had seemed to be good business as well as good faith, for he knew their values, present and potential. The other men who were largely interested with him in the corporations had done the same—or he supposed they had. For himself, he had borne his burden of borrowing cheerfully, even carelessly.

Then, when the danger seemed to have passed with the ending of the whole stock market's disturbance, and when there was prospect of lightening the burden, these sudden attacks had come, first upon Allied Fabrics, and later, beginning only today, upon his stronger citadel, Chisholm Motors. They were not justified. The companies were sound, prosperous, their stocks intrinsically worthy. He gave Henderson facts and figures to satisfy him of that, and Henderson made careful notes of them on the yellow sheets that he covered, one after another, as Chisholm talked.

Intrinsic worth, however, did not count with money lenders. Pledged securities were valued at their Stock Exchange prices, at their selling prices of the moment And these, for Chisholm's stocks, had been so cut down that what he had pledged had now too little market value to provide security for what he had borrowed. More was necessary. He had none to give. The liquidation of his loans, then, was imminent—the selling out of his stocks and bonds to provide payment of his loans. The lenders, at least some of them, would do that arbitrarily and leave argument until later.

John Henderson, thoughtfully shuffling his penciled sheets, said at last, quite bluntly, "Chisholm, you're about to be taken over."

George Chisholm answered with spirit. "Don't be too sure," he said. "If Chisholm Motors is the stake I'll fight them for time and I'll get the help I need. I have personal credit. I haven't used it for twenty years, but my name, my reputation—they're not worthless."

"What you need most is time, and that's what they won't give you if they can help it. You'll get an ultimatum from them and then a proposition, but no time to look around for a better one. Your interests in both companies will be taken over on the lowest possible basis, and you'll be out with your hat in your hand."

Chisholm flared hotly. "Do you think I'll permit that?" he demanded.

"I don't know what you'll permit," answered Henderson, "but if you'll leave this with me until tomorrow morning I'll show you -well, at least a chance. That needn't stop you from looking about for other means if you can make use of the little time between now and then."

Chisholm held out his hand. "I'll promise nothing," he said, "but I'll do nothing until I see you at your office. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite," agreed the other, "and I think it'll be the same for you."

Long after George Chisholm had gone, John Henderson sat huddled in his big chair, an unlighted cigar bitten through and through again, and in time each separate hair came to stand upright in rebellion against constant harrowing. He read and reread the scrawled yellow sheets; he made calculations and threw them aside and made others; and finally, with sudden determination, he seized upon his telephone and, at the Philanthropic Club, called for Herman Stone.

In time there came a guttural "Hallo!"

"This is John Henderson," he said. "I want to see you tonight. There's a matter that needs quick action, and I believe you'll like it. I'll run up to see you now, if you say so."

"Yess," said the guttural voice very promptly; "all righdt!"

"Better give 'em my name at the door," Henderson suggested, adding flippantly, "They're not familiar with it."

Herman Stone's riposte came instantly. "Vit a goyish name lig' Henterson you are schure to be taken in," he said.

Instinctively Johnny Henderson had picked this Herman Stone, this prosperous yet-unhung brigand of Wall Street, for partnership in the venture that still was but half planned in his mind. Others might serve, and doubtless would, but this man seemed most fit. He was frankly a highwayman in finance by profession; not to be trusted, nor would he expect to be; but in this there would be small need for trusting. He had the resources that must be available—his command of great credits long had been a Wall Street mystery; he had the stomach for such high stock-market adventure; he had the greed for quick profit that would bring him to accept without cautious investigating delay. Moreover, despite his business morals, or lack of them, Herman Stone was of no small financial stature and prestige. Since the prewar days, when he was yet Herman Stein, he had been marching regularly in dollar campaigns shoulder to shoulder with the greatest.

To this heavy-lidded, bearded buccaneer, then, Henderson explained the chance he had to offer. They sat in a quiet corner of the Philanthropic, and Stone listened, unspeaking, to the story of George Chisholm's plight and its possibilities; and when it all had been told he had few questions to ask, for he had ready understanding of such things. In certain other fields of human endeavor the plan that Johnny Henderson broached to Herman Stone that night would have been described technically as one calling for a stick-up and a quick getaway.

"There you have it," said Henderson in conclusion. "You handle the loan and I'll do the rest. Chisholm will agree to any fair percentage, but he's not to be gouged. That might delay things, which wouldn't do at all. And we'll have to be modest in what we buy ourselves. I think twenty thousand shares between us is all that it will stand. And remember—I'm to do the buying—all of it. Now, what d'you say?"

"It's ferry cleffer," declared Herman Stone, his white teeth showing through his carefully kept, gray-shot beard. "I'll go in vit you. It schould vorrk oudt. Schurely I can arrangch t'at accoundt."

"That's all you'll have to do—arrange it," Henderson predicted. "You won't have to take it over. They'll never give up that stock—or my guess is all wrong. Still, we must be prepared in case they do."

"I unterstandt. I vill fix t'at. I vill telephone you before ten o'clock andt be at your office by eleffen."

Continued on Page 60

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Herman Stone kept his word. Before ten o'clock he telephoned, saying that he had made arrangements whereby the Wall Street National Bank would accept from Calhoun, Connor & Co. the account of George Chisholm, just as it stood on the firm's books. Before eleven he was in close talk with Henderson, confirming such details as had not been mentioned and approving the prices at which Henderson already had bought ten thousand shares of Allied Fabrics stock. A little later George Chisholm was ushered into the room. Henderson's "Good morning" was confident.

"Have you seen the market?" he asked. "They opened your stocks down, but they've rallied considerably. Fabrics is up from around 34 to 37. Chisholm sold at 95 and it's now 98."

"Yes, I've had the prices," replied Chisholm. "They're encouraging, I suppose." But there was no encouragement in his voice. "Have you found anything to say to me?"

"Mr. Stone, here, and I bought ten thousand Fabrics just after the opening," said Henderson. "That helped a bit, and it excited them a little over there in the market."

Chisholm, startled, drew his brows to a frown as he looked inquiringly toward the bearded man who had risen, and his distaste was evident when Henderson made the formal introduction. He was not unfamiliar with Herman Stone's fame. Henderson read his uncertainty and laughed cheerfully.

"After we've had a talk with you we'll probably buy another ten thousand," he said. "Sit down and listen to the proposition I told you I'd have ready for you."

Johnny Henderson explained it all very clearly, while Chisholm passed by successive stages from disbelief to uncertain agreement. Herman Stone sat by, attentive and gravely silent. The Chisholm account with Calhoun, Connor & Co., with its overload of stocks and its debt of nearly three millions, would be transferred to the Wall Street National Bank, where it would be carried as a loan for ninety days without demand for further security. Of the Allied Fabrics shares that were in the account, Henderson was to be allowed to sell out as many as fifty thousand when he could get $60 or more a share for them. If he could sell so many at that price, their proceeds would practically pay off the loan.

The selling, however, was to be wholly at the discretion of Henderson, and a percentage of the difference between last night's market price of 36 and whatever he obtained for what he sold was to be paid to Stone and himself for their work. In addition, it was understood that the latter two would acquire an interest of twenty thousand shares of the stock for themselves. And George Chisholm was to make no move in the matter except by agreement with Johnny Henderson.

That was the plan for the salvaging of George Chisholm. George Chisholm looked it over very carefully and, discouraged, decided that it was based upon no more than a stock-market plunger's hope. The stock-market plunger said, however, "I'm reasonably sure that I can get 60 or better for all that stock—for your fifty thousand and our twenty. If I do, you're out of your snarl without much cost. If I don't, you're no worse off than now and you've had a ninety days' postponement of the thing that's worrying you most."

Chisholm wanted time to consult his attorneys, and Stone, speaking for the first time, flatly refused. The scheme, he said, was to meet an emergency; it called for immediate action; delays by lawyers could not be permitted. Chisholm, immediately suspicious again, refused to go farther without advice. Henderson interposed.

"Call 'em on the phone," he said. "Read 'em the agreement. If they say no, tear it up and we'll call this meeting adjourned. Stone's right about the need of quick action, and I've already given you my word that there's no trick in the thing."

George Chisholm looked up quickly and then down again to the typed sheet in his hand. "I'll sign this," he said suddenly. "Your word's enough for me, Henderson."

"Good!" exclaimed Johnny Henderson and immediately reached out to press a button on his desk as he swung about to the ticker behind his chair. To the youth who appeared he said, crisply, "Send word in to Conroy to go ahead with that order!" Turning to the others he explained, "That means we're buying our second ten thousand; and Conroy knows I won't scold if he pays above 40 for some of it.

"And now, Mr. Chisholm," he went on, "will you please call Calhoun from here and give him instructions to deliver that account to the Wall Street National? Ask him to give you the exact amount of the debit that the bank will pay when he delivers the securities."

"I have that in my office," said Chisholm.

"Never mind! Ask him for it again. Tell him you'd like to have the transfer made today. He'll tell you that isn't convenient, so you give him until tomorrow. But tell him it must be tomorrow without fail. Then, unless I'm badly fooled, he'll tell you that he'll want to see you between now and then. In that case, make an appointment for this afternoon after the market closes—say, 3:30 if that suits you—in your office. When that's done you and I will sit down and rehearse for that party."

Chisholm, puzzled, stared blankly and Henderson laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't think I'm giving orders," he said, smiling. "It's only the quick action that's necessary." He turned to Herman Stone, who was watching the ticker, and asked. "Do you want to be there this afternoon?"

"No, oh, no," answered Stone hastily. "I do nodt lig' kvarrels. I leaf idt all to you. You, I t'ink, lig' kvarrels, yess?"

"Not always," declared Henderson, "but this one may be pleasant." He motioned for silence and they listened while Chisholm talked with James Calhoun.

When he turned from the telephone Chisholm said, frowning, "Just as you expected. Today won't be convenient. He'll deliver the stocks tomorrow. He'll give me the figures later. And he's coming to my office at half past three."

From his stand at the ticker Herman Stone exclaimed, "Hah! Fordty! Idt vill be ferry cheap adt sigxty, Henterson! Now I schall tell some uf my friendts." His smile widened as he added, "I haf some ferry goodt friendts."

"You seem to have some very good ones at the Wall Street National Bank," said Chisholm, "and I'm very glad you have."

"T'at schpeaks vor idtself—yess?" asked Herman Stone with a very wide smile indeed.

On the Stock Exchange the day's closing price for Allied Fabrics was above 41 and news-agency bulletins told, in phrases of satisfaction, how a certain prominent professional operator had been urgently covering his shorts in the stock. Before he started for Chisholm's office Henderson talked by telephone with Frank Conroy.

"That cut-rate selling stopped all at once this morning, Johnny," reported Conroy. "There wasn't any of it in sight this afternoon. And somebody's worried. They've been asking me all day about that buying of mine. The corner of my mouth's all sore saying, 'Henderson, of course!' But I won't say they believed me. The only way to tell 'em the truth around here is to lie to 'em. Why don't you let me try that?"

The impressively vigorous head of the big Stock Exchange firm of Calhoun, Connor & Co. was prompt upon the minute for his appointment with his friend and ally, George Chisholm. With him came that Griffith Lloyd who was another of the leading spirits of the group which, surrounding Chisholm, represented controlling ownership of the Allied Fabrics Corporation. Like the others, and even more heavily than any excepting Chisholm himself, Lloyd also was financially interested in Chisholm Motors. Johnny Henderson, sitting with Chisholm when the two men were announced, felt more confident than ever of his ground when he heard the name of this unexpected second caller.

Both newcomers showed quick surprise when they found Henderson seated and making no preparation to go. Their uncertainty increased when Chisholm, after a noticeably cool welcome, said, "You know Mr. Henderson, don't you? You do, Jim, of course. Lloyd—Mr. Henderson."

Henderson shook hands with both men and calmly returned to his chair. There was a moment of strained silence which Calhoun ended by saying, "I haven't a great deal of time, George. Lloyd and I want a word or two in private with you; so, if Henderson will excuse you ——"

"If it's about my account or about the market, Jim, you can talk freely before Mr. Henderson," answered Chisholm. "He understands my situation and he arranged the transfer of those stocks. In fact, he—he has my full confidence."

Calhoun looked sharply across to Henderson and then back to Chisholm. "What does this mean?" he asked forcefully.

"Just what I've said," replied Chisholm. "I want Mr. Henderson's advice. You wanted to see me, Jim. What was it about?"

"I won't discuss matters with anyone but you," declared Calhoun angrily. "This is entirely between ourselves."

"I'm afraid," Chisholm answered slowly, suppressing his desire to placate, "that you'll have to discuss them with Henderson, too, or not at all."

Griffith Lloyd came to Calhoun's aid. "Mr. Chisholm," he said in his usual stiff fashion, "I came here this afternoon because I understood there was a question of safeguarding your interests. Mr. Calhoun is here for the same reason. If Mr. Henderson has undertaken that—if you've turned to him instead of to us who have been your close business friends for so long—why, I suppose there's nothing more to say."

"Exactly!" declared James Calhoun. "If that's the case ——"

"It is the case!" interrupted Henderson sharply and very disagreeably. "Keep it in mind and go on with what you have to say. You're wasting time."

Calhoun reddened. "I tell you my business is with Chisholm," he said hotly.

"Yes," Henderson retorted, "but it isn't going to result as you've expected. You men came here prepared to threaten first and then offer assistance—on your own terms. But your threats can't be more than bluffs now, because Chisholm has all the assistance he needs. His loans and accounts are all provided for. All he asks you to do is to hand over his securities that you're carrying to the Wall Street National tomorrow. And that means every share of them, with no excuses for failure to deliver."

Calhoun leaned forward, glaring and gripping the arms of his chair.

"What's that?" he demanded aggressively. "Are you trying to say that I'm not able to deliver Mr. Chisholm's account? Have you told him that we haven't got his stocks ready to deliver?"

"I don't know anything about your affairs, Calhoun," answered Henderson, deliberately insolent. "But I do know that you and your crowd, under cover, have been selling Fabrics and Chisholm Motors and hammering the market down while you've been getting Chisholm here to buy more and more. I'll know more about whose stock you've been selling when I get the returns from the examination of the transfer books."

Chisholm looked up, startled. He had heard nothing of an examination of the records of the changes in ownership of Allied Fabrics shares. Calhoun turned to him, choking. "George," he began vehemently, "I won't stand ——"

"I suppose you've done everything in proper order," interrupted Henderson. "You've probably been selling your own stock—delivering shares actually owned by your friends and yourself—expecting to replace 'em with what you'd take over from Chisholm in the end. I suppose you've been wise enough to keep the seventy thousand Fabrics you're carrying for him intact in your own box or in your loans. Still, you never can tell. I've advised Mr. Chisholm to make sure."

"What do you mean by that?" barked Calhoun.

He looked from Henderson to Chisholm. Chisholm kept his eyes upon his desk blotter to conceal his perplexity. Henderson had given him no such advice.

"Well," said Johnny Henderson, running his spread fingers through his hair, "I've given Mr. Chisholm this advice, and he's decided to act on it: If you fail to make delivery of that account tomorrow—all of it—he immediately lays all the facts before the Stock Exchange and the district attorney, and his lawyers start preparing the usual petitions."

"By God!" exclaimed Calhoun excitedly springing from his seat.

Henderson went on calmly.

"If you do make delivery, as I think you will, Mr. Chisholm then makes formal demand for an accounting to show just where every share of stock and every bond has been every day since Calhoun, Connor & & Co. has been carrying them for him."

Calhoun stood speechless, but Lloyd, raising his voice angrily, demanded. "Do you insinuate that they've been used illegally?"

(Continued on Page 63)

She leads her car a merry chase!

IN winter, it stands long hours in the sleet and snow. In spring, the jewel-like drops of passing showers refract the sun's bright rays and become burning-glasses to mar its surfaces. In summer and fall, the dust and grit of far-flung roads lie thick upon it. And yet her motor must greet each new day, as sleek, as rich in color, as on the day it first became a member of the household.

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MOON (Roadster Model "A
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Duco dries almost instantly. It must be applied with a spray-gun Duco automobile refinishing stations and instruction schools are being established rapidly everywhere. In refinishing cars, care must be taken to remove the paint down to the metal, as only then will Duco give its characteristic velvety lustre and durability. Name of nearest authorized refinishing station on request.

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Duco is adaptable to almost any product requiring a lasting finish in color. Due to its quick-drying qualities, it saves materially in finishing time, storage space and investment in finished product Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is already being successfully used on:

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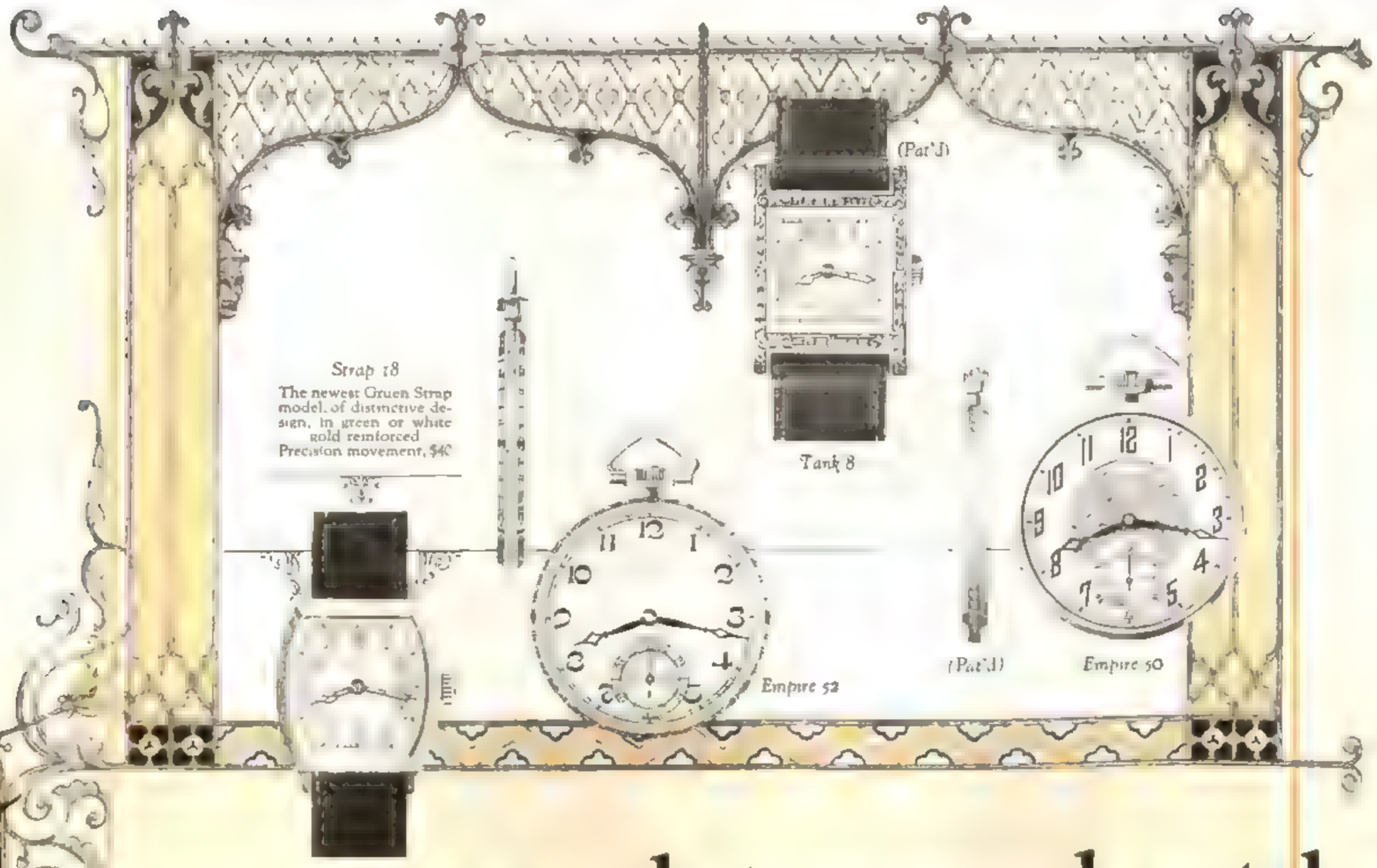

Why every man needs two good watches

The wisdom of owning two watches—a pocket watch and a strap—has already gained wide recognition among the better-dressed men of affairs.

The pocket watch, of course, will always hold its place as the more dignified timepiece, indispensable for countless, almost everyday occasions. It is the only correct watch for wear, not with formal dress alone, but to church, to the theater, even at quite informal gatherings of intimate friends.

It should therefore be a watch which carries with it a certain prestige. It should be distinctive in line and dress, as well as a timekeeping instrument of highest accuracy.

Equally necessary, however, is the strap watch. It is the watch of convenience, to be worn by busy men for busy hours. Quickly referred to, it keeps them in closer touch with the passage of time, helping them better to systematize their daily work.

Hence the strap watch should be a watch of great dependability, a watch carefully built for long and constant service. And it should be of a kind that one is proud to wear among his business associates.

Whichever of these two watches you are now considering, whether it is for the wrist or for the pocket, you will not wish to make your choice before you have seen the offerings of the Gruen Guild.

One of the most distinctive pocket watches ever conceived is the Gruen Ultra-VeriThin, pictured, actual size, above. The result of patented changes in the principles of watch construction, it represents entirely new possibilities in beauty of line and in mechanical accuracy, at prices hitherto unknown for a watch of this character and thinness.

The Gruen strap watches for men, essentially masculine in design of case, sturdy in the construction of their movements, are products of that spirit of fine workmanship for which the Guild is celebrated.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the watches pictured here, as well as a variety of other Gruen Guild models—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown below.

In the event of any accident to your Gruen Watch, these same jewelers can repair it quickly and easily at a very moderate cost.

Empire 52, Ultra-VeriThin, "Precision" movement—Solid white gold with fine enamel $110. Others up to $250.

Tank 8, Pat'd, "Precision" quality—Solid green gold, hand carved intaglio design, $100; green gold reinforced, plain case, $55; white gold reinforced, $60, solid green gold, $75, solid white gold, $85

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(Continued from Page 60)

"I don't insinuate anything. The accounting will show. Mr. Chisholm wants to know whether any of his securities have been used for any purpose other than collateral in loans. If they've been delivered on sales made for others, or loaned out to short sellers, or used in any way to help the conspiracy—and conspiracy is the word—that you men have been carrying on to mark down prices artificially and break Chisholm, then you in particular, Calhoun—a director in both companies -you'll have a lot of explaining to do in court as well as in Wall Street. If your hands are clean you've nothing to fear. But if they're not it's time for prayer."

There was tense silence. Finally Calhoun said hoarsely, "Henderson, what's your personal interest in this?"

Henderson answered promptly. "Twenty thousand shares of Fabrics that I've bought. Also a percentage of what Chisholm gets above 36 for fifty thousand that I'm going to sell for him when I can get the right price."

After another pause Lloyd asked, "What would be the right price?"

"Sixty—if sold tomorrow!" declared Henderson. "That's for Mr. Chisholm's fifty thousand and my twenty. After tomorrow, a higher price. I don't know yet what it'll be."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lloyd.

And Calhoun, leaning across Chisholm's desk, red-faced, demanded angrily, "Can't you see that this is just a cheap holdup?"

Johnny Henderson stiffened and his eyes narrowed.

"Call it that if you want to," he retorted. "Sixty's the average of what Chisholm paid through you for the fifty thousand shares I'm now offering to let you buy back Call it a holdup to get back what was plucked from George Chisholm by his friends—plus a little extra for me, the gunman. Call it a holdup, Calhoun! You know whether the gun's loaded or not!"

Griffith Lloyd moved to Calhoun's side and began a low-voiced conversation.

After a time Calhoun, ignoring Henderson, said to Chisholm, "I shall have to consult my partners and associates."

Chisholm nodded gravely, but Henderson wanted no loophole left open.

"Don't let's have any misunderstandings," he said, addressing Calhoun. "You're either to make that delivery tomorrow or come here before twelve o'clock and sign the agreement that Mr. Chisholm and I will have ready. And I must know by six o'clock this afternoon which it's going to be. I'll wait to hear from you, if Mr. Chisholm can't."

When they had gone Henderson turned upon Chisholm a face that showed incredulous surprise. He seemed suddenly amazed.

"By all the gods, it worked!" he cried. "In half an hour! They never tried to call me once! They're caught! They know it and they'll pay!"

"But you expected it!"

"Not so easily! Not so soon! But it's done! They'll probably ask time for payments, but we can well afford to give 'em anything in reason. And the selling of Fabrics is over, Chisholm. You can be sure of that. You'll see it above 50 again in another week, and it'll be up to its old prices before very long. So your other loans won't worry you. I think your trouble is over."

George Chisholm's eyes were very soft indeed as he reached out his hand.

"Robin Hood," he said, smiling. "I never expected to meet him in the flesh, but here he is."

Johnny Henderson, relaxed, caught the other's mood.

"That should make you Lionheart," he laughed, "and I suppose we've just tied the can to Prince John and the Sheriff."

"We won't carry it too far," Chisholm answered, "but Robin Hood—that's Henderson, of course."

"All right, then. His advice to you is to keep out of the forest between ten and three. And now to report to Herman Stone. What's his part -the Friar?"

The telephone, however, did not find Herman Stone. His office declared that he had been called suddenly to go out of town and there was no way of knowing when he would be back.

"That's very curious," commented Henderson. "I expected to find Herman with his ear to the keyhole. He neither phoned me nor left word. I wonder what game he's playing."

But the truth as to that would have shaken their satisfaction sadly. Ultimately, when it came to light, it proved startling; but that was two months later, when the whole mysterious Allied Fabrics episode had passed unexplained into Wall Street history. Andy Mitchell, of the Leader, had come in upon Johnny Henderson one afternoon after the market had closed, with a question or two that needed answering. While he was there Frank Conroy puffed in energetically and dropped into a chair by the broad window into which Trinity's clock stared so persistently.

"No business," he asserted, as if that explained his coming. "Nothing doing all day, and every day the same. That stock of mine's not only dead; it's turning green."

"You're in Allied Fabrics, aren't you?" asked the reporter.

"Yep," Conroy admitted. "I'm the unnecessary specialist in Allied Fabrics, and I'm also the only human being who knows there is such a stock any more."

"I thought I had a whale of a story about Fabrics a day or two ago," said Mitchell casually. "Inside stuff, you know. It was about that last splash in the stock. I got a tip that Herman Stone pulled off that trick by getting the Wall Street National to lend George Chisholm three millions just when he was on the rocks and had to have it to save himself. Looked like good dope until the Wall Street National people blew it up. They told me that Herman did try to get them to make the loan, but they turned him down, and they were sure that he didn't get anybody else to make it. So that killed the yarn for me."

Johnny Henderson knew that his heart had stopped and his stomach was sinking. He stared at Mitchell, unbelieving.

"Do you mean to say they never agreed to make the loan?" he demanded, and his voice was strange to his own ears.

"Old Harley, the vice president, told me so himself. Said Stone was in a great hurry about it one morning and hung about for an hour trying to talk 'em into it, but they wouldn't touch it. Afterwards Herman came around several times and gave them the laugh for having missed out on a good thing."

"That's very interesting," said Henderson reflectively, roughing his hair. "I know a man who made quite a bit of money in Fabrics at that time because he believed that loan had been arranged."

"That's a good story too," remarked Andy Mitchell. "Who was it?"

"Can't give you his name," Henderson replied. "Know him too well."

Later he was carrying Frank Conroy uptown with him in the big blue car.

"Did you hear what I said to Andy Mitchell about someone making a profit in Fabrics because he thought Herman Stone had made that loan?" he asked.

"Yes," said Conroy. "Shot with luck, that bird. Who was it?"

He turned for the answer that did not come promptly, and found the other grinning sheepishly.

"Henderson, of course," said Johnny Henderson.

THE EXERCISE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 26)

my inspection the card sent in by his caller—it showed that Mr. Jones was from the El Dorado Institute, Specialists in Scientific Exercise—the banker suggested that it would be worth my while to tarry and listen in.

Jones entered. A well-dressed, smart-looking chap of thirty-five, with the alert presence of an experienced salesman, he took it for granted that the banker knew all about the value and necessity of exercise, and stressed the fact that the El Dorado Institute was admirably equipped to meet the banker's very needs. Personal supervision—eighteen instructors on hand, one of whom was always waiting to take the banker in charge the moment he arrived.

"Just a minute," interrupted the banker. "I've had terrible pains in my right knee for some time past. Don't know whether it's rheumatism or bone trouble. And my left eye is bad too. Can hardly see out of it. Will your course of exercise cure those troubles?"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the salesman. "That's asking a little too much! If you're out of health you ought to see a doctor. We specialize in exercise that will help you keep the health you've got and tone you up generally, stimulate the internal organs and make them function with the regularity of a ticking clock."

"That's all right, then," laughed the banker. "Just what I wanted to know. Three of you fellows from different institutes have been here in the past month, and the last man said his three months' course would cure my knee and eye trouble, which, by the way, I haven't got."

"We're not in the wildcatting end of the game," responded Jones. "Now our system —"

The banker interrupted the selling talk. "I'll tell you frankly where I stand, Mr. Jones. I'm all for exercise. I need it, but I simply haven't the time for it. The last time I signed up for a three months' course I planned to drop in at four o'clock in the afternoon three times a week. But I didn't manage to get there more than three or four times in the whole three months. Unexpected engagements, callers, and so on."

"We recognize that that is your big problem," observed Mr. Jones smoothly, "and you'll be interested in a service we've established since the last time I called on you. Sign a contract with us, putting yourself at our disposal at four o'clock in the afternoon. At five minutes of four our man will call for you. No matter who has dropped in or what's keeping you, he will remind you of your obligation to come to the institute; he'll wait until you are ready to go and accompany you if you like. Or we will remind you of your engagement with us by telephone—just as you prefer. A number of our patrons are finding that this kind of service solves the problem involved in getting away from their offices in very nice shape!"

Suffice to say that the banker signed on the dotted line, declaring that if the service department of the exercise industry was prepared to take moral responsibility for seeing that he got his money's worth, he was willing to commit himself for another three months.

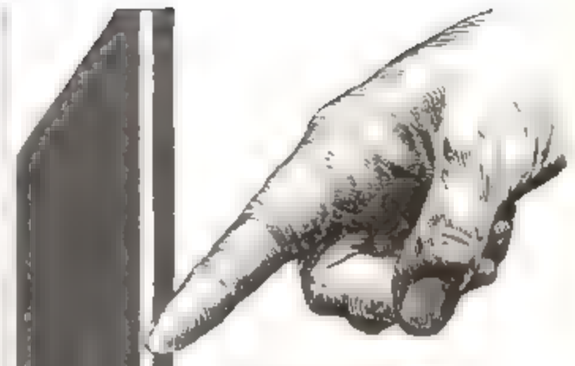
Now when Blank, a lean, thin and wispy lawyer—or perhaps he is short, stout, obese or even fat—first steps out on the floor of the exercise salon in a gymnasium suit and tennis shoes, the chances are that he is painfully reminded of the fact that it is at least twenty years since he has exposed himself in any such costume. There, in front of him, just as his contract provides, he beholds a serious-minded instructor ready to take him in hand. For one wild instant Blank may be disposed to turn and run and hide from view, but his instructor immediately strikes an attitude and gets off that stentorian command which no man, once he has committed himself to the exercise industry, dare defy:

"Inh-h-hale—exh-h-hale!"

Blank is completely intimidated and yields to discipline. Presently, during a rest interval, he has a chance to observe ten or a dozen other men who are in the same boat with himself. There, perchance, is the judge before whom he was pleading in court that very morning—and he is inhaling and exhaling at command, just like any humble member of the bar. Over there are three lords of Wall Street bending and twisting or tossing medicine balls—each under a dictator. And there is a man of sixty, somewhat lean of shank, gray of hair, and red of face, standing on his neck and shoulders, supporting his hips with his hands, the while he touches the floor beyond his head with his toes! He is a distinguished engineer. All in all, it is a none too sightly gathering, but a doggedly earnest one.

The kind of exercise Blank gets depends, of course, upon the institution with which he has signed up, and this depends mainly upon the selling talk that has most appealed to him. Various branches of the industry offer the product under every conceivable name—passive exercise, resistance exercise, functional exercise and interesting exercise.

If Blank is somewhere in the thirties or early forties, he has probably been invited



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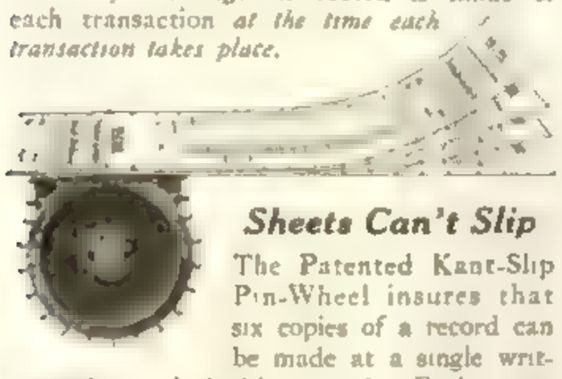

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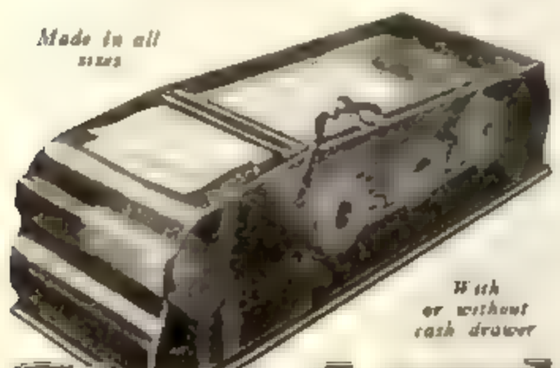

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to participate in functional exercise. He needs to lie on the floor and bend and twist his body so as to stimulate the internal organs—heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and intestines. One institution will accomplish this by means of floor work, while another will do it by resistance work, which requires that Blank shall pull and push with feet and hands against the resistance of the instructor.

But if Blank is a man between fifty and sixty and not of robust physique he will become the object of solicitation from the dealers in passive exercise. It is explained to him that he will only be expected to take his muscles for a walk in the mildest possible manner; his internal organs will be stimulated by mechanical devices. He will be brought in contact with the trunk shaker. A canvas belt some six or eight inches wide will be passed around his back or over his abdomen. Current will be turned on and the mechanical device to which the belt is attached will begin to vibrate, shaking Blank, his liver and viscera with a great degree of thoroughness, but without using up his muscular energy.

Some institutions stress the fact that they use no apparatus whatever, while others, stressing the importance of making the exercise interesting, specialize in unique apparatus. If Blank goes to an institution of the latter kind, he will ride a peculiar kind of bicycle, the seat of which will hop up and down with him as he works the pedals, giving him the benefit of leg work and an internal shaking at the same time. He may, indeed, ride a mechanically operated horse. Sitting in a regulation saddle, feet in stirrups, he will for a while rise to the trot or post in the polite style. As he toughens, he will learn to ride cowboy fashion, sitting tight to the saddle and getting the full value of the shaking.

Also, he may take a jaunt across the desert on a camel. Imagine a highly polished hardwood seat about the size of a cider keg but concave where the keg is convex—and fleece-covered. Once Blank is astride the beast, the electric motor is started and the camel begins to rock sidewise and to tip front and back violently. Blank, well-shaken up by the process, imitates the peculiar rolling movement of the lady who rides a camel in a circus parade, and feels as though he were far out at sea on a ship that is pitching and rolling at the same time.

The Newer Theories

If Blank does go in for interesting exercise he doubtless has become convinced of its special value by arguments of this kind—all our ancestors used to ride over rough roads in very hard wagons, without springs, and on hard seats. The same ancestors went up and down stairs much more frequently than modern flat dwellers do. The result is that they got well shaken up, and left the internal organs of their descendants with a hereditary need of being shaken up in a similar manner. There is no question but that after a ride on a mechanical camel or cow pony, Blank feels that life is, or at least can be made, as hard a shake for him as it was for his ancestors.

From the foregoing it may be inferred that the exercise industry is in a state of confusion as regards the physical training that is actually most suited to the needs of average man Blank. However, that confusion is more apparent than real. Primarily, the differences of opinion concern only the talking points for the selling end of the business, while the theory, upon which various branches of the industry operate, is fundamentally the same—and sound.

Among the advocates of this comparatively new theory are a number of ex-athletes who got their early experience in the old and strenuous school. Having seen the light, having observed the effect of strenuosity on themselves, they are especially emphatic in presenting the claims of the new gospel. One of these men is a man who captured bantam and flyweight championship titles before he became a leader of the modernists among physical trainers and an archenemy of strenuous exercise for average man Blank. A single incident proved to be the pivot on which his point of view turned.

Some fifteen years ago, about the time when he was retiring from the boxing game, he became interested as a partner in a small gymnasium. The men who went there were put at hard work to develop muscle. It was an era of muscle building. A man who went to a gymnasium did a lot of work on parallel bars, tugged at heavy weights, skipped rope—fagged himself all out. The idea seemed to be that the harder a man worked the more he got out of it. And one day a patron of the gymnasium fell to the floor unconscious in the midst of such strenuous work.

"It struck me as the height of the ridiculous," says this man, "that a man looking for health should have been subjected to such an overstrain, and perhaps shortened his life by five or ten years. That caused me to throw over all the notions I had had about muscle building, and I went in for a scientific study of the subject, coöperating with some of the leading members of the medical profession who were at that time just becoming keenly interested in the therapeutic value of exercise.

"We came to see that the exercise problem for the average man is a matter of the right amount—the dosage—and the right kind for just the stimulation he needs. For the average man the problem of exercise is not a question of muscle building at all. The idea that the average business man, lawyer, clerk or banker, needs for the sake of his health to develop a muscular physique is, I am happy to say, as dead as the theory Columbus set out to explode."

When a Man Loses Pep

Typical of the old school of exercise was that professional strong man, Sandow, who gave exhibitions everywhere throughout the United States. He held that every male past the age of eighteen ought to be able to lift a hundred-pound dumb-bell above his head ten times with left or right hand; and that every woman of the same age should do the same with a fifty-pound dumb-bell. And he pinned medals on the breasts of those who accomplished the feat!

Today, however, physical trainers who know their business are making no effort to school the average man in the development of great strength. Muscle is regarded simply as the rope which attaches to the load, whereas the internal organs are considered as the motive power that exerts the pull on the rope. Look after the motive power and the rope will be equal to the load!

The physiological basis of the newer point of view will appear if we examine the case of the average Mr. Blank. Up to the time of leaving college or of going into business at the age of twenty-two or three, he has led a pretty energetic life. At about this time he stops regular and systematic exercise, but the chances are that his job for a few years yet gives him a considerable amount of leg work to do. So, though his exercise is not especially designed to keep him fit, it does, with the start he got in youth, keep him going for a while. Presently he gets a desk job—and he gets less and less exercise; practically none in winter, and a little golf or its equivalent in summer. Moreover, if he is like the average American, his diet consists mainly of cereals, meat, potatoes and sugar, and is altogether too scanty as regards dairy products and green vegetables.

Under this régime Blank can expect to lose his vitality and energy at an early age. His intestinal tract becomes debilitated and fails to respond with the production of the intestinal juices. He becomes chronically poisoned by the waste products of his faulty digestion. He is easily fatigued upon slight exertion, suffers disconcertingly from vague pains in various parts of the body. He ages prematurely. Thinning hair and wrinkles come upon him all too soon—between thirty and forty, when, in fact, his age in years cannot account for these phenomena.

Blank is conscious of the fact that he is losing pep, is slowing up in his work, losing interest in it. He suffers from a lack of clarity in his mental operations. Internally, though he doesn't know it, he has reached a point of stagnation. His health doesn't fail completely, because his mode of life isn't bad enough for that. But the doctor tells him that if he goes on as he has been going he will be seeking additional life insurance at the age of forty-five—and be rejected. The doctor tells him that he needs exercise. Blank has begun to realize this himself. About now he is ready to listen attentively to the exercise salesman or even to write to some physical trainer for literature.

When Blank goes to a physical trainer he probably thinks that what he needs is to do a lot of hard work to develop his physique. But if he falls into the hands of a trainer who really knows his business he soon loses this idea. He will be asked to do only a moderate amount of work. He will sweat, but he will never be bushed. And after all, perhaps the most valuable thing that Blank gets is a little basic education as to the kind of exercise that is most suited to his needs.

The modern and scientific physical trainer's theory of exercise could be written on a thumbnail—enough, and not too much, and of just the right kind. Expanded somewhat, that theory runs as follows:

"What you want, Mr. Blank, is not the kind of exercise that will develop a muscular physique, but the kind that will stimulate your organs to the performance of their proper functions and open up the skin for the elimination of poisons. Remember that the man who builds a muscular physique must necessarily build a muscular heart. This puts a strain on the heart, on the whole body, and—as not infrequently happens in the case of athletes—may shorten life by five, ten or fifteen years. Moreover, if you build up a muscular physique and then stop work, the muscles atrophy, fat accumulates and is stored up. Then you are worse off than before.

"It's a common thing for men who find that they have let themselves get out of condition by not taking regular exercise of any kind to think that, upon starting work, they should imitate the strenuous collegians or the professional athletes. Athletics of the more strenuous kind, however, do not necessarily result in the kind of physical development needed by the average man. There is too much emphasis on the muscular side, not enough on the organic. The athlete is apt to overdevelop his heart muscle. When he stops work his heart becomes flabby. He may find himself in a worse condition than the man who never took any kind of systematic exercise. It's a safe guess that more men have been injured by overexercise than by underexercise. Today we recognize that the big problem in prescribing exercise is to know when and where to stop."

Balanced Rations

"Would you be surprised to know, Mr. Blank, that a man cannot depend merely upon vigorous exercise, such as tennis, boxing or wielding the weed hook on his farm, to keep his internal mechanism in the proper condition? At least it may surprise you to learn that among the patrons of the scientific physical trainer today are a number of well-known athletes—a well-known home-run king, for instance, and a champion tennis player. Why? Because all the leg-and-arm work they do does not get to the organs in the right way. They put themselves under a trainer for work that is especially designed to get at the liver and kidneys and the abdominal muscles.

"So, in your case, Mr. Blank, we are going to pay very little attention indeed to the muscle side of the equation. You are going to work every day at exercises which will encourage the proper functioning of the internal organs. We are going to work around the liver, intestines, spleen, heart, lungs and kidneys. We will increase the lung capacity by breathing exercises, tone up the kidneys by inducing copious perspiration to relieve the congestion, and start your liver on a new career. The liver-squeeze exercise will help you there.

"One other thing, Mr. Blank: If you are to get the best results from your new exercise régime, it should be supplemented by a rational diet, regarding which this is the essential thing to remember—proper nutrition involves not one but two factors; first, the right quantity, quality and kind of food, and second, getting rid of waste promptly. If you are one of those who, like the majority of Americans, have lived mainly on a bread, meat, sugar and potato diet, you should specialize in the more generous use of dairy products. Instead of half a pint of milk a day—the average per individual consumed throughout the country—you should use at least a quart as a beverage or in foods. Use meat sparingly—never more than a small serving once a day is a safe rule; three times a week, when doing little physical work, would be better. Eat all the greens, fresh vegetables, fruit and vegetable salads your appetite directs, composing your diet of bulky rather than concentrated foods as much as possible."

Now suppose that Blank finds it impracticable to go to a gymnasium for supervised exercise every day or even three times

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64

a week. In that case his physical trainer will teach him certain specific exercises which satisfy the fundamental need of stimulating the internal organs. These Blank may use to rouse himself to a mildly glowing condition before the morning bath; or he can do them a sufficient number of times to work himself into a sweat which would be better.

The particular exercises to which I refer and which I give below were designed for the purpose mentioned by one of the most highly qualified physical trainers in the country in cooperation with medical specialists. It can fairly be said that they do the work intended as well as any set of exercises that the modern trainer has to recommend. They hit what they aim at, the internal organs and circulatory system; and, if need be, Blank's trainer could cite a list as long as your arm of reputable specialists in internal medicine who have indorsed this type of exercise in general and these exercises in particular. Here are the tuning up or health exercises that are recommended to Blank.

Some Useful Exercises

1. Lie flat on your back on the floor (if the floor rug isn't soft enough, lay down a steamer rug, an army blanket or both). Hands at the sides, palms down. Inhale deeply, slowly, raising the chest high, bringing the abdomen in, keeping the shoulders to the floor. Hold the breath for five seconds. Exhale, returning to a relaxed position. As you inhale lift the hands and lay them, palms upward, a little away from you on the floor. When exhaling, return hands to the original position.

2. In flat position, palms down at the side, legs out straight. Raise right leg up as far as possible, keeping the leg straight, toes pointed. Inhale as the leg comes up. Exhale as it goes down. Repeat with the left leg.

3. Flat on your back; draw knees up with both feet on the floor. Place a weight upon the abdomen. (A heavy book or two will do, but the physical trainer uses a weight equal to several stove lids, fifteen pounds or so, and in addition, while this exercise is being done, the trainer bears down upon the weight.) Raise the weight up by contracting the stomach muscles and pushing up. Lower it by relaxing these muscles.

4. In flat position, hands at sides, legs spread so they are a foot apart at the knee. Raise both legs up and circle them away from each other, making a complete circle without letting the feet touch the floor. Knees stiff; toes pointed.

5. In flat position, hands at sides. Raise the legs together, making a complete circle to the left without touching the floor. Knees stiff; toes pointed. Repeat, circling to the right.

6. From flat position, raise hands and legs straight up from the shoulders and hips, pointing to the ceiling. Spread the hands and feet wide, bringing them together again.

7. The same, except that when the legs and arms are brought back from the spread position, they must cross alternately. The right leg and right arm cross in front of the left leg and left arm; then vice versa.

8. Lie flat on the stomach. Fold the hands across the small of the back. Raise the head and shoulders toward the ceiling.

9. In flat position on the back, legs out straight, hands clasped under the head. Raise the head with the aid of the hands and draw up the right knee, trying to touch the chin with the knee. Repeat, touching the chin with the left knee.

10. In flat position, hands clasped under the head as in 9. Raise the head with the aid of the hands and raise both knees at the same time, again trying to touch the chin with the knees. This is known as the liver squeeze. In this manner Blank can squeeze his liver—and stimulate it—as effectively as though his liver were a sponge that could be taken out and squeezed in his hands.

These ten exercises are enough for day-to-day conditioning, but two additional exercises of extraordinary value, though somewhat more difficult—many a man of sixty is doing them regularly—may be added:

11. Lie flat on the back. Raise the feet and legs straight up in the air, bringing the hips off the floor, supporting yourself with the hands under the hips. Thus, Blank finds himself upside down on his head and neck. In this position the knees should be bent alternately—the motion being the same as though one were pedaling a bicycle upside down. Also, from a position straight up in the air, the legs—both together—should be bent at the knees and the knees brought down as nearly as possible to the chin.

12. Same position as 11. Bring the legs down and back over the head as though about to turn a complete backward somersault. With the toes almost touching the floor, swing the legs, both together, so that the toes touch the floor first on the right, then on the left side.

It may be noted that the above exercises are designed for their effect upon the various organs as follows: 1 and 2, lungs; 3, 4 and 5, stomach; 6, 7 and 8, kidneys; 9 and 10, liver; 11 and 12, liver and intestines.

If Blank plans to use these exercises every morning, as he should, for a period of twenty to thirty minutes, he will be given certain general instructions in addition. On arising he should take a glass of cold water. The exercises are to follow. They should be done slowly and easily, especially at first, in such a way as to use only physical and not nervous energy. Four times for each exercise is enough to begin with, but they may be increased gradually up to ten times each, and finally—except the last two—to twenty. The third exercise will be found beneficial if done a hundred times with ten seconds' rest after each twenty-five times. Following the exercises should come the cold bath, or, if this is not well tolerated, the bath may be warm and followed by a cold shower. If the cold shower is impracticable, the desired result may be achieved by slapping the abdomen with a towel soaked in cold water.

Good Health and Good Spirits

Such are the physical-training orders Blank receives if he finds it desirable to work alone at home. After a while he may tire of the routine. Then he lets it slide and again finds himself predisposed to a dark brown mental outlook. But if he follows through, day after day, month in and month out, the chances are that his internal organs will purr as sweetly as a six-cylinder motor that has just been tuned. He finds that he holds himself more erect and walks more elastically. He gains in mental alertness and in mental stability, becoming less irritable. It would not be a miracle if in a month or so his old habitual dark brown mental outlook had metamorphosed into a rosy pink.

With the grit to follow through in the manner indicated—and it does take some—Blank can accomplish almost as much by himself as with the supervision of a trainer. If he shrinks, if he is tempted to indulge in another wink instead of getting up to give his internal organs and circulatory system their regular and proper every-morning treat, the exercise industry will come to his aid pull him out of bed, put him through this very same routine with various other, though unimportant, divertisements—and for a consideration of merely twenty-four hundred dollars a year!

BALISAND

(Continued from Page 21)

with your whip. Don't mistake me either—I'm not opposed to your sacred General. He has some of your draw-backs, but I'll back power in the government as far as both of you. What put this in your head, Richard? It's a good idea and bad at the same time."

"It is there, anyhow," Richard answered.

A shift in the throng, confined within the closed walls, brought Gawin Todd immediately in front of him. Todd was bulkier than Richard remembered him, a big aggressive figure with a heavy flushed face animated by a quick commanding look.

"Good evening, Mr. Bale," he said clearly.

"Mr. Todd," Richard replied, "good evening." There was a momentary curious silence around them; there was an intense unvoiced interest in their meeting; almost, it appeared, something arresting was expected. He was isolated, with Gawin Todd, from the rest of the world. But Todd, after a space, deliberately, without hurry, turned away toward the casks. Richard, before that, had decided to go in and view the dancing, but it was equally imperative for him to delay.

"Whatever we've said won't be final," he continued, to Bradlock Wiatt. "What you complain about you may come to depend on. There will be some bad years, and the men you can count on are not multiplying. The others are."

He made a passage through the crowd and reached the ballroom in time to hear an address, delivered by Sewell Graveland, celebrated throughout the Tidewater for his practised skill in the conduct of dances and dancing, and the husband of Rose Ann, Ava Todd's sister.

"We have observed all the proprieties," he proceeded ornamentally, "and made our bow, in the minuet, to the past, and now it is my pleasure to announce an absolute novelty in Gloucester County. A number of us have been practising the figures of the French cotillion; and to-night, in honour of the Ambassador from France, Citizen Genêt, and of the Republic Français, we are going to dance it—as well, for your enjoyment."

There was an instant ringing applause, hands were clapped, voices raised, the sticks of countless fans broken.

It would be for no enjoyment of his, Richard told himself savagely. Sewell Graveland ought to keep himself where he belonged—on ballroom floors. He was exactly the man Rose Ann would have married; and now, Richard supposed, where once she had drunk Madeira publicly, nothing short of rum would satisfy her. He was astonished to see men he had regarded as solid, safely Federal, as enthusiastic over the French innovation as those who couldn't be expected to know more. Even dancing had been spoiled: the nights gone when the managers, their hats under their arms, led ladies out to an acceptable music. The cotillion, directed by Graveland, formed; absurdities which, he gathered, were called favours made their appearance; women rose and danced and sat down; the figures had ridiculous French names. Richard Bale went back in the need of drink.

The taproom was emptied in the general curiosity over the cotillion; Balantine, drenched in sweat, was mopping himself by sections.

"It's over soon," he observed.

"What?" Richard asked stubbornly.

"That new one. They were going over it this afternoon. It won't be fashionable to dance a minuet any more, and God knows what'll happen to the congos and the reels and jigs."

"Not till we're moved to France," Richard contradicted him. "This won't last. You've seen enough people to understand them better."

There was a repetition of the frenzied applause from beyond.

"That doesn't sound like it," Balantine was sufficiently unmannerly to insist. "You are on the river at Balisand and a lot skips by you. Gentlemen like you will have to come around, Mr. Bale."

"To what?" Richard demanded. "To keeping taverns?"

"Anything but that," was the other's reply.

"I'll add this, though," he went on; "it's going to be better than it was. I can see that every day. Once every proper coach that passed was for Welfield or Todd Hundred or your plantation, and we could hardly afford to spread a clean cloth. Have you been to the Eagle in Richmond lately? It's as comfortable as you'd want. Gentlemen, and even parties with ladies, are often there."

"When I have to stay a night in a Virginia tavern," Richard Bale told him, "I'll know a Republican has been elected President; and that day I will give you a hundred dollars."

Balantine turned and wrote with chalk on the wood wall. "Mr. Richard Bale of Balisand is agreeable to a hundred dollars when Thomas Jefferson is elected President of the United States." Richard objected to the wording. "Not when, if." Either way, the tavern keeper asserted, it was a good account.

"You can't lose"—it was Beverley Mathews—"but, by heaven, I don't want to see

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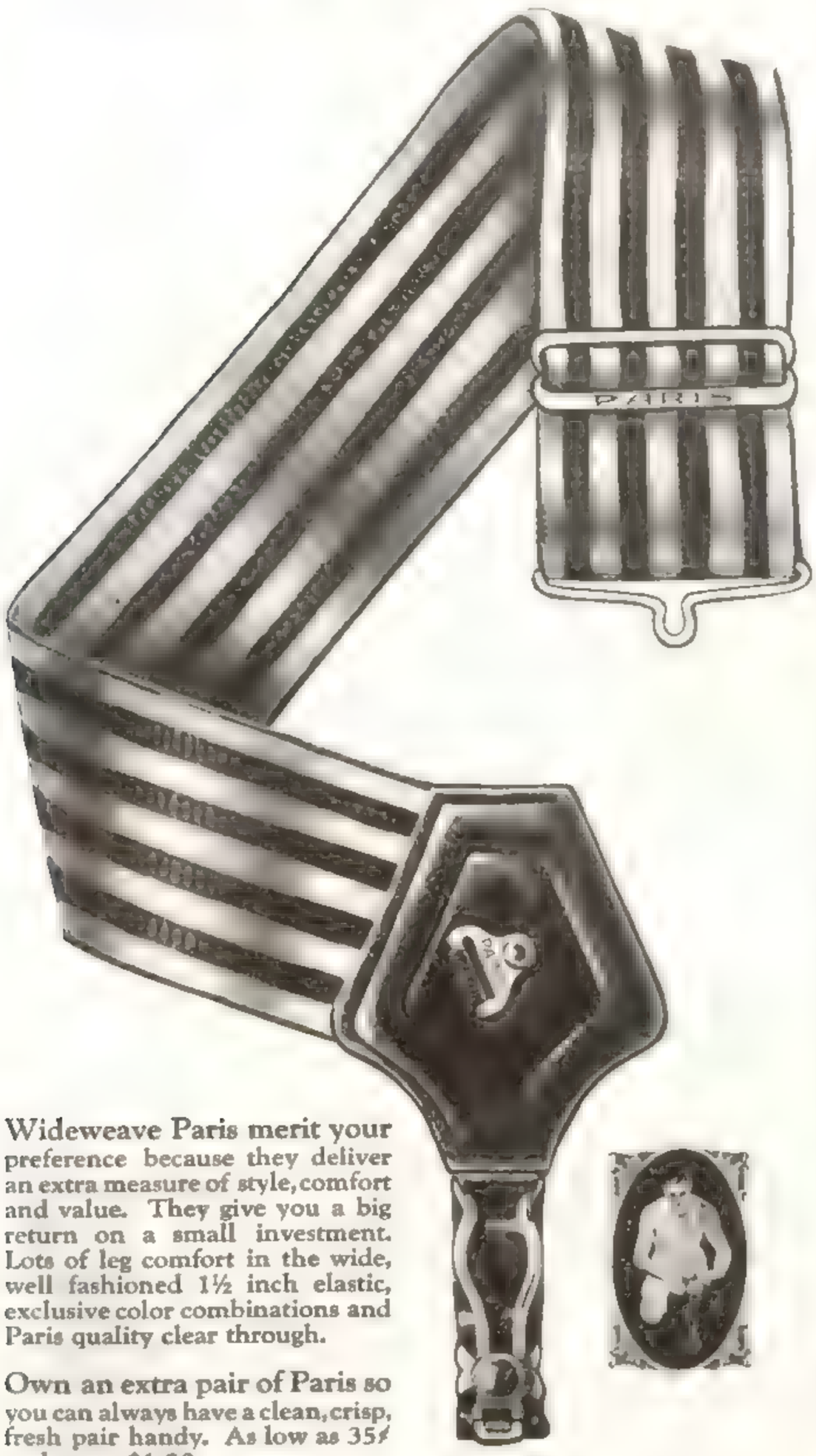

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you win." The men crowded back, now, evidently, the collation was over.

"If Mr. Jefferson elected" — this, Richard saw, was William Newsome—"you won't need his hundred. Honest men will have the money." This was humorously denied: "Not if the others own the fast mares." George Renolls, Richard recognized, had no intention of offense.

However, he delayed in speech to consider Newsome: it might be necessary to give him an indication of the proprieties observable for public occasions and terms. What he had remarked, about honest men, had, perhaps, an unacceptable flavour of the personal. But Bradlock Wiatt took his arm.

"It's just as I say," he remonstrated. "Here you are, looking for a quarrel before I had scarcely got done. You can't get into Congress with a pair of dueling pistols. Put that out of your mind. Do you think Lucia Mathews will marry Gawin?" Richard answered that he hadn't realized events, there, had gone so far. "It would be tremendously lucky for Todd," Bradlock continued; "endless money—he hasn't a fortune—for his comfort and political ambitions. I don't know about Lucia: I've hardly ever, in all her life, seen her off a horse. She rides like an angel. The truth is, no one, not even Beverley, knows her. But I can't wish him any success. It would be the devil to have him around here, stirring up trouble."

"If Lucia could ride to her wedding," Richard declared, "attended by foxhounds, she would marry almost anyone. I mean," he added carefully, "that one man has never been more to her than another. I can't imagine her in love; or being in love with her."

"You're going down to the hazard, of course."

"Later," Richard replied, "when the stakes are worth a throw."

He walked outside, to where the tavern fronted the public road. There were couples promenading close by, in the drooping night; for the moment the music was still. He passed Rose Ann with Graveland. She gave him a brilliant smile and called back that she was waiting to teach him the French steps.

"Thank you," he declined, "I have been drilled so long in the others."

He saw Mary Todd; but she, too, was married—with four children. Marable Todd, her one brother, was palpably drunk; Sally was lecturing him severely.

"It wouldn't be so bad, later," she asserted. "But now! Yes, I am ashamed of you."

Marable, with a low bow, said, "Richard Bale of Balisand." The boy had been a long while in England; and his manner, the slight mockery implied in the complete politeness of his speech, brought Jasper Robine back to Richard's memory. Then, leaving them, Richard came abruptly on a solitary figure with an elaborate white dress and a bearing of angry rebellion. It was Jordan Gainge's wife.

"How long will it last?" she demanded.

He replied, "Easily till dawn." The sharp stamp of a foot was perceptible. "I don't see why it must for you," he continued, "if you're tired of it." Jordan, she replied, judged it needful for her to remain.

"A part of my education," she explained. "Perhaps you didn't know it—I am being educated so the Bales and Todds and Henry Dalney will have me to dinner."

The brutality of this assertion shocked him out of protest. All that he could manage to say, after an inexcusable pause, was that she would soon go wherever she wished.

"No," she contradicted him; "and you don't believe that, either. But soon, if they keep like this, I won't want to. I think I hate everybody alive—except Jordan." Even that, he felt, was a tardy modification. "Do you dance?"

"It happens I don't," he told her uncomfortably. "I haven't for years, on account of a bad leg."

No one, it seemed, had taken her out on the floor for an hour. Mr. Todd had danced with her, and Mr. Beverley Mathews—"all the old men. But the young ones—they are too damn afraid of the girls!" Richard Bale was again shocked. "I'm not all learned yet," she said hastily. "It slipped out—the Guinea in me. I'm glad Jordan didn't hear me. Why did he marry me, Mr. Bale?"

"He loved you," Richard said inconclusively.

"Why did I marry him?"

"Indeed, I couldn't tell. It isn't what you'd call a general subject."

She could see, she replied, that he was attempting to correct her.

"I thought you would be different. I liked what I heard about you so much." Frankly curious, Richard asked what that had been. "Why, in the war with England, all those battles: and then the way you've acted since. You'll fight—I think it's that, mostly. I was born among men who fight. It's the way they settle things, about girls and fish and voting."

"How do they vote?" he asked immediately.

"Oh, they don't agree with you." She was positive there. "You see, it's so free where I lived. No one likes to be told what to do. But they are only beginning to think of that ——" She broke off.

"Why?" Richard urged her to continue.

"I don't mind telling you," Jordan Gainge's wife admitted; "on account of Mr. Todd. He's been down among them explaining about the United States and what happened in France. He says it could be the same here, and the people have everything. Mr. Newsome is around more. They don't like you."

"No," Richard agreed, "they don't. I'd be bothered if they did. I could never get along with traitors and liars." She clapped her hands.

"I love it when you say that." He gazed at her sombrely.

"I wish they'd listen to me," he proceeded.

"It's too late," she warned him; "you must keep away. They are even suspicious of me, now. I went home last week, and without Jordan; they treated me like I was strange. You don't want me here and they don't." Gainge appeared:

"It's good of you to talk to Zena," he told Richard; "we would be happy if you'd come to see us. Henry Dalney often does." He would get Henry, then, to take him, Richard agreed.

"And you will have to visit Balisand. Though there won't be much there for Mrs. Gainge—we are out of the habit of entertaining."

Jordan Gainge's gratitude was at once evident and admirably contained. The old man was stiffly proud.

"You ought to be in at the dancing," he addressed his wife. "Mr. Newsome has been asking for you."

When they had gone Richard thought at length about Zena Gainge. What an uncomfortable position! However, except for the dinner he had spoken of, he couldn't be responsible for her. Yet she stayed in his mind—not obviously an attractive woman, but with something indefinable. Perhaps it was the intensity of her spirit of revolt. A very different, Lucia Mathews, stopped before him.

"That was nice of you," she commented. He disclaimed all right of approval. Then she asked about Careless. "You'll remember I thought she might win." He recalled the tone of his discussion of her with Bradlock Wiatt.

"Lucia," he inquired, "do you ever think about anything beyond horses and riding?"

She didn't answer immediately, but stood squarely regarding him.

"Why do you ask that?"

A devil of perversity entered him.

"I was wondering if you were interested in Gawin Todd." That, he recognized, had been a mistake.

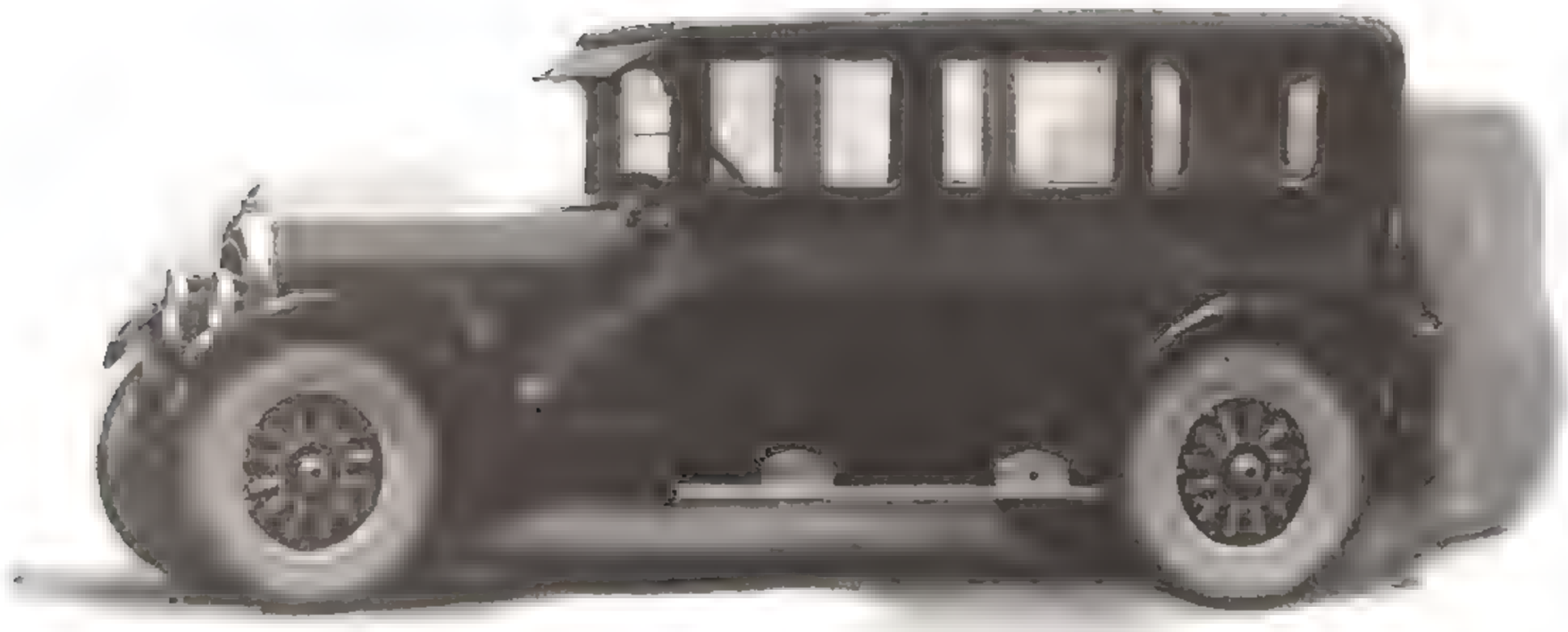
"There are so many ways of answering you." Her voice was speculative, detached. "What made you think I would answer you at all? I can't imagine. It's so new and unexpected from a Bale—of Balisand. I believe I'll insist on your explaining how—or rather what gave you liberty to demand that."

"Of course, I can't tell you," he confessed. "But I did, and I haven't any inclination to apologize. It wasn't an unheard-of question."

"I ought to be flattered," she responded; "but, do you know, I'm not. I like Careless better than I do you, if that could be called an answer. And I can see you've been discussing me with your brandy." Her tone was almost a drawl. Then, suddenly, she became quite cheerful. "Oh, yes, horses are much better—and foxhounds." He had invited it, he reflected; and he bent forward, inspecting her more closely. "Is it my hair?"

"I was looking for the French colours," he explained; "at least, they are called that. The one I knew was white."

(Continued on Page 70



The Imperial

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

Chrysler Six Features That Give Results Never Before Known

The Oil-Filter and the Air-Cleaner

There is open acknowledgment everywhere, now, that Chrysler engineers have gone years beyond previous conceptions of the highest and the finest in motor car performance.

But the intensive development work of three years, which in advance of production brought the Chrysler Six to its present state of perfection, concerned itself with far more than the obvious phases of performance.

The oil-filter and the air-cleaner, which contribute so much to motor car results never before known, are two outstanding examples.

The two of them operate together, in a way never before devised, to exclude ruinous and abrasive grit, dust and dirt from the inside of the motor.

If gasoline is food to a motor, oil is its life blood; and the best motor on earth can't keep well on dirty oil any more than you can with diseased blood.

Chrysler engineers say to you, in all sincerity, that they positively protected the Chrysler Six engine against damage and a shortened life by reason of impure and unclean oil.

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It may go into the filter black and gritty, but it comes out clean and pure as new—minus all the foreign elements that scratch and scrape, and treat the bearings as millions of sharp tiny files would treat them.

Engineers freely predict that Chrysler has shown the way to one of the greatest motor improvements in years. They say the Chrysler oil-filter will do away with most ordinary motor troubles.

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To say it in the briefest way, the Chrysler Six represents the finest that brains and money can produce; and if you have not yet put this car to your own tests, you are missing a very great deal in motoring experience.

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The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cry'sler

(Continued from Page 68

It was exactly as Morryson had intimated—no, flatly declared, Richard recognized; women, in the main, he didn't get along with. What Zena Gainge had told him about Gawin Todd and Guinea took possession of his mind. It was nothing short of criminal to inflame the suspicions of Jinkin's Neck, deliberately to arouse an entire region against the government. Yes, traitor and liar were not too strong. Bradlock was afraid of his drastic manner, but his warning that such measures were necessary would turn out to be fact. It was no good to try conciliation with the present Republican methods and men.

The dancing had returned to a familiar form, a reel; the floor was crowded; Todd was with Lucia; and, annoyed, Richard went down to the cellar. It was lighted with hanging lanterns, and, on the long table where the dice were being cast at hazard, there were supplementary candles. The table was surrounded, hidden, by men; but when he approached an opening was made for him. This, he well understood, was in recognition of the name he bore as a gambler.

The two men immediately engaged were strange to him, but he saw that one was supported by William Newsome. The amounts chanced weren't large—the throwing was for the new ten-dollar gold piece. But Newsome indirectly greeted him at once.

"Here's Richard Bale of Balisand, and he'll think we are children playing for buttons." Mathews put a hand on Richard's arm.

"Don't let that rush you," he advised. "You can stand on your reputation."

The immediate casting was over, and Newsome swept the dice toward them:

"Let Mr. Bale call the main and be the caster, if we can find anyone to take his bets." Richard picked the dice up.

"You've had so much to say about it"—he addressed Newsome—"that some of us will think you had better back your talk."

William Newsome was a tall man, and thin, with a lower jaw that protruded in advance of his face and a habit of constantly raising and contracting his eyebrows. Of any inconsiderable family settled north of the Piankatank River, near the Dragon Swamps, he had been individually very successful in speculating with shares of the United States Bank—an institution it was now his profession to attack—and he was known to play for large amounts.

"That's a way to put it I don't encourage," he replied; "but it can only be answered to-night with the dice."

"Try your luck, first," Beverley urged him, and Richard mentioned a hundred dollars.

It was in his mind to call seven, since, out of thirty-six possible combinations, seven could be thrown in six ways, but, instead, he called eight and cast. He had thrown out aces were turned up. The report had swiftly spread that he was engaged in hazard with Newsome, and the throng about the table multiplied. It was dividing, he saw, into two bodies—the men beside him were Federalists, supporters of Washington; those at Newsome's elbows were publicly French in sympathy, followers of Jefferson and John Mason, with some whose position was debatable. The game had turned into a struggle between the Federal Party and the Republican. Richard lost a second hundred dollars, a third and a fourth; and then, impatient, he made his bet five hundred.

"That is just what I've won from you," Newsome answered. "Take your money back . . . if you're able." Richard nicked in, with eleven.

"Now I have it," he remarked, "I'll let you fix the amount of your play."

The other decided that, for the present, five hundred dollars was enough at a cast. Richard won again and again: once, when he was setter, by throwing ten, one of his chances; as caster with the number seven.

"Your thousand has bred another," he announced. "There is two thousand dollars up now." The whispering about him fell silent.

"Eight," William Newsome called. "He nicked!" a voice exclaimed.

Newsome hesitated, with the dice in his hand: it was evident he was considering a momentous decision.

"Four thousand dollars," he said finally, with his eyebrows in a knot.

Richard agreed. He gazed curiously at the dice lying close together on the table—one showed a four, the other a five. Well, he had lost four thousand dollars. He thought suddenly of Careless and her superb running; compared with the mare, this was a petty business.

"Four has the look of an unlucky number for me," he asserted. "Five would be better; yes, five thousand."

William Newsome was easy, arrogant, with the safety of his winnings.

"I have an idea you're wrong still," he responded. "Five thousand dollars on a turn. That ought to satisfy even you. Mr. Bale, you are accommodated. To show you the delusions you're labouring under, to give you, and the gentlemen associated—shall I put it?—under the flag of a discredited monarchy, a last opening, I'll call the main at five, your own figure."

"Wait," Richard Bale interrupted him, "if you will allow us the definition of our position and loyalty: England is no more discredited with the United States than France is involved. America is free—your favourite word, I believe—from both. We, Mr. Newsome, the men back of me here, are not gambling with the fate of the United States; we are not content to let our country fall with a brace of dice or a turn of speech. Where you were in the spring of 1776, when Howe concluded to evacuate Boston, I have no interest in; but there are others with—shall I say?—better memories, and they will always be proof against schemes to debauch well, the currency. Your friends have made this necessary. There was a time, hardly longer ago than yesterday, when the United States had hope of a single, a united, mind and heart; but you have split it in two; you have called up factions in the President's cabinet itself: God knows with what result. I am gambling with you, Mr. Newsome, but be sure we'll take no chances in higher affairs."

"I called the main at five," Newsome answered. "We are here for hazard and not to listen to shots out of old-fashioned cannon. If ever men gambled themselves out of an inheritance and power the Federalists did. Five!" he cried, and cast five exactly.

The four thousand dollars he had owed, Richard realized, was nine—nine thousand dollars. Plenty.

"I believe you are at Todd Hundred"—he addressed Newsome—"and I haven't so much, in gold or notes, with me. But you will be paid, if it's convenient to you, by ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I'll give you the acknowledgment at once."

Careless—running with miraculous speed. He'd have to forgo, for the year, the improvements he had marked out at Balisand. The throng broke into groups; low excited comments. For once Bradlock Wiatt didn't find fault.

"That was splendidly lost, Richard. And not all lost either. The impression you made was very favourable. Justified gambling. It had dignity. It takes blood to lose."

"If you're at all embarrassed, Richard," Beverley Mathews told him privately, "I can put the money in your hand to-night."

"If you put rum I'd like it better," Richard reassured him. "I can get the other at once." They went up the stairs together and into the taproom. Outside, later, they discovered Lucia waiting to go home.

"Gawin wanted to take me," she went on pointedly, "but I knew you'd be disappointed. Richard, I caught echoes of gambling at unheard-of amounts. Isn't keeping a tradition rather expensive?"

"Why yes," he admitted; "but what else would you have me keep? The money? I'm surprised at your friends, though—drinking and gambling almost like gentlemen. And the trust of the people reposed in them. The plain people. The plow horses."

"I'll see that they don't in the future," she promised him. "Are you telling me that you should be congratulated?" As he was bowing, she turned sharply away.

"I don't know where Lucia got her manners," Beverley Mathews complained: "unless it could be in the stable. We'll nick these Republicans yet, Richard; they'll throw a main out of turn."

The following morning Richard stood on the wharf at Balisand and watched the canoe that held Thomas Ekkes and the money for Newsome swing out into the river. London, with the feeling that their passage to Todd Hundred had the importance of a mission, had taken four servants for the rowing, while he sat upright and severe at the stern. The negroes had begun a long-drawn song in minor key, but the headman stopped them. They were all, in the canoe, impressed with the fact that this was no ordinary occasion. Privately Richard Bale was chagrined at his heavy loss; he was exasperated at his bad luck: why, at the worst possible turn, had Newsome cast five? Still, this game was called hazard. He had lost before. He would win again. And Bradlock Wiatt had been encouraging about the few words he had had opportunity to say. Fifty men, anyhow, must have heard them; they would be carefully reported to Gawin Todd; actually, the whole affair, as he had hoped, had most happily brought him back into the world of men and politics.

His annoyance changed into a feeling of cheerfulness, of downright encouragement. He thought of Lavinia with a conscious impunity: how lovely she was with her song, a lily bud, a pink, a rose. The blindness of another chance had taken her away from him. Richard then shifted his thoughts confidently to his current affairs: he'd go around quietly first, see men and discuss with them the relation of the Tidewater, of Virginia, to Congress and the nation. The direct announcement of his intention could come naturally later. This proceeded, developed, as he had hoped. He made, in keeping with his temperament and convictions, no effort to meet the mass of voters—his wish to influence the Guinea men had been peculiar to that situation—his contact was with gentlemen and the more respectable of the small planters: the men, largely, who were familiar to him riding with the foxhounds.

He had been, during his renewed activity, twice, if not three times, at Welfield—Beverley Mathews was a warm supporter of his plans—and Richard had drifted into the habit of amusing himself with Lucia. They developed a verbal game in which, apparently, one was relentlessly, exhaustively, critical of the other. It had begun at the tavern ball, really, in a spirit of antagonism, if not dislike; but that had soon vanished. Richard, with an entire coolness, liked Lucia Mathews; she was, through years with her father and the management of the Welfield stable, admirably fitted to a masculine temperament. For the most part Richard Bale and Beverley discussed the feeling of the County, and Lucia, in clothes which no one ever noticed, sat quietly with her slim strong knees crossed and her features, more than ever those of an Indian, composed.

He went, as well, with Henry Dalney, to call on Jordan Gainge and his wife. They rode for more than a mile over a precarious way lying in a wide treacherous expanse of marsh grass before they came, at the end of land in that direction, to the small area of solid earth that held Gainge's house. The lawn about it was but roughly cleared, the grass was high and coarse in the shadow of a compact immensely old grove of water oaks. Nothing else broke the flatness of a horizon worked everywhere on its edge, it seemed, with the silver of the bay.

A pack of unmannerly hounds barked threateningly, crows rose with a harsh clamour from the oaks, and Zena stood in the doorway.

"I'm glad you came," she said, facing Dalney; but the effect of her greeting she contrived to direct to Richard Bale. "Jordan is inside."

They walked through a short gloomy hall, narrow and wooded like a way in a ship, passed a door on the left open to the side lawn, and entered a large room which, from the rigid order and barrenness of its furniture, had a gaunt and inhospitable air. However, this was immediately contradicted by Jordan Gainge:

"I can't serve you with a fancy punch, but there is Barbados rum that won't be trifled with. I've heard it said it would kill a nigger But now I don't get to sea, and servants and rum are so valuable we won't waste it by finding out."

He was without coat or waistcoat, his white linen shirt open at the throat, but he took no more care to repair this. Indeed, he was completely, pleasantly, indifferent to the niceties of formal attire. Gainge, Richard reflected, had a blood as old and vigorously denned as his own, not, perhaps, with exactly the same origins, yet—in the confusion of to-day—it was ancient, far more than respectable. He felt at home here, he told himself further; he understood Gainge and was a companion to his haunts and preferences and speech.

Zena, wholly silent, sat at a small distance from the men. Jordan had tried several times, without success, to draw her into the conversation. On a table, Richard saw, there was lying open a book of sketching, and he wondered if they had interrupted one of the lessons she had spoken of to him. His gaze wandered farther and encountered a pair of pistols exposed on the shelf of a mantel: rather, he corrected himself, they were small guns. The barrels must be a full sixteen inches in length, carrying an extraordinarily heavy bullet, of perhaps .56 calibre; they were heavily, expensively, mounted in brass; evidently their metal was superfine; but they were no match for the beauty, the delicate precision, of the pair at Balisand. The talk, now between Henry and Gainge, had to do with ships, and Richard definitely turned to Zena.

"I saw some flowers at the corner of the house as I came in. You planted them, of course. No true Gainge ever put one in the ground." Jordan laughed.

"A woman's business," he answered for her. "You're right. Show them to Mr. Bale, if you like. The gentlemen inland on the North River spend a lot of time in their gardens."

That assertion, Richard told him, had a strong flavour of salt. Zena was already up, leading him out to where a clump of day lilies were making a struggle for existence in a damp and inappropriate shade.

"You'll have to move them," he instructed her; "a sunnier place."

"That was easy said," she replied. "It's all gloomy here, with the oak trees. I like the marsh, though; it's marshy where I lived. Mr. Bale, you must notice I don't call it ma'sh any more."

He complimented her. Why did she engage his interest? A thin young woman without one of the qualities he preferred. But she was amazingly quick—yes, graceful, in her movements, like the tall marsh grass she was at home with swaying in the wind.

"Do we have to go back right away?" she asked. "I don't know. You must tell me. It used to be I could do anything. I wanted to go in the sea—the way I have—and Jordan all but died."

Was it possible that she had meant unclothed? That was the only construction he could possibly put on her words, and it created, in him, a positive distaste for her. Still, she was so reluctant to return to the house that he forced himself to continue standing with her, gazing aimlessly at the lilies.

"I don't mind learning from you," she confided to Richard Bale. "I told you a lot that night at the tavern. We are brought up never to talk—to strangers. But you were so kind ——"

"You won't find many to agree with you," he replied unsympathetically; "I'm supposed to be the exact reverse." Illogically, it annoyed him to be regarded as kind.

"I know what they think," she assured him. "Don't you remember?—I told you then. I wouldn't want you to be the way with others you are with me."

Again with Dalney on their horses Richard silently dwelt on the fact that he hadn't, purposely, renewed his invitation for the Gainges to take dinner at Balisand. It would do another time, later; he had no present wish to entertain Zena Gainge. She hadn't, by a large amount, a proper reserve. At Roane's he parted from Henry, turning to the left, bound for Welfield, where he would stay that night with Beverley: Lucia was going to Todd Hundred—a party at Todd Hundred and it was again June. Would anyone be put in the room over the schoolhouse? There was now no need for a tutor. He recalled the passionate woe of Mr. Garret. Eliza Wiatt had married eight years ago and gone from Gloucester—a girl with a perverse and experimenting charm. It was after five when he rode into the lane at Welfield, but the day was still bright, clear and sweet with scents and the afternoon songs of birds.

The trees on the lawn were finer than those at Todd Hundred, finer than any others in the County: Richard could never remember all the variety of their names. The maidenhair tree he knew, and, of course, the myrtles and magnolias, the beeches and varnish trees and yews—he must get Lucia to go over them again. She hadn't, he found, left for the Todds yet. She was on the paved terrace above the falling garden. There were four terraces, at the bottom flowering almonds and mock oranges, arbours with white jasmine and cloth-of-gold roses; there was a grape walk and greenhouses; and beyond, in place of

(Continued on Page 75)

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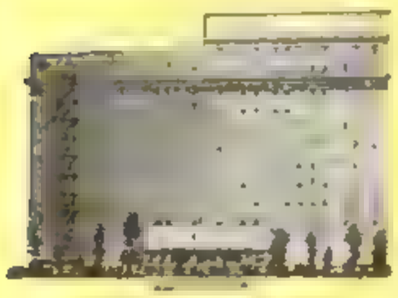

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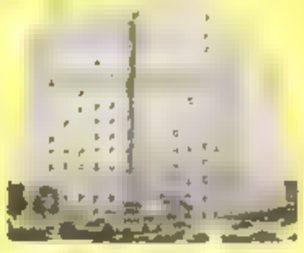

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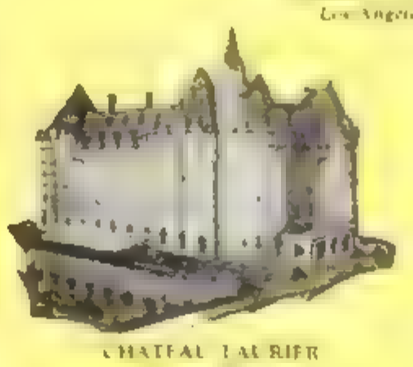

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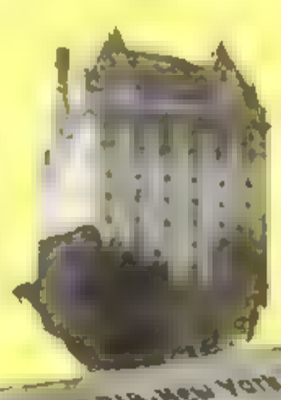

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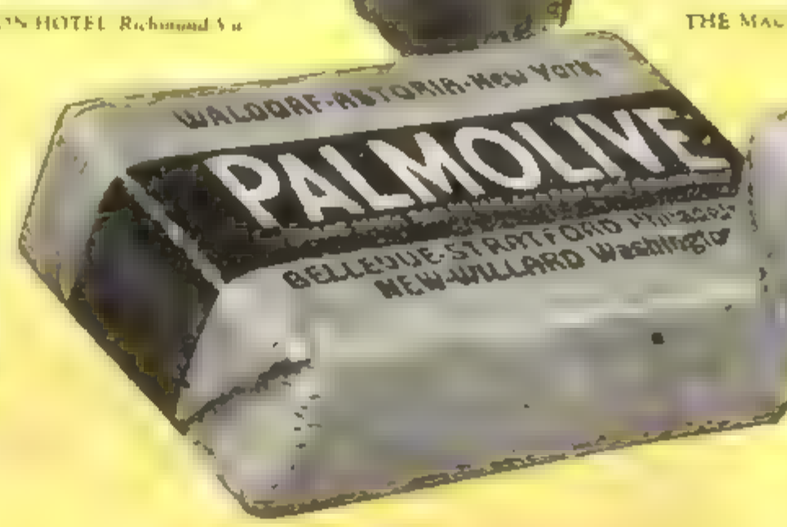

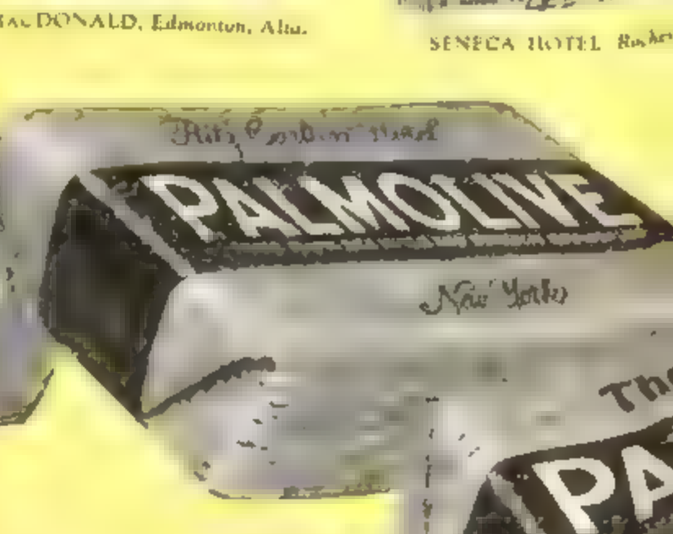

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Because it is a pure, scientific blend of rare palm and olive oils, perfectly saponified.

Because it is an unusually *thorough* cleanser—yet mild, gentle, lotion-like.

They buy it for the use of guests because it is their policy to provide the best of everything. Just as they provide excellent foods. Just as they insist upon courteous, intelligent employes. Just as they provide fine linens, beautiful furnishings and appointments.

The famous "little" cakes

For use in hotels, Palmolive is supplied in "individual cakes." They are of exactly the same pure, mild soap that is found in the famous 10c cake of general use. But smaller in size. They are wrapped in the Palmolive green wrapper—which usually carries the hotel imprint.

If you have a favorite hotel at which Palmolive is not yet being furnished a word to the manager will secure this extra comfort for future visits.

2511

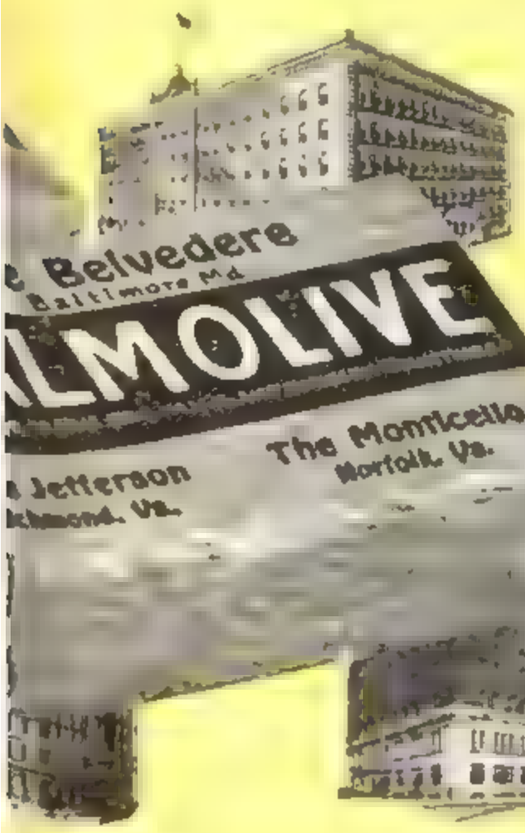
PLACE VIGER, Montreal, Canada

IAM PENN HOTEL
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
Philadelphia, Pa.

er, N. Y.

NEWHOUSE HOTEL
Salt Lake City, Utah



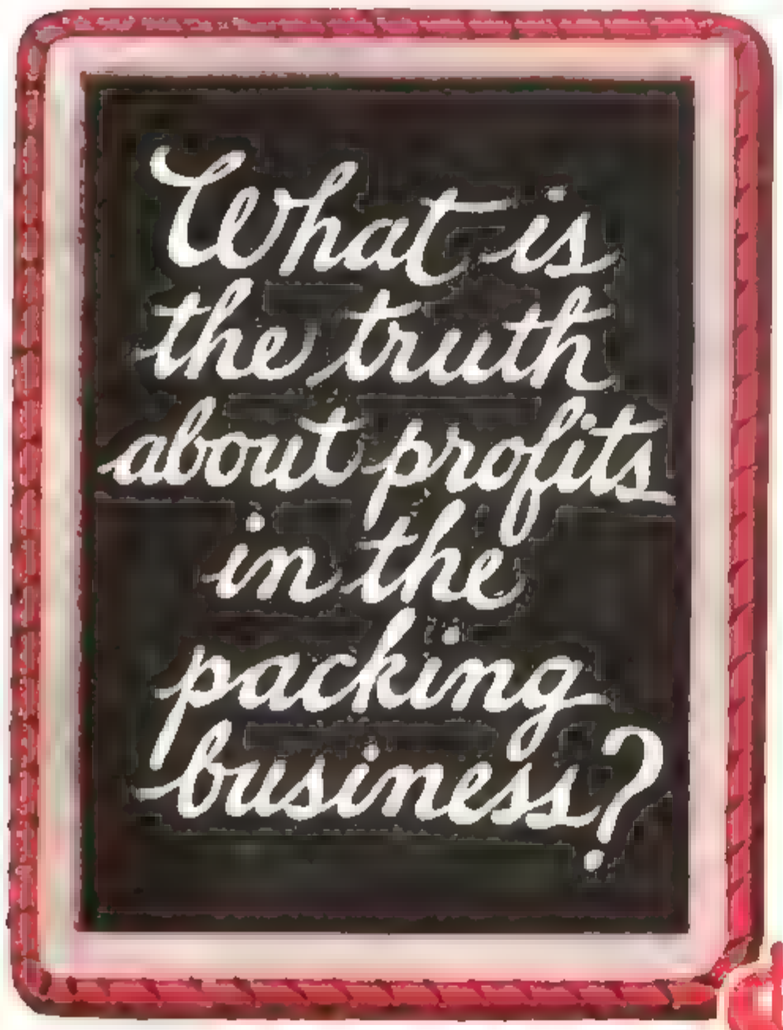
THE AMBASSADOR
New York, N. Y.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL
Philadelphia, Pa.

GUNTER HOTEL, San Antonio, Tex.

THE HOTEL CHASE St. Louis, Mo.

S. S. LEVIATHAN United States Lines



This is the sixth of a series of advertisements explaining fundamental facts about the meat packing industry—facts which the public has indicated a desire to have. If you have a question to ask, write us.

2¢ out of $1 of sales means prosperity for meat packers!

On such small profit has been built the great industry which markets a nation's live stock throughout the whole world, rendering good service to producer and consumer, and fair dividends to investors

SUCCESSFUL conduct of a business on such a narrow margin requires that each dollar of invested capital be used each year in as many trade transactions as possible. Through great diligence in management and energy in selling, we make each dollar work for us from five to seven times annually.

Thus the earning on investment is from five to seven times the net profit on sales. These two items are often confused. The former indicates how profitably an industry serves those who have invested their money in it; the latter, how economically it serves the general public.

Last year (1923) Armour and Company's net profit on sales was at the rate of 1¾%, or approximately $15,000,000. This enabled payment of 7% dividends on all of the company's preferred stock, and would have permitted a 5% dividend on common stock, but in conformity with a practice of long standing, the earnings applicable to the common stock were put in the surplus account, thereby increasing the company's available working capital. This policy of reinvesting a large portion of the earnings is mainly responsible for the development of Armour and Company from its very small beginning in 1867, to its present capacity for world-wide service.

* * *

The packing industry, because of its efficiency, is able to render its service to the public at a surprisingly low cost compared with other industries.

The Secretary of the Department of Agriculture has said:

"It is worthy of remark that this sum (what the packers sold their products for in 1919) was only 12½% greater than the amount which the packers paid for the live stock."

That is to say, 88% of the revenue received by the packer was paid out for raw materials—mostly live stock.

Recently the Department of Agriculture pointed out that out of every dollar the retailer gets from the consumer, 76c is paid to the packers. Out of this 76c calculated on the basis of the quotation above, the packer pays approximately 88% or 67c for raw material, leaving 9c of the consumer's dollar. With this margin must be paid manufacturing expenses, labor hire, freight, taxes, interest on borrowed money, and all other administrative and selling costs, before there are any profits to divide.

Changes in operating costs, freight rates, etc., bring about changes in margin and the 12½% figure given by the Secretary of Agriculture is not necessarily constant. Yet, it remains true that the packing business is able to prosper on a gross margin which is probably smaller than that of any comparable industry in the world.

* * *

In spite of all the misinformation which has been circulated giving exaggerated ideas of profit in the packing business, the simple facts, as stated above, remain true. Their significance is obvious.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Continued from Page 70

river, a far sweep of cultivated field, acre on acre closed in by the distant forest. The upper terrace was cool with shade.

"He'll be down any minute," Lucia explained, in connection with her father. "I should have gone long ago, but I didn't; I won't bother to tell you why."

Richard begged her to take no pains on his account. He selected a deep low chair, and a servant put a jug of sangaree beside him.

"You will be very gay." He spoke over the rim of a glass.

"On the contrary, I think. It would be quiet under the circumstances." Of course, referring to Charles Todd's death, a scant year back, she was correct.

"Gawin is here again, and, I imagine, his friend Newsome."

"I don't know about Mr. Newsome," she answered. "Rose Ann with her husband and the young person from Baltimore Sally is going to marry."

That, he considered, the smallness of the affair, practically a family party, made Lucia's presence more significant. For two months rumours of her engagement to Gawin Todd had reached him, and he studied her with a renewed interest: the Mathews had long been intimates of his, and, he told himself, he didn't want to lose Lucia. A marriage with Todd would come to that—he would soon find it awkward, even impossible, to frequent Welfield. He disliked, as well, the thought of Gawin Todd successful with her; with anything, candour obliged him to add. Her remarkably straight fibre, the simple directness of her mind, would be warped by his circuitous nature and life.

This he was willing—no, anxious, to prevent; but he was uncertain how to proceed. He had once been mistaken in the manner of his reference to Gawin and her. He couldn't beg Lucia to let Gawin Todd go by and he couldn't warn Beverley, who, very rightly, would regard such a liberty as totally unwarranted.

"I am sorry you are going," he said, without much attention to his words; "it's pleasanter when you're here."

"Richard Bale!" she exclaimed. "I never listened to anything more futile. You never know if I'm in the room. You never speak a word to me, except the nonsense I'm sick to death of. Why, you are not sure, always, if I am a boy or a girl. And then—then, you pretend to be melancholy because I'm leaving! You've been drinking—I mean more than usual."

"I have," he acknowledged; "some heavy rum at Jordan Gainge's, but that's ridden off. Good heavens, Lucia, can't I make a decent remark without bringing a storm?"

"It's so late," she replied; "you must remember I am not used to it, from you."

"I'm too old for a string of compliments," he told her; "that's not the Bale manner. I thought you understood us. You ought to. I'll say it again, that it's too bad you are leaving. I wanted you to go over the trees with me again. I keep forgetting. Now you'll pretend I've never had an interest in them."

He had always liked such things, she admitted; but he was stupid about names. There would be other days for that.

"Will there?" he asked. He hadn't intended to say so much, and he waited in considerable doubt of her reply. She ignored his question entirely.

"You ride to Welfield once or twice a week regularly, and the next time will be devoted to botany—but that's not the name for trees—instead of to the damnable state of the nation."

"I want to come often," he said, relieved. "I find I can't get new habits or any new friends at all—even now when I'm stirring around more. It's supposed to be a drawback. Perhaps. I can't help it."

Nonsense, she interrupted him, he was proud of it; she knew the Bales well enough to be certain of that.

"We have opinions," he acknowledged, "and we hold to the past; but I'm told it isn't wise to-day, that I am being left, since everyone has discovered that he is as good as everyone else."

"That's true," she admitted; "but I won't agree." He recognized that she was referring to conversations with Gawin Todd. "In my heart I admire what you are. Besides, you can't, as you say, help it. I added the other, that you didn't want to. I listen to more of your talk at dinner than you imagine. There is nothing to take my mind from it. Father, naturally, agrees with what you say; and I do but I don't. I don't but I do. What I am does and what I think disagrees with you. Wouldn't you know from that my name's Lucia?"

He decided to be more exact.

"You are coming under an influence foreign to you," he declared; "you are being talked into a position. No one is more aristocratic than you, and you'll never escape from it. Thank God, you won't! The people, generally speaking, I dislike you'd dislike. Why, you will judge a man forever by his seat on a horse or if he overrides the hounds. You belong to the party of Washington, to the Mathews and Bales. You'll never follow Madison's example."

She sat very quietly, following him with a clear gaze, and, it appeared to him, there was a little pallor through the dark flush of her cheeks. Only her hands, locked under the sweeping fold of a riding skirt, moved.

Then, "Are you very sure, Richard?" she asked. "Are you sure for me? It could be very serious, what you've said."

"Entirely." He spoke calmly, but, within, suddenly, there was a small nameless tumult. After all, was he serious, and seriously speaking in utter good faith? A feeling that he was merely petty, and therefore contemptible, possessed him. But he repeated his assurance, at length, with even a more decided inflection. All that could be measured was in his favor. Beverley would agree with him. "A line has been drawn between this and that," he proceeded, "through no wish of ours, and it's more and more important which side you stand on. A line," he exclaimed, "a gulf we couldn't shout across, Lucia." He modified his voice; "we'd never see each other afterwards."

She rose, gathering up her skirt, and Beverley appeared from the house.

"I thought you had gone an hour ago," he told his daughter; "a horse and the carryall have been standing ready longer. Now you'll miss supper."

Ava, she was certain, would keep supper for her. It was a short ride.

"Richard has been scolding me; he's afraid I may be getting—what did you say—a little common?"

Richard Bale cheerfully denied even the shadow of such an intention.

With Lucia gone the two men were, without speech, idly intent upon the wide prospect before them. There was a sound of bees in the jasmine, the faint call of partridges from the fields; a lavender-coloured twilight gathered along the border of the woods and slowly pervaded the open. The pitcher of sangaree had been replaced by a bowl of toddy. Richard, however, was kept from a complete enjoyment of the tranquillity by an uneasiness a self-blame, following all he had said, intimated, to Lucia, the thought of her sudden gravity returned to trouble him. He had deliberately taken the responsibility of influencing her feelings; there was no possibility of escaping the recognition that, at last, she had some dependence in him; she had begged him to be careful in his advice.

But, on examination, he was convinced that it had been, quite aside from a personal element, sound. His thoughts were directed to Gawin Todd; and, where he was concerned, a curious and familiar patience supported him. Events, he was sure, would take care of Todd. How different Gawin was from Charles, how immeasurably his inferior! Yet, Richard Bale was forced to acknowledge, not altogether inferior: Gawin, however he might disagree with him, had more energy, stronger convictions, broader interest, than his dead brother. He was—but of a new and not praiseworthy type—a fighter. he fought with phrases, in committee, by intrigue. Yes, the new art of politics. His thoughts were interrupted by a stir within. Beverley rose, and Jasper Robine walked unexpectedly out upon the terrace.

"This is agreeable," he announced, in what was, for him, a tone of cordiality. "Your daughter told me you'd be sitting here, like this, and—Gawin was so occupied—I rode over." He would, of course, Beverley asserted, stay until to-morrow, but Robine begged him to let that rest on the progress of the evening. "It would be very improper," he explained, "when I am really stopping at Todd Hundred."

Three chairs were ranged around the toddy bowl, fresh glasses provided, and, in an easy state of comfort, Robine related the circumstances which had made it possible for him to stop, on his way North, at Gloucester.

"The truth is," he admitted, "that I have been to New Orleans on a private and official errand; or public and unofficial; but we needn't bother with that. Damn the Mississippi River," he added, "since we're not in Kentucky. There's no reason why we shouldn't discuss actual conditions; if you will be good enough to remember that I am by birth, anyhow, one of you."

That, Richard Bale realized, was very gracefully said; he was exceptionally glad to see Robine again—a man he instinctively approved of and admired. He had, as far as possible, followed Robine's career; superficially he was well enough acquainted with it: at the requisite moment, it was palpable, he had dropped his allegiance to Virginia as a State for a national activity. Elected to the First Senate as a compromise between aristocratic and more liberal tendencies, he had been drawn into the second class, and was retiring—without effort to be retained—this year. He was still considered a man of importance, one destined to high office; but nothing to warrant that had yet been publicly shown. The nine years which had gone since Richard saw him last had deepened the lines at his eyes, turned his mouth in, secretively; he had rapidly aged.

"We'll have to send an army South"—it was his opinion—"and not without you, Mr. Bale. The Spanish are intolerable. They have a whole system of robbery called passes and duties. On the levee at New Orleans there is a duty of 15 per cent, and then the cargo can't be sold. It must be immediately shipped back at a charge of 6 per cent. Kentucky is in an uproar with its demands on Congress—practically a challenge to fight the Spanish or them. But even that isn't the kernel of the affair—Genêt is organizing a French expedition down the river; two, really, from Kentucky and the Carolinas. A most ambitious young man."

Richard corrected him, "A damn dangerous nuisance." Jasper Robine replied:

"You can say that here, in the Tidewater, but not in Philadelphia. I assure you there you'd meet with violence. The French, the saviours of mankind!" He put in his tone the contempt screened from his words. "I went to one of the dinners given to our noble allies, the citizens' dinner, where Biddle presided. There were artillery salutes and songs no one understood and tears, tears, kisses, of brotherhood. I'm told the Republican dinner, a week before, was worse. Anyhow, we all wore red caps; and I can imagine what the President thought of it. There was no need to imagine what we thought of the President. I've always been convinced of the ultimate futility of the Federal Party, but, Freneau almost drove me back into it. A filthy sheet."

Richard Bale listened with an intense interest—Robine baffled him. Report had him woven closer than ever into the fate of Jefferson and the new party; the National Gazette, the paper Freneau had been brought from New York to conduct, was the official Republican voice; but Robine, in a characteristic and transparent spirit of mockery, was condemning his own associates. His face, it began to appear, was stamped with discontent.

"You have been very courteous," Richard said, "and I wonder if you will satisfy us about this—we get only rumours here—does Freneau write the attacks on the government, on the President, really? To be honest with you, we hear they are inspired, or even direct from a more celebrated pen."

Jasper Robine studied him, frowning:

"To answer that as a separate question would be unjust. A great deal would have to be explained before you were equipped to judge. And then, with all the facts, I'm afraid you couldn't be persuaded. Mr. Bale, if you will allow me, I'd like to think you were bigoted. There is something about your bigotry that would refresh me. Still, on Mr. Jefferson's part, I ought to undertake at least an explanation." He set down his glass. "I'll ask you to listen to me without heat. Well, in the first place, you can't, here, appreciate the change over the country. You are free to distrust it, or think it's only temporary—I don't—but it must be met. We spoke of this, you'll recall, that other time at Mr. Charles Todd's:

"The people, Mr. Bale, the people! And now, in 1793, a damned sight more so! You believe in strong men and measures: you regard the mass as a quality to be dealt with in mass, and between that and your leaders there has been neither sympathy nor communication. I think I am justified there. You made the mistake of putting all your dependence in a single man; for you're safe only so long as Washington lives. When he dies, or when his influence goes, the Federalists will go too. John Adams isn't the same. We can never look for another Washington. Thomas Jefferson is totally different. When that happens, then, you must ask yourself, what next? Why, the people. Jefferson saw that long ago and he persuaded Madison of it. Astute men, Mr. Bale, but not naked of ideals. Supporters of the Constitution"—a fleet smile touched his lip—"strict Constructionists. They would be—it made them possible:

"When the government became national it dealt with individuals and no longer with States; that's an axiom. I can assure you of it, because there, until it happened, I was mistaken. The executive, except for Jefferson's influence, is Federal in your sense; but the House is Republican, it is the mass. The Senate ——" He stopped, arrested by thought. "I could never be a success in the House," he finally declared. "Gawin Todd is the man for that; a perfect agreement and opportunity." What all this had to do with the National Gazette Richard Bale couldn't yet see.

"New times and new methods." Jasper Robine addressed this directly to Richard. Was it the answer he had requested? Regarded as that, it was a complete admission. "The party, the public, has to be reached," Robine went on, "instructed; or, if you'd rather, led; and it isn't, as you've suspected, exclusively made of superior intellects. A mass—but you have had it to deal with. The common good! That is the National Gazette. It isn't the only one of its kind and it isn't the first. Freneau is a translator in the Department of State—Madison recommended him but he is a poet, too, and the historic license—don't you see? We have a gigantic problem to solve. Gigantic," he repeated. The ladle struck against the bottom of the toddy bowl; it was empty. A servant opportunely appeared.

"We will have supper here," Mathews informed him; "whenever it is ready." Fresh toddy arrived.

"You should regard the attacks on the President in this light," Robine insisted. "With all your coldness, politically, you are sentimental, provincial. A chapter or two of Machiavelli would be useful. I see Hamilton and Jay often; we are at the same houses, and, personally, on good terms; but politically—they are traducers of the sacred cause of American liberty." He spoke in imitation of a florid public orator. The toddy was again consumed; supper, with Madeira, disposed of; and brandy supplanted the rum. As he continued to drink, Jasper Robine's satirical comments grew freer. "Yes," he repeated, "Gawin promises to be a later Patrick Henry, and, while you're damning Madison, don't forget Henry turned Federal

"Todd was fortunate, coming into the third session of the First Congress. He missed the fight against Assumption, but was there for the Excise Bill and Hamilton's Bank Measure. With Giles, he practically led the Southern opposition in favour of the Virginia farmer and not the fox hunters. There are so many more farmers. And then, this January, they brought in the resolutions against the conduct of the Treasury. In case you haven't guessed it, that was planned to drive Hamilton out of the Cabinet."

"There was a rumour about the author of them, too," Beverley Mathews observed.

"My dear Mathews, expediency! Would you let your overseer draw a petition for you, for example, to the courts? There were five resolutions, you will remember, and a beautiful time in consequence: as you hinted, it was Jefferson—and the people—against the government. They wanted the dates and drafts of foreign debts; a statement of the balances with the bank—but you are familiar with all that. In February the charges against Hamilton were specific—he had violated the Constitution by spending money without permission of Congress. By heaven, your representatives were on their feet then! Fisher Ames, for a sick man, was remarkable. Smith, from South Carolina, with a speech Hamilton wrote—I'll get you to notice that—made an impressive racket until Jefferson had him charged with a fortune Hamilton had thrown his way in speculations."

THE burglar stays outside! He can't pass and he knows it. Or if he hasn't yet learned, he soon finds out. There's a lock behind that door he can't force, fool, or foil.

His smashing attack or his light fingered ingenuity gets him—nowhere. It isn't merely the amount of metal in the lock. It's the skill of the Yale workmen who have built into that lock the mechanism that bars his passage.

You'll feel better when every entrance of yours is barred by a Yale Guard Lock. Ask your hardware dealer to show you the Yale steel-bar lock No. 10, or the Yale hook-bolt lock No. 92. Or, the Yale 44 Automatic—the lock that automatically deadbolts your door and never forgets. A closed door is a deadbolted door with a Yale 44 on the job.

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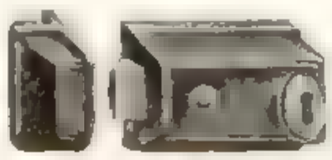

Yale No. 92 Guard Lock
with the hook-bolts

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"But the resolutions were discredited," Richard added; "no measures ever had a quicker death. I understand only seventeen members supported them." They were put aside, Robine admitted; for the while.

"The St. Clair business helped Todd, too. They very near had that accounted to the Treasury; and think of the opportunity to baste the British—the Indians led by Joseph Brandt half-English and the son of Sir William Johnson. We know better, among ourselves, but the public—I must remind you of their taste for dramatics. And when Burr came in, from New York—you'll agree it took a French tone."

Richard Bale replied, "Anything but American. Thank God, Virginia is still Federal. We have some power in the Assembly again."

Robine repeated "For the while."

The far rim of forest, the fields, and then the lower terraces, had been veiled by night; a glimmer of fireflies showed in the grass; the new moon low in the west had grown brighter only to vanish.

"But if you've missed some of this in Gloucester, John Adams is no better in Philadelphia." It was Jasper Robine again. "Every time he drives out in state with that coach of his he cools popular enthusiasm. The old method. It will be good, perhaps, for another ten years, and then the democratic nag. I'll be damned," he exclaimed, "if I know whether I'm a republican or a democrat! It's come to a mixing of both. Jefferson can't keep the name Democratic-Republicans. Theoretical. I tell him that and he talks about architecture. But Marshall bothers him. Marshall ought to be recognized, he's sure; a sharp young lawyer; but why, with Fauquier County behind him, do you suppose, he is blind to the people?"

"Marshall ought to be rewarded, Robine. I hope some day he will be elevated to a position equal with his talents, his legal talents. Relieved of politics. Patrick Henry, Jasper, is burned out, a squib; but Aaron Burr will knock open the windows. Mathews," he asked, at a tangent, "do you get this rum from a river?" His hand, with the ladle, was unsteady.

"Genêt worries him, too." Obviously he was still concerned with the Secretary of State. "He'd like to be rid of him; the private fact is we all would. The public run mad. I'll add this, Bale: You can't see it now, but Genêt will be a blessing for the Federalists."

He was, Richard observed, cursed well disguised.

"Wait! I tell you he is a keg of powder under the republicans, the democrats, the Democrat-Republicans. He'll blow us up—but we will come down again, in office. The people! This is the hell of a big country, bigger than you'd ever reckon; and there will be more people than you could count in a lifetime; individual men will go for nothing. But the system will do it, unless it breaks down; and then there will be a French omelet—one big yellow hell of an omelet. You gentlemen have had things your own way for a long time, with your plantations to hunt over; but they are going to be cut into little farms for the people; and you will have to be good and join the Baptist or the Presbyterian Church. No Church of England. You can't expect to eat nectarines, and the people with only potatoes.

"The nectarine trees will go, and the apricots and bowers of jasmine. Bale, you were a fool not to contrive to get killed at Yorktown. Richard Bale of Balisand. It won't do! You ought to see that. Yes, killed by your old friends, your own family, the British. The army will be put under Congress, under the people, where it can be kept democratic—no nonsense from Citizen Bale or drilling for free men."

An acute unhappiness had crept into his voice. Only the whiteness of his face and his hands delicately white against his beautiful attire were visible. At last, Richard realized, he was drunk.

"Perhaps that is enough." Beverley Mathews rose in an evident intention to keep Robine from saying what, later, he might regret. "It is so thick here we would be better in at a table."

The two men followed him into the house, and Mathews had candles brought to the drawing-room. Jasper Robine turned morose, silent. The drinking steadily went on. Richard Bale was blurred, uncertain, in his thoughts and movements. He attempted a speech in return to what Robine had told them, a song, and a detailed eulogy of Gloucester County, all without success. One broke, trailed into the other, and returned to the first. He felt tremendously sorry for Robine, and, with a hand on his shoulder, expressed his affection.

"Come back to the Tidewater," he begged him, "where gentlemen are not cut up in sections and the ministers are fed on apricots. Come home to the Northern Neck—nectarine." This moved him to gusts of self-approving laughter. He explained his humour to Beverley. Northern Neck—nectarine. "Never try to be funny," Mathews advised him; "it's not in the Bale character."

The morning, thin and gray, flowed into the drawing-room: Beverley Mathews' face was swollen and inanimate, as though from hidden ulceration; shadows, fleeing from the room, seemed to adhere like cobwebs to Robine; Richard Bale's disturbance moved from his head to his stomach; his emotion sank to a cold distaste for all living. Jasper Robine, contrary to every expectation, had been—in his own troubled comprehension—a failure; that was privately the truth about him. Why, Richard couldn't penetrate. Perhaps what he intrinsically was, came inescapably in conflict with his ambition; yes, that was it. He had set out to use the power of what he called the people for his own end, and it had retaliated by using him. He wasn't astute enough to compete with a mind like Jefferson's. What he had intimated about John Marshall's future, it was clear, he had applied to himself. Richard walked out on the terrace:

The east was flushed with the coming of the sun, the colour of the dew-drenched roses below him; partridges were whistling from every cover. He went on, passed the circular white-painted brick ice house, and, finding a servant, ordered his horse saddled, determined not to return to the house.

Once he broke through the hands of the negro helping him to mount; the lawn rocked, the trees, in the stillness of the morning, bowed; but, on Diggery, his feet engaging the stirrups and the bridle in hand, he was steady, automatically competent.

His thoughts in the days that followed—June became July—often returned to Jasper Robine; but not so much to the individual as what, in effect, he had predicted. No one knew the veritable condition of the United States better. If he had been certain of the impending collapse of the Federalists, equally he was skeptical of his own party: the burden of his speaking had been the people, the people, and every time he referred to them his voice had grown sharper, his distrust more apparent. Militiamen! Yet there seemed to be no limits to the popularity of Genêt and his cause. The Proclamation of Neutrality, where the French Ambassador and American public were concerned, had, it appeared, no existence: Genêt addressed aggressive letters to the government; the ships of the States-General continued to bring prizes into United States ports. The Little Sara, conducted by the French Ambuscade into Philadelphia, was rechristened the Petit Democrat, and, fitted as a privateer, put to sea down the Delaware in express defiance of the Commonwealth's Secretary. Washington was temporarily at Mount Vernon, absent during this; and Jefferson had withdrawn himself, in an inopportune—or opportune?—fever to Belmont.

But, for Richard there was a more immediate and local, a threatening, development of Genêt's activity. He gathered, in scattered phrases and conversations at the courthouse, that a Democratic Club was being formed in Gloucester County. Only a few men here, he was certain, would have any part in such an organization—outside Guinea and the poor whites. But the French tricolour appeared in increasing numbers. It was impossible now for Richard to beat off with his whip the hats to which it was pinned. The men who wore it, he observed, regarded him with a concerted unmistakable enmity. Once, when he had utilized a favourable opportunity for a seemingly impromptu public expression of his political opinion, he was interrupted by jeers from those outside the group before him.

Richard Bale stopped abruptly and went forward in search of the disturbers; but he met only a sullen anonymous silence.

"Your trouble," he announced, "is the trouble of all crowds. It's made up of stupid cowards, men too lazy for the least

(Continued on Page 78

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MODELS: 5-Pass. Touring; 7-Pass. Touring; Roadster; 5-Pass. Sedan; 7-Pass. Sedan and Four-Door Coupe

New Special Six Series

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(Continued from Page 76)

success or any kind of thought. You can't think and you let others, unfortunately not so stupid, attend to it for you. I have this to say to you somewhere at Balisand there is a black cockade. It was worn in a time you know nothing about. And, when I go home, I'm going to find it and wear it. And if anyone has a contrary word to say I'll kill him. Repeat that to your Democratic Club."

From behind him came an assertion—"the British colour."

He wheeled and identified the speaker: "Not here, in Virginia; but the colour of the Continental Army; where it wasn't white. And there is another fact for you—the Democrat Club in Pennsylvania was a political trick to reelect Governor Mifflin. Dallas managed it—if that means anything to you."

He walked contemptuously away to the horse rack where Diggery was tied, mounted without a backward glance.

"Wear it," the shout followed him, "and we'll cure you like a hog!"

A serenity of mind enveloped him riding home over the narrow way filled with the hot peace of midsummer. There would be a pleasant air drawing down the North River, cooling the afternoon, the portico, at Balisand. He recalled where he had put the cockade. It was in a table drawer in his bedroom, and he requested Mrs. Patton to sew it, firmly, on his hat. Morryson Bale appeared while she was busy with this, and he asked if Cornwallis were back of the woods.

"Nothing so admirable," Richard replied; "a few citizens behind trees."

Mrs. Patton was uneasy.

"I don't know why," she confessed, "but this black upsets me. I'm sure you're being contrary again; and when you are, there is a lot to pay."

He advised her not to worry—about him. Let the Guineamen do that. His thoughts swung to Zena Gainge: she was, he realized, increasingly apt to occupy his mind. His dislike of her had shifted again to curiosity. A very remarkable woman in the strangest of circumstances! On account of her birth, her antecedents and associations, he considered her with more freedom than his habit was with women. She seemed totally different from all others, aside from them. He must, he told himself once more, have the Gainges to dinner. First, however, it would be better for him to see them again. He found that he was looking forward to it. At this he tried to examine himself and his motives in connection with Zena; but, of the latter, there were none he could identify. He wasn't—damn the word—in love with her. That he was certain of. Zena Gainge was married. Richard couldn't, either, discover the presence of an inexcusable physical desire; he wasn't open to such vulgarity.

Yet Zena persisted in engaging his speculations; and, riding to Jordan Gainge's—it was past three o'clock and their dinner would be over—an anticipation which was almost excitement engaged him. The tall marsh grass was bronze-green, its blades like a sweep of swords opposed to the shining water. Gainge had gone out, across the Severn to Sadler's Neck.

"He'll be back for supper," his wife continued; "you must stay."

He couldn't do that, he reflected, studying her. She had been unprepared for visitors. They were so rare, she added -caught by him, really. But he preferred the simplicity of her dress to her more formal efforts.

"Don't let's go in the house," Zena Gainge said. "It's so cold in there, and full of lessons." And, in response, they sat where the side of the house sheltered them from the sun. "The day lilies are all flowers now, after you told me how to do with them. Perhaps that's what's been the matter with me."

Incautiously he asked her for an explanation.

"When you came here it got sunny right off." This gave him an uncomfortable pleasure. It was one of the admissions her training hadn't taught her to repress.

"It's only that you are getting used to it here," he corrected her; "you're more at home, Mrs. Gainge." Her name, she instructed him, was Zena.

"Say it."

Richard Bale repeated it. "Zena. That is very pretty."

She was warmly glad he liked it. When Jordan Gainge's wife smiled she was almost charming. Superb teeth white in the intent brown of her thin face.

She talked intimately, at random, rehearsing the incidents of her empty days; and he listened, more conscious of her personality than of her words. Her throat was informally bare; he was surprised at its sound smoothness. But she was all, he saw, made that way: the appearance of thinness was a deception. He grew annoyed at himself for such thoughts inadmissible in the manner he had expressly disclaimed. How did the woman affect him? He didn't—always a danger—feel sorry for her. With her, he thought, rather, about his own sensations. In a manner, he realized, he had been starved of warmth; his life might almost be called abnormal. It was so easy here, with Zena, to be sympathetically appreciated; she soothed the customary harshness of his mind. She wasn't unlike the sun—bringing out qualities in him long dormant, unsuspected. If her existence was empty, why, so was his; nothing but the troubles of servants, planting, Thomas Ekkes, Mrs. Patton and Morryson. His uncle was becoming more difficult every year; nothing satisfied him; he was, with his eternal comparisons, not in favour of the present world, making him, Richard Bale, sick of the past.

"You weren't listening to me," Zena complained: "but thinking of some other woman."

That, he assured her, was an impossibility: none other was—was alive.

"Do you mean it?" she demanded.

Their chairs were close together and she touched his arm. The brief contact of her hand stirred him

"None," he repeated positively.

"That isn't much better, for it includes me."

He was forced to admit in that case he had been wrong.

"I do think of you—without quite knowing why."

She swayed toward him, and then rose swiftly—Jordan Gainge was coming across the lawn.

"I call this friendly!" he declared. "Zena would never move a foot to get you a drink. We can soon mend that." He joined them, bringing with him the celebrated Barbados rum and glasses. "It was hot over the river. Now you're here we'll keep you for supper; you'd better not cross the marshes before morning. There's no reason why you can't stay." His gaze encountered Richard's hat, on the ground. "A long while since I've seen that cockade. The badge of the Georges, once." Zena demanded an explanation. "The ribbon on Mr. Bale's hat is a sign of war," he told her, a gleam of humour over his set face. "It's a challenge." She scarcely heeded him, but turned to Richard and, in an indiscreet concern, exclaimed that he mustn't expose himself to harm.

"It was his trade," Gainge continued; "it's what he lives on—the chances of harm and toddy. Men do—used to," he corrected his tense. He was looking at Zena, Richard observed, whenever her attention was diverted from him. A stabbing metallic inquiry. His good humour vanished. A servant called them into the house, and as the men waited for Zena, her hand, as she passed him, touched and caught at Richard's. Involuntarily he glanced at Jordan Gainge: the elder man's face was like a carved figurehead from one of his ships. She was an idiot, Richard thought resentfully.

He felt uneasy—he was the idiot. She continued to treat him with a positively indecent care. Zena hardly replied to her husband; at times her shoulder was turned squarely upon him.

"We ought to have Madeira," she told Richard; "I'm sure you drink it at supper, and not horrible currant wine made at home."

He replied that what they had was very agreeable. Gainge suddenly stood, moving back his chair.

"You'll excuse me for a little," he addressed Richard; "there is something I want to do, and then I have to see about the reaping to-morrow. You won't miss me."

He nodded to Zena and quitted the room.

"I don't know why he did that," she said; "he wouldn't let me. It doesn't matter, though, does it? And he was right I won't miss him." However, Jordan Gainge's informal departure didn't serve to lessen Richard Bale's growing disturbance. It was strange rudeness, for Gainge well knew that it was his wife's place to retire. He became awkwardly silent; Zena smiled enigmatically at him; and, when they rose, she frankly took his hand, leading him into the room beyond.

"No one knows who is behind you in the dark," she explained.

A pair of brass lanterns, on the walls, had been lighted; but for them the room was empty; she stood before him with her face lifted.

He was conscious of a sudden constriction at his throat; and, independent of resolve, in the grip of an urging need, he was bending over her when the waiting stillness of her face changed into an expression of dread.

"Look," she whispered, pointing to the table at his back.

He saw at once what she indicated: one of the pistols that had rested on the mantelshelf was placed where the light was brightest. Richard picked the pistol up, examining it. The hammer was cocked, the flint exact, powder in the pan. He stared at it, and then, detaching the ramrod, tested its length in the barrel.

"Loaded"

He had spoken without volition. Zena was pressed against him, but no longer in dread; her whole being was charged with a vital eagerness.

"Jordan left it, for us. It's exactly what he'd do. A hateful old man!" To Richard Bale's amazement her arms were around his neck. "Take me away, Richard!" she implored him. "It's no happier here for you than me. Richard—where we'll be free together. You knew how I felt, that night at the tavern when you were so good to me. You've always understood when no one else did. You can have all of me—for ever." Her mouth was on his, her cheeks transferring the wetness of her tears to his face. He released himself violently:

"You are mad," he declared; "Jordan may be anywhere and see us."

"No, he wouldn't," she reassured him; "he'd leave a pistol and he would kill us, but he wouldn't hide behind a door now."

Richard Bale was infuriated at Zena, at himself—he had been betrayed into an utterly ridiculous, a criminal, position. In the heat of his temper he spoke brutally, with no regard for the feeling of the woman moving slowly back from him.

"I can't imagine how you came to do this, and it's evident you're not used to even decent social custom. I'm not in love with you. If I were such a—a thief, I'd expect a rope and not a bullet; and nothing in life could take me from Balisand. If I'm to blame for this it doesn't alter the facts."

She was against the wall, shrunken together, with her hands pressed to her throat.

"Oh!" she said, with a sobbing breath; "oh!" Then, before he realized her intention, she was across the floor, at the table.

Zena Gainge was incredibly quick, but, instinctively, he was quicker, and he broke the pistol from her grasp.

"Two murderers," he said, unexcited. "But I'd rather face you with a pistol than without." He laid the weapon down, in an exact care, on the table. "Tell Mr. Gainge," he instructed her, "I found his suggestion, but didn't need it. Say to him that, from his place, I acknowledge the justice in his action. I ought to ask you to forgive me, and I do. I'll wait outside, since you won't want me in your house, for my horse."

"You're more hateful than the women," she spoke, through a concentrated labouring passion, with difficulty. "I can't tell you how I ——" Words failed her. "I hope you sink in the ma'sh! I'll never say marsh again, not while you do—and the others. Gentlemen! Oh, God! There isn't a drop of fit blood in you. I'd like to cut your horse in strips and choke you with them."

She sank beside the table, a crumpled heap, crying with the abandon of a child. He lingered a moment, distressed. He could say nothing further, nothing to stem the great injury he had done her. Yes, he was guilty. Yet nothing remained but to get his horse.

(TO BE CONTINUED

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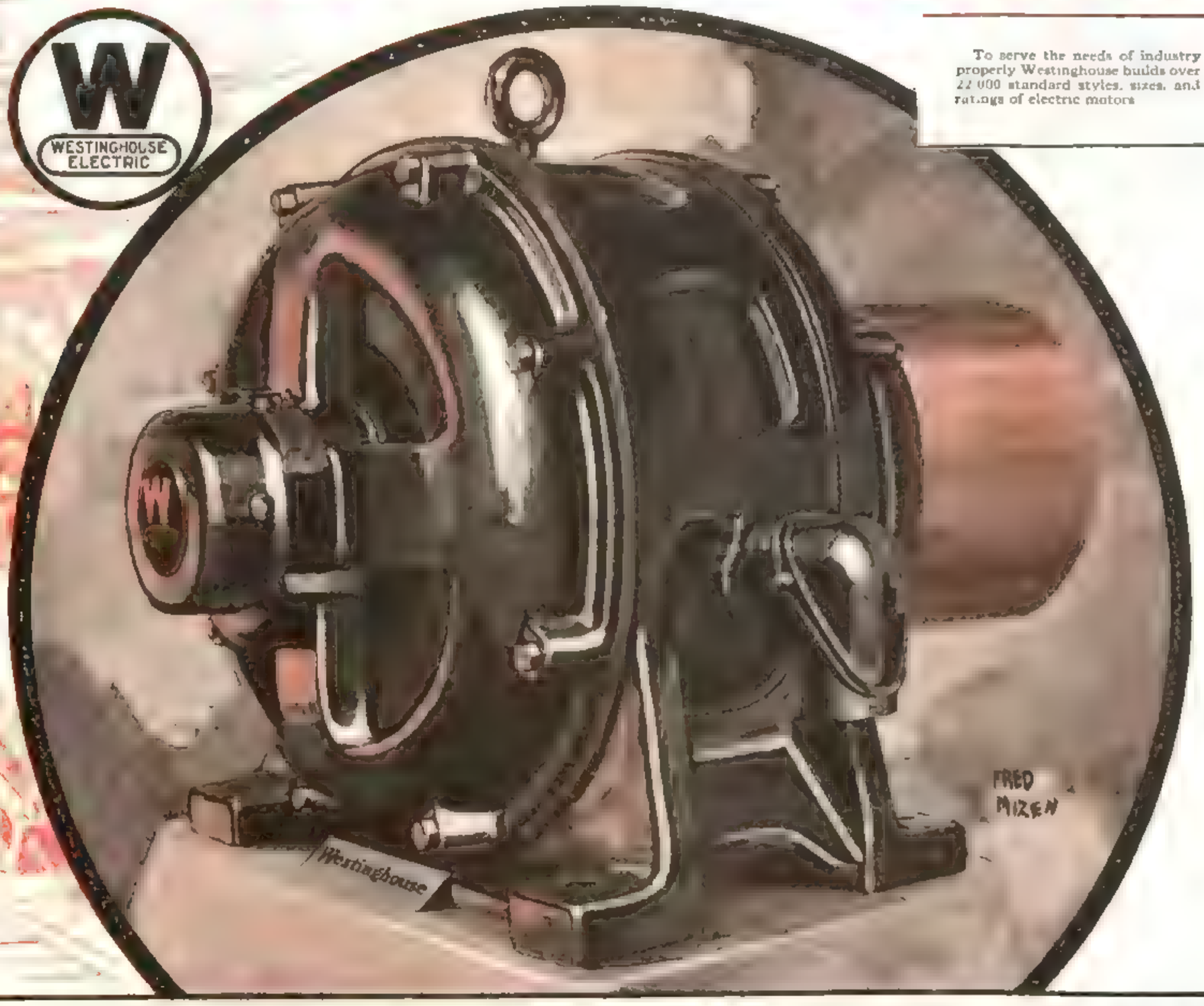

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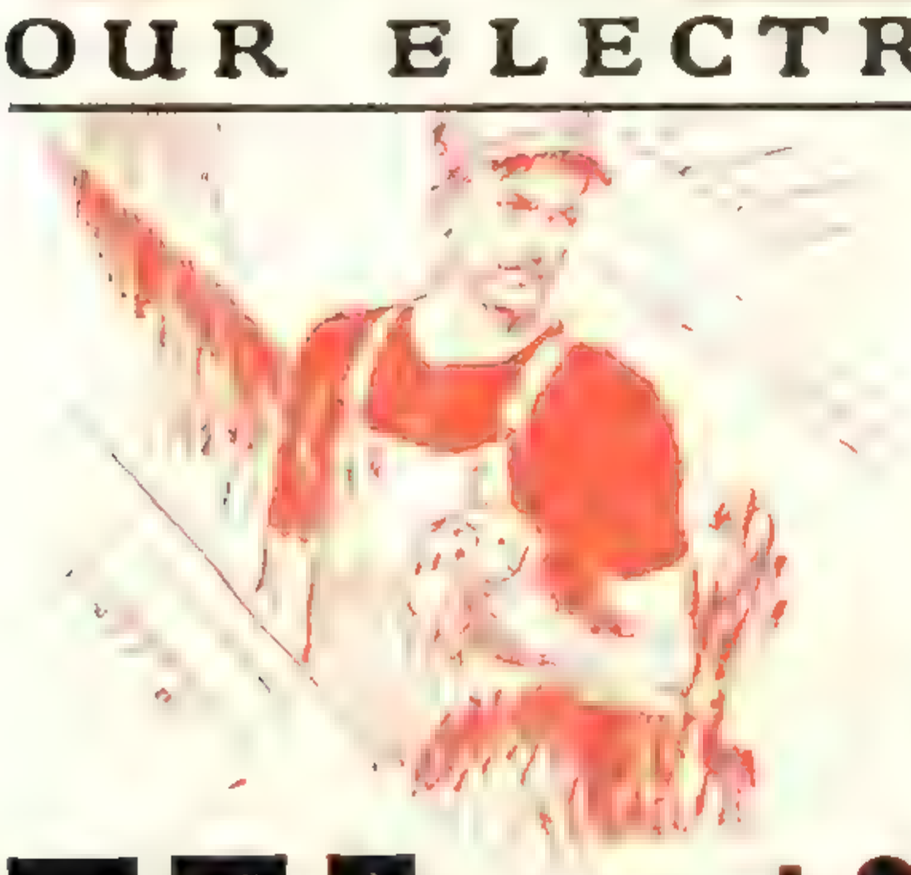

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PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 5)

stream of tendency that would make me an outline, a formula. We chatted at length about this, and time flew more swiftly than I was aware of. I remember telling my friend that I was still thrilled by certain old fashions of title, such as Houtman's Company of Distant Countries, founded after he discovered the short way to Java, and above all by The Company of Gentleman Adventurers Trading into the Hudson Bay Country.

"I would have liked that," I said, and was nettled when Jessup retorted, "Poor old Coppie! Why, man, you're only a toy balloon tugging at your string. How gayly you'd start if the string broke, but how little a way you'd get toward a distant country! You wouldn't last long without the string—your fun's all in the tugging."

I argued this and we diverted our talk into other channels until I presently remembered my instructions about the lemon ice. I begged the use of Jessup's telephone and told the man he was to send half lemon ice and half vanilla cream. He replied that he knew this and had already done it an hour before. As I hung up the receiver I recalled that I was to tell him the opposite, but it seemed useless now.

I went back to the porch, reflecting that Mrs. Copplestone would have another of those grievances against me so soon after one that had quite annoyed her. The week previous, she, being in the city with her sister, had written me to meet her there so that she might select a suit of clothes for me and some items of haberdashery. I had gone to the city as she desired and stopping at the news stand of the railway station on my way out had found a London quarterly I was especially eager for. Sitting on a bench for a moment to glance through it, I had become absorbed and a bit forgetful, I suppose, since I was still there when the hour arrived for my evening train to Fairwater. I had the utmost difficulty in persuading Mrs. Copplestone, when she found me, that I had sat there since my arrival that morning, a period of five hours. It seemed preposterous to this dependable woman, and she took no pains to hide her annoyance. Bystanders in the station and our adjacent fellow passengers on the train must have known that she was sorely annoyed. And now I had forgotten another direction.

I went back to Jessup, inwardly perturbed, and confided my predicament to him. He counseled another glass of the sherry, and when I had drunk it I did feel rather fortified, talking perhaps more than I should otherwise have done. I told him precisely the nature of the entertainment I was expected to attend, and the good chap clicked his lips in sympathy. Then he was about to speak, but seemed to think better of it; he had been on the point of some impulsive utterance; and pulled himself up rather awkwardly to talk of other things. It was plain he felt resentful in my behalf but found it in better taste not to say so. Tactfully he changed the topic to tell me that liquor was now easy to obtain, as we were on a popular rum route from the lakes to the city. Discussing this and other matters I sat there until 5:30, desperately resolved not to appear at all at Mrs. Copplestone's triumph.

As Jessup talked on of this and that, I had formed a plan. I am certain now that Jessup's liquor gave me the courage for it. I would approach our house from the rear, enter through the kitchen door, ascend the back stairs and be found in bed with threatened appendicitis, as I had done once before in order to avoid accompanying Mrs. Copplestone to a woman's convention to which she was a delegate and which she had refused to consider attending without me.

Appendicitis had availed me that time; it must do so once more, and the alleged pains must excuse my forgetfulness about the lemon ice. Yet what matter if she should not be persuaded of their realness? I felt a new temerity. I had, certainly, been emboldened by my repeated libations. Almost, for a moment, I was tempted to abandon the pretense of a physical disorder; I pictured myself facing the woman defiantly, announcing in cool, crisp tones my determination not to appear at her receptions, and my utter indifference to the character of her refreshments. Still, after a moment's reflection, this seemed needlessly extreme. The appendicitis was plausible and would be perhaps more seemly, even more dignified.

While I meditated Jessup had grown oratorical. We were living by rote; by another century routine would have staled us to a point where a gentleman with an ounce of sportsmanship in his make-up would consider life beneath him—he would no longer stoop to it. I warmly agreed with him, and questioned if mere life had ever, even in remote times, deserved all that was said in its praise. "But dash it all," I concluded, "I must return home."

"I'm d——d sorry for you, old man," said Jessup, and wrung my hand warmly. "Remember there were poets before Homer, and brave men before and since Agamemnon. I dare you to go home and say in loud tones that your soul's your own!"

Hereupon he laughed heartily. He is not one to make a pretense that he doesn't relish his own things. I waved cheerfully to him as I went down his walk. I am sure he did not suspect that his sherry, and perhaps his discourse, had nerved me to a point where I should avoid Mrs. Copplestone's reception and retire firmly to my bed. Standing on his veranda, his hair in disorder as always, his witty understanding eyes were full of light as he waved responsively to me.

I walked back along Maple Avenue, pleased to observe that, even thus withdrawn from the supporting cheer of Jessup, I felt no decrease in my courage. Mrs. Copplestone's reception would be at its loudest and she would be counting upon my presence. This time, to her chagrin, steel would clash on steel. She would discover me in bed and suffering violent pains.

Again I noted, as I walked, that curious sense of something portentous at the back of my mind, as if another me had assumed control of my actions but would not yet divulge its plan. This other self was sternly issuing commands, but only one at a time, with a finger on its lips. I turned firmly into Ninth Street and entered the alley that would allow me to reach our home unobserved. From either side the backs of houses stared at me, sternly noncommittal, over their clothesalines and outbuildings. I came to our rear gate, opened it, and walked with a fearless tread to the kitchen door. Not once did I falter. At the door I paused a moment, observing that the innocent rear of our home gave no hint of the odious festivity enlivening its front. There was no light in the kitchen and I could hear none of the voices I knew were at their highest beyond a few shut doors.

I softly turned the knob of the kitchen door and pushed. The door did not yield. I pushed again and perceived that a trap must have been set for me. Mrs. Copplestone would have divined my ruse and instructed Hilda to keep her kitchen door locked so that I must enter by the front way. I knocked on the panel, meaning to bribe Hilda to admit me secretly, but no answering footstep could I hear.

Then a wave of anger swept me. Jessup had said I was a toy balloon tugging at its string, but all at once I felt that I, too, was a bell and might clang a brazen tongue in the ear of all social decencies. Curiously, also, I was aware that this other self of mine now controlled me beyond any conscious reasoning. In response to a purely brute impulse I drew back and threw my full weight against the locked door. It shook under the assault, but still held. Again I tried, my rage mounting. The door trembled promisingly. A third time I gathered all my energies, and so terrific the force I brought into play, the door yielded at its lock and I stood within our kitchen, panting from my exertions but with no qualms about what I had done. Had Mrs. Copplestone confronted me there and then I am positive I should have spoken sharply to her and made no pretense of illness.

But she was not there, nor was Hilda. The kitchen was in deep dusk, its table bare, nor even yet could I hear the babble of rejoicing women beyond the next door. Strangely, too, my nostrils were not assailed by the odor of coffee, which is always an outstanding feature of these annoying affairs. Puzzled, I tiptoed to the swinging door of the butler's pantry, stealthily traversed this, and pushed slightly ajar the door that gave on our dining room. A glance to the living room beyond revealed that the place was empty; there were no voices; no sandwiches, no lemon ice that should have been vanilla cream.

I let the second door swing to its place and stood trembling, a prey to the most fearful imaginings. What had happened to our home—or to me? Frankly, I recalled tales of magic I had read as a child. The place seemed to lie under an enchantment, or perhaps an entire day had been cut from my life and this was tomorrow, when Mrs. Copplestone would be lecturing at the Civic Purity League. I felt cold drops of moisture gather on my brow and roll a chill way to my beard, where they left a tickling sensation. Haltingly I made my way back to the door I had broken open, for all at once I had become sheerly frightened; the empty place was growing noisy with wraiths, as it were, of the voices I had thought to hear. It was uncanny to sense them, far-off, mocking, sinister. Whatever had occurred to change Mrs. Copplestone's plans, I should not stay by myself in our home that night. I knew my fears to be childish, but I was beyond reasoning them away.

As I stepped outside the door and turned to close it the ghostly voices I had heard within grew louder, and I at once made a discovery that stupefied me. Through inattention, being engrossed with my own thoughts, I had entered burglariously the vacant Leffingwell home, next to ours. There, across a stretch of lawn, the shrill jangle of Mrs. Copplestone's festal disorder was at its height, and I a clumsy invader in the home of a man who had left it safely locked!

In the first realization of this catastrophe I stood petrified with dismay. Through our own open windows came the voices of women in strained gayety, the clash of porcelain, and even the aroma of coffee, all missed in my previous absorption. A sudden burst of female laughter, shrill and venomous, seemed to mock my plight and aroused me to immediate necessities. Again I stepped within the Leffingwell kitchen, closing the abused door behind me, and stood in troubled debate. The shadows of dusk were heavy about me, the voices again muffled to a distant ghostly cackling.

After a moment my courage returned and I moved lightly to the front of the house, sprawling once over a footstool most outrageously left in my way. I stationed myself at a side window, where by pulling back an edge of the drawn curtain I could peer into the thronged rooms across the way. And surveying this scene of light-laughing disorder, I ceased finally to care that my negligence had resulted in lemon ice where vanilla cream was wished. My indignation mounted.

"So," I sneered, "you can gabble heartlessly there with your political gang while your husband a few yards distant stands menaced with confinement in a felon's cell!"

I found this thought running over and over through my mind and was conscious that it made me feel better.

I watched at my window a bit longer, wondering, as always, how these creatures could find so much to say simultaneously, then withdrew into the deepening shadow and sat in an armchair to consider my position further. It was not a comfortable chair to sit in, as, though solid appearing, it persisted in rocking at my slightest movement. I became impatient at this and sought another that would be more stable, remembering now that I had never cared for the furnishing of the Leffingwell home. They are excellent people, but their—or perhaps her—ideals of elegance seem to have clashed triumphantly with the requirements of comfort when one is in a sitting position. However, I sat rigidly on a plush-upholstered settee, unyielding, for all its promise of luxury, and reflected upon the apparently trivial chance that may begin a new pattern in the woof of our destiny.

By the merest accident such as might occur to anyone given to spells of deep thought, I was where I had no right to be and absent from that place where Mrs. Copplestone considered I had every obligation to be. I wondered if to her guests she now masked her impatience with me, as, at a recent faculty dinner party, she had pretended to laugh off my tardy arrival. In any event I knew her capable mind, already heated by my negligence in the matter of the ice, would be framing rebukes for my nonappearance and looking forward, not without a certain gusto, to the moment when she could overwhelm me with them. She

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would rate me soundly, and this would have to be faced.

Desperately I went again to the curtained window, and at the first glance to the revelry beyond I was seized with a new wonder: Had it indeed been mere chance that I was here? That apparently blind director at the back of my mind—was not it the culprit that had brought me here, and not by chance, either? And what could I make from the guidance? Was I but a toy balloon tugging at its string or was I a bell indeed full capable of clanging a brazen tongue?

The revelry beyond was at its height. A piano sounded, and I recognized the touch of Mrs. Copplestone, who plays the instrument with a kind of skillful glibness. Even as she played she was doubtless dipping her verbal arrow points in poison for the delinquent husband's welcome when he did come. And what if he never came?

The injustices of thirty years seemed to mass upon me at this thought. I had disappeared, and yet I lived. I recalled certain speculations idle enough of our mathematicians. They had said that one mastering the fourth dimension might vanish instantly, yet still exist. And now it seemed oddly to me that I stared from a fourth dimension into which I had trickily disappeared. I was beyond life, yet an observer of its tumult. The knowledge elated me. I let the curtain fall back to hide the hateful picture and made my way to the upper floor of the Leffingwell house, stumbling over another atrocious footstool as I went. There were beds above, and at sight of their reassuring outlines, dimly to be traced in the dusk, I felt a sudden relaxing of taut nerves. Merely to be in the presence of a bed seemed not only to relieve all my tension but to produce a sensation of drowsiness that I profoundly relished. And for thirty years I had been told almost daily that I am hopelessly impractical!

II

FAR in the night I awoke heavily and was for some moments at a loss to orient myself. It seemed that I must, still half asleep, push through a jungle growth of impressions that I was in my own bed in my own room.

When remembrance at last came I was dismayed more than I can say. I had gone to sleep exultant and I awoke depressed. All that golden lust for adventure had gone and left a raging thirst. I groped stumblingly to a bathroom I had observed and drank some glasses of water—gulped them rather, as if I must quench an inward conflagration. Somewhat revived, I made my way to the adjoining apartment and pulled aside the curtain of a window giving on my own house.

All there was dark and still. I had half expected lights would be ablaze. Seemingly my failure to appear had occasioned no concern. Mrs. Copplestone, I made no doubt, slept with her wonted placidity, calmly certain that on the morrow I would again be at her mercy. The air was chill, and I was made curiously apprehensive by the noises one hears at night in a house—mysterious cracklings of floor boards as if someone went stealthily overhead, little sounds that hinted a cautious trying of door knobs, soft rustlings as of an intruder's garments brushing against walls. I have never been imaginative, but I considered that these disturbances could be better endured if I went again to the bed I had chosen.

A long time I lay listening to ominous creaks and softened footfalls, but I must at last have found peace, for when I again became conscious thin strips of sunlight were admitted to the room on either side of the curtains shrouding the two windows. I glanced at a clock on the overdecorated mantel but saw that it could not be going. It was one of those clocks that seem not to be expected to go and to be prized for their beauty alone; a clock with a glittering crockery body, effusively ornamented with pansies and other minor flowers and having its useless hands gilded. Probably it had not done an hour's honest service since the day of its purchase by someone with a flawed sense of decorative values. Mrs. Copplestone keeps one like this in our guest room, blankly confronting a universe in which time has ceased

I looked about for another clock that might be going, and found myself staring at a silver-framed photograph of Leffingwell on the small night table beside my bed. The man had been caught at a pleased moment. He has jowls so heavy that the upper part of his head is made to seem too narrow—rather a pearlike shape—and his inconsiderable remnant of hair, neatly brushed and extending a scant inch or two each side of the careful parting, heightens the illusion of narrowness. I reached out and with some disrelish turned the thing well away from me. Leffingwell is not a bad chap. He conducts an enterprise in which he sells lumber or something of that sort for building purposes, and has made an excellent neighbor, but his face was not one that I could have smirking at me so near.

The room itself was little enough to my taste. Its wall paper was too vehemently colored, and of a really intemperate pattern. After a survey of my unfortunate surroundings I reached for my own watch, but found that I must have been too absorbed the night before to wind it. However, I would not long be puzzled about the time of day. I went to one of the windows and peeped out. A milk wagon had halted before my own door. So it would be seven o'clock, and I rewound my timepiece. I then dressed and went to the next room, where I could overlook the side yard and where I observed Hilda come out to take the bottle of milk and the smaller bottle of cream from the step.

And now, as on the night before, I thrilled to that curious sense of being in another plane of existence where yet I could overlook the one I had quitted. I had indeed made the fourth dimension. Often had I fancied the dead might thus return to survey us, imminent yet remote. And I could reappear at any moment I chose. I dwelt upon this thought, and suddenly I was reviewing my whole past life within those brown walls beyond with an icy aloofness I had never before achieved. I could reappear at any moment—but did I wish to reappear? Another time it might not be so easy to vanish. I reminded myself that, in vanishing this time, I had not been unassisted by circumstances. I had not meant to vanish. I had meant to slink—actually slink—to my own room and pretend a serious indisposition merely to escape something another man would have laughed off in scorn. Could I afford to give up the advantage I had gained by reason of an inadvertence that now seemed benign? At any rate I resolved that I would not appear too hastily. For the moment I would sit tightly, as our college slang has it. Then as I still looked through the narrow aperture I was seized with compunction. Perhaps Mrs. Copplestone had indeed worried throughout the night. Perhaps I had wrongly assumed her indifference.

At that moment she appeared at the side door which I faced. She was hatted and gloved for the street and bore under one arm her dog, Pudgkins. This is a fat, revolting little beast with long hair and a snappish temper, toward whom my attitude was long ago made plain. She was brought down the steps and gently placed on the lawn, where she cavorted clumsily, wheezily, and, as always, complainingly. Cato, my cat, as handsome an animal as one would wish to see, now came bounding out from the back of the house, confronting the poor mongrel so suddenly that he was quite naturally startled to arching his back and hissing. Pudgkins squealed in fright, having on more than one occasion learned that her sex was no insurance against Cato's attacks; and what must Mrs. Copplestone do but rush toward him with an angrily brandished parasol, at which he ran up an apple tree and looked down upon her and her monstrous pet with a quiet disdain. Mrs. Copplestone shook the parasol at him in a threatening manner and I could see her lips move with suggestions of bitterness, after which she picked Pudgkins up and walked firmly on to the garage.

The painful scene had been a revelation to me. Mrs. Copplestone had not been overwhelmed by any sense of catastrophe involving her husband. Never had she seemed less troubled. The rugged grandeur of her features had not been impaired by a sleepless night. Whatever she suspected had not distressed her. She betrayed, moreover, a slight impatience of manner as her common-sense shoes trod their firm way onward—slight but enough to warn me that this was no hour for our reunion. I watched her slide back the door of the garage and saw her enter our car. The motor hummed and the car backed accurately out along the cement walk beneath me. Mrs. Copplestone would be gone about her official duties.

Even at the moment I could but admire, as often I had done, the unerring skill with which she directed the car while in reverse. I myself have a time at this. I am always running off the roadway or perhaps crumpling a fender against the side wall of our home, and my lack of skill in this matter has occasioned some distressing exchanges between us, especially as I seem to be unlucky even after I reach the safe highway, though I am by no means so inept as Mrs. Copplestone would have one believe. The few accidents in which I have figured have been trifling, indeed; nothing to justify her almost indecent comment.

A weight was now off my mind. My absence had occasioned no apprehension and clearly this was no time to terminate it. True, I was free to follow my original plan; free to be found on a bed of pain when Mrs. Copplestone's official duties should release her for the day. But now at last this seemed a paltry subterfuge, unworthy of one who had the night before felt himself a bell with a brazen tongue. Again I resolved to sit tightly, to be guided by circumstances as yet in embryo.

Meantime I was conscious of hunger, and descended to the Leffingwell kitchen in search of food. As I anticipated, there was a small stock of tinned stuff. I chose a tin of beans and presently had it open, though with some difficulty, because the opener was old and dull. The price paid for the useless clock in the room above would doubtless have bought a dozen good ones. I found also a carton of wafers that made an admirable accompaniment of the beans, which I found most savory and gratifying. Such was my appetite I consumed the entire tin and an immense number of the wafers, and it was not until I had nearly finished this simple but nourishing repast that I noticed the oilstove. It would never do, of course, to light a fire in the range, as this would advertise the presence of an intruder, but with the oilstove, I thought, one might do for oneself very acceptably here, having tea, coffee and perhaps hot soups if any such should be found on the shelf. Cold though my breakfast had been, it did wonders for my spirit. Humming fearlessly—a habit I have that severely annoys Mrs. Copplestone, who insists that I am never on the key—I strolled about the shadowed rooms. On the dining-room mantel I found a small jar holding three cigars, very dry and dusty and not of a choice brand. Leffingwell will, on the occasion of a dinner party, go to the nearest drug store and buy as few cigars as will look like enough, with no great care about his choice, beyond seeing that they are decked with paper bands. However, as I had smoked but rarely in the last score of years—Mrs. Copplestone disliking the odor and believing tobacco harmful—I found the one I lighted not half bad, though it had become, by reason of its great age and dryness, almost dangerously inflammable.

I now lounged into the parlor and thence to what the Leffingwells call a library, though its books are all in one case of varnished walnut which is fronted by glass doors. I may say here that the sight of bookcases with glass doors has always aroused in me a feeling of irritation. The Leffingwell books, however, were not such as to tempt me. I could see ornately bound sets of one or two novelists, and other works supposed to be improving. There was even on one shelf a set of the detestable Outline of History which has served to give so many of our half literate a smattering of past events. Doubtless this is better than nothing for the unstudious—but to call it by the name of history, which is presumed to go deeply into matters—I could not control my disgust. "Bah!" I sneered, full at the smug bindings. History—the prose narrative of past events—cannot attain its full stature in an outline.

I explored further, not caring for the parlor and library with their chairs at careful angles and their stiffly arranged cushions, and came presently to a smaller room, which was shabby, having books in an unglassed case, a desk, and a homely armed chair that looked inviting This room, I concluded, would be the intimately personal room of Leffingwell himself, and it at once gave a more appealing notion of the man than did the framed photograph above stairs. I relaxed in the chair and fell to examining the books They proved without exception to be volumes of the lightest sort of fiction, chiefly tales of so-called mystery in which a murder is committed in the first chapter, the remaining ones being devoted to an identification of the criminal. There were others of a more sentimental character, all giving signs that they had been read again and again.

I am not one of the narrow sort who hold that fiction is never worthy except it have cultural or moral purpose. Indeed I once read a work entitled The Last of the Mohicans—while confined to my bed with a protracted bronchial ailment—and was not a little moved by certain noble passages in which its characters, both white and red, although frankly fictitious, uttered sentiments of an improving nature and in irreproachable English. But I wondered now that a chap like Leffingwell, engrossed in the grave affairs pertaining to his enterprise of selling lumber for different useful purposes, could find time to entertain himself with such trifling make-believe as I now noted—Parted at the Altar, Queenie's Lovers, Pansy's Ordeal—things of that sort. It gave me an entirely new light on the man whose portrait hinted at no compromise with life beyond an evident self-infatuation for a face in no way remarkable. Here he must often sit, I surmised, after a busy day of selling his wares to people who desired to erect structures, and lose himself in sentimental mazes.

From sheer curiosity I picked up another of the volumes, already much handled. It was by a woman author and I had not read a dozen pages before I perceived that she must be a writer of no mean gifts. It was a stirring tale laid in the time of one of the modern wars—a conflict between Spain and the United States actually occurring some years since—and by involving my sympathies with its personages I quickly forgot my novel surroundings. The heroine, a young girl of great beauty, was desired by a rascally Spaniard, not only because of her personal appearance but because she was legally entitled to vast estates, and she suffered at his hands a series of persecutions and indignities such as only a degenerate Latin could devise. The attentions of the scoundrel were the more loathsome because the young lady was affianced to a sailor on one of our naval vessels, a youth of sterling attributes who had won her love in the Caribbean Sea, but who had been called away to Manila Harbor by his professional duties on the battleship Olympia.

It will not be easily believed, but I wrought myself to a pitch of grave concern over the fate of this defenseless maid, especially when she was abducted by the villainous Spaniard from the home of her stepmother in Havana—a woman herself of no moral character, in league with the scoundrelly abductor—and taken against her will on his motorboat to the very harbor of Manila. At that point in the nerve-racking narrative I became convinced that all would somehow be well with the tearful captive, and in this I was correct, for the villain's motorboat exploded as it neared Manila, and she was rescued from almost certain death by drowning. It would hardly be guessed, I imagine, that her rescuer was none other than the gallant young Jack Tar who had won her devotion and who leaped fearlessly from the deck of the Olympia when he saw her frail form at the mercy of the waves. Yet so it proved to be. The fainting girl was brought aboard our ship and in the arms of her rejoicing fiancé borne tenderly down the stairway into the main salon, where she was turned over to the tender-hearted matron of the ship to be revived, while Admiral Dewey, who stood by, was seen to brush a drop of suspicious moisture from his eyes.

I have, to be sure, given but the barest outline of a tale that engrossed me for many hours—an outline as inadequate as is that outline of history to convey any valid knowledge of past events.

Having finished the book with a poignant sense of loss, I sat there musing upon its excitements and upon the knowledge I had gleaned of naval life. Never before had I known that our battleships have the refining influence of a matron. Indeed my knowledge of armed warfare in modern times is perhaps not what it should be, although I once visited a British battleship on the occasion of my trip to New York—where I arrived some hours after Mrs. Copplestone by reason of loitering at a bookstall in a strange city where our train halted for a shorter interval than I thought it would. The visit to the ship had not been greatly edifying at the time, but I now recalled it with pleasure. The ship was named the Irritable, I believe, or perhaps the Formidable—some name of that character—and the colonel of the British Navy who showed us about had been politely concerned that we see all its points of

(Continued on Page 87)

How long does it take to build a home?

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

It takes more than four walls to make a home. Nor can a home be built within the time limits of an architect's specifications. Home is the accumulated effort of years, with all the treasured possessions that represent home life.

No good business man neglects to insure his home. But insurance is not enough. It can save him from financial loss should disaster descend upon his home. But it cannot give him back the possessions that disaster takes away.

Yet of the fire that annually destroys more than $500,000,000 in property, 60% is preventable—and every fourth blaze, on an average, destroys a home.

Fire prevention goes hand in hand with insurance. Your insurance agent can help you observe the fundamental fire precautions.

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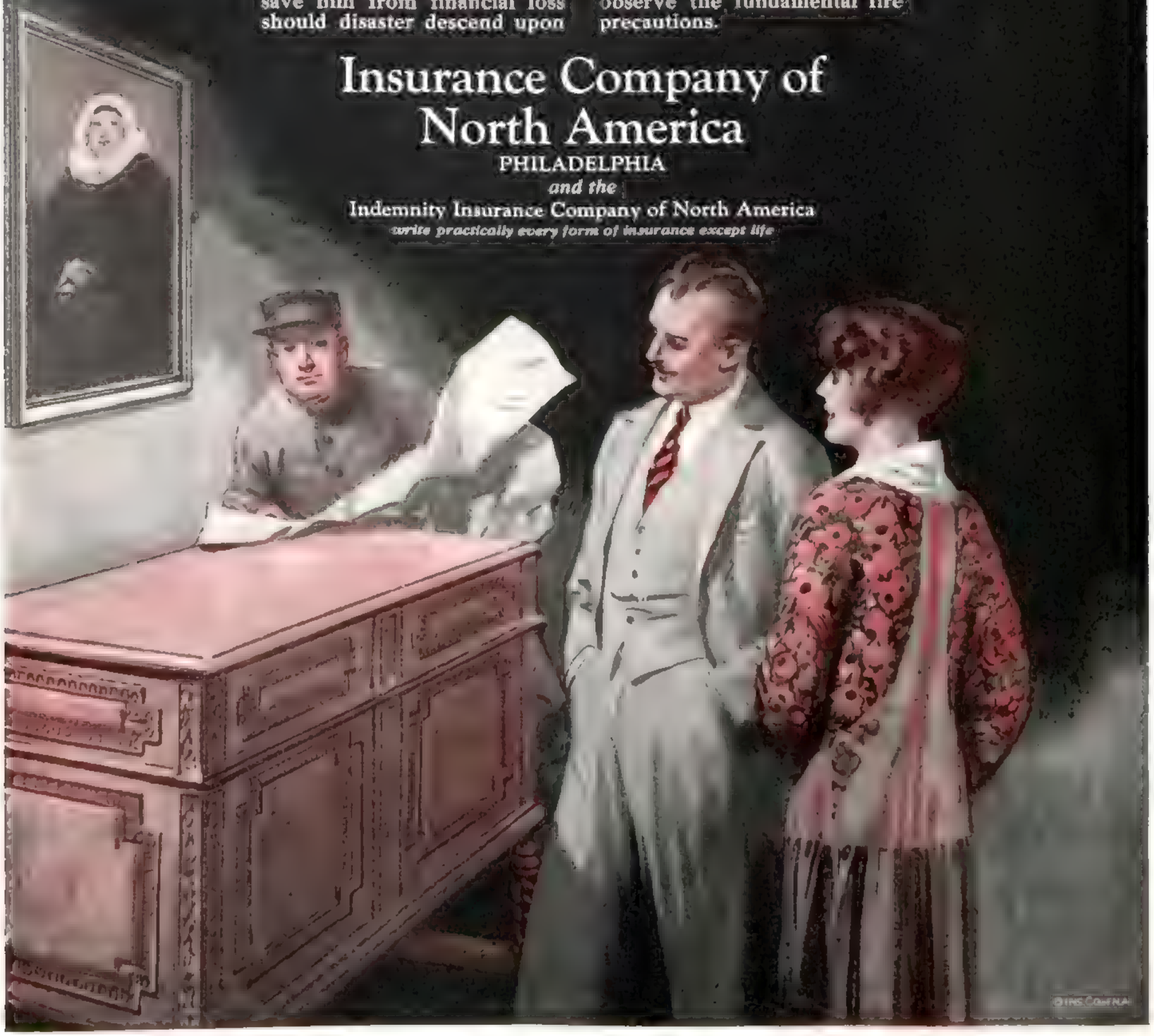

A New tube

that never grows old — *packed in a protecting gas, hermetically sealed —*

Motor Car Owners:
Ask for GASPAC–
Your dealer will supply them

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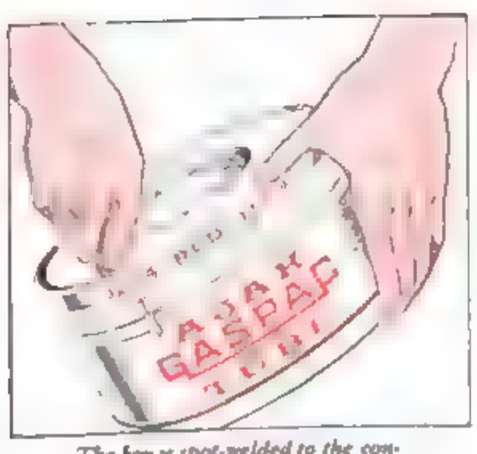

The key is spot-welded to the container, cannot be lost, but is readily detachable and opens the package by a single twist and pull.

GASPAC—a new name in the tire industry! Mark it well. Every tire dealer in the country will be getting inquiries for GASPAC. Here is the reason—

Air and light destroy the life in rubber. Inner tubes stored on a dealer's shelf or carried as spares by a motorist deteriorate faster than they do in service.

Realizing this, AJAX engineers created a container which, filled with a harmless, non-inflammable, non-explosive gas, preserves rubber.

AJAX GASPAC tubes are the result.

Hermetically sealed in the metal container, GASPAC tubes retain their original life, toughness and vitality indefinitely. There is no chafing, no cracking, no exposure to light and air, no injury by grease or oils, no wearing by contact with tools in the car.

GASPAC is a tube built of selected materials—beautifully finished—a good looking tube that gives visible evidence of its superiority. GASPAC is a tube worthy of this perfect container.

Every tire dealer will want GASPAC. Upon reading this announcement motorists everywhere will realize that GASPAC is the logical and final solution of the tube problem—as important to both user and dealer as was the introduction of the pneumatic tire.

The coupon below offers dealers a convenient means to obtain immediate stocks or detailed information.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

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TUBES

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
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I am interested in GASPAC. Please have your representative tell me about it.

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Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 7103 5

"My very own room"

IT IS so easy to make your "very own room" just what you want it to be—with sunny spots of color and dainty intimate touches. The up-to-date way is to start with the floor as the foundation of the decorative plan.

Here is the color composition of the room illustrated above—

Floor—Nairn Belflor Inlaid linoleum in rich mulberry and golden-gray.

Walls and Ceiling—Lighter tones of warm gray.

Furniture—Maple.

Window and door hangings—Gold or gold-green cretonne or chintz.

Bed cover and lamp shade—Mulberry silk.

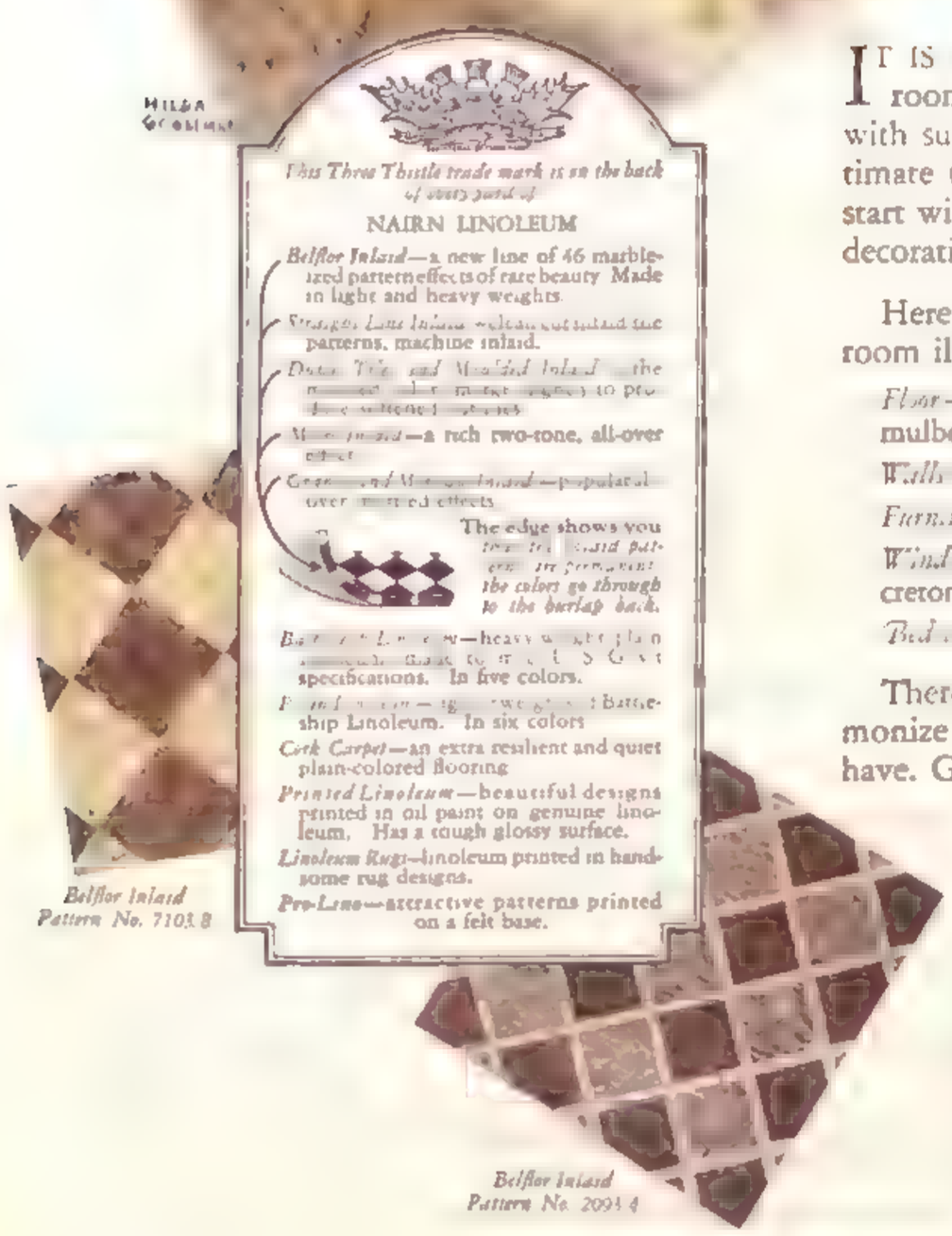
There is a Belflor Inlaid pattern to harmonize with the furniture and hangings you have. Get your dealer's advice in selecting a pattern. He knows just how to lay it for you.

For quiet, for resilience, for permanent beauty, there is no floor like this. The colors of the inlaid tiles go through to the burlap back. Occasional waxing increases the richness of the color effects, and a damp mop keeps Nairn linoleum clean.

46 Belflor Color Reproductions, Free

If you are interested in getting the right foundation for the decorative scheme of your "very own room"—or any other interior—write for the Belflor folder showing 46 unusually attractive patterns in colors. Also free booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beauty", which tells about Nairn Linoleum—its many varieties, its laying and care.

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY
150 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, New Jersey


This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM
Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.
Stratego Lasa Inlaid—clear cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
Marbled Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
The edge shows you how the inlaid pattern is formed and the colors go through to the burlap back.
Battleship Linoleum—heavy weight plain linoleum made to U. S. Govt specifications. In five colors.
Battleship Linoleum—light weight Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough glossy surface.
Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.
Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 7103 8

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 2093 4

NAIRN Linoleum

(Continued from Page 82)

interest. For that solicitude I was now grateful, because it enabled me to visualize the scene I had just read, the deck from which the ardent young sailor sprang, and the powerful guns that were to protect his precious burden. I could not recall having met a matron, but perhaps the British are behind us in this detail, as they are in so many others.

In the midst of this pleasant musing I became sharply aware of hunger, and looking at my watch was surprised to find the hour four o'clock. I had lost count of time in my absorption and was thrilled to recall that there had been no one about to badger me for this. What I felt was a sort of impudent licentiousness. I could do as I wished. Once more I sought the kitchen and opened some tins of food; sardines this time. And again noticing the oilstove I lighted it, heated some water and after a long search found tea. It was black tea and I prefer green, but I did not murmur as I prepared it, for I felt I was in no position to complain. With the sardines, crackers and tea I made a satisfactory meal, though as I neared the end of it I received a good fright.

Gazing absently from the kitchen window as I munched a cracker I saw the alley gate swiftly open and a man step inside. So startled was I that the cup fell from my hand and was shattered on the floor. My first thought was that I had been discovered. Then I observed that the intruder was what is called in common parlance a sandwich. Above his head was a sign fastened to his shoulders by iron clamps. My breath came quickly as I watched his strange behavior. He closed the gate behind him, undid some straps at his shoulders and, removing his burden, threw it carelessly down. He then went with a familiar air to a tattered hammock hung between two trees, extended himself in this and assumed an attitude of repose.

I breathed more freely now, since it was plain my own presence had not drawn him here, but I was vexed at the fellow's effrontery. Having observed in his progress of our avenue that the house was for the time tenantless, he entered the rear yard as coolly as if the place were his own and made himself at home. Moreover, he was disgracefully betraying a trust imposed in him by his employer.

His sign read, in large letters, Don't Kill Your Wife -Let the Star Laundry Do Your Dirty Work. I had often remarked it on our streets, but never before had I glanced at the person supporting it. I saw him to be a shabbily dressed creature, wearing a nondescript gray beard, with a battered and stained black hat pulled down over an ineffectual face. He was altogether one of those wretches who would not only prove false to their trust but who, seeing the chance, would enter another's premises.

So indignant was I at this cheek, as it is called, I was on the point of rushing out to order the fellow off about his business, but a second thought deterred me: Mrs. Copplestone might return at any moment or Hilda from our own kitchen might discover me. So I resolved to let the creature stay where he certainly had not the least right to be. As I watched him it was plain that he slept.

Knowing I should be uneasy until he left, I walked back and forth through the empty rooms, getting a bit of needed exercise, and at the front of the house I suffered another fright, caused by a loud thump on the front door. What it might mean I could not imagine, and for a trembling moment was rooted where I stood. Then as it was not repeated I ventured to peer out, and saw that the blow must have been caused by the urchin who delivers our evening paper. He rides through the street on a bicycle, his papers in a knapsack affair at his back. At each stop he twists one so that he can throw it from the curb to the house. He was stopping at my own home as I looked.

The Leffingwells had forgotten to order their paper discontinued, and several lay outside the door. I was reminded of an occasion when Mrs. Copplestone and I were absent for ten days and a press of other matters had caused me to forget her repeated injunction to stop not only the paper but our daily milk, which were found accumulated on our return. I had never been able to persuade her that matters of even greater importance had exclusively occupied my mind. I wondered now if Leffingwell would be blamed for these useless papers, though I saw I might take them in for myself after nightfall.

An hour later the intruder in the hammock awoke and stood up to stretch himself luxuriously. He then picked up his wreck of a hat and went to readjust the sign which he was paid to carry. He was leisurely in his movements, not at all furtive, and I was nettled by his barefaced assurance. This was unreasonable of me, I know, because I was not the owner of the property he invaded, yet I could hardly restrain myself from ordering him not to repeat his entry. However, he went out with the same brassy presumption, and I had no doubt that he would repeat his audacious performance on the morrow.

Meanwhile I had to decide upon my own course of action. The longer I was absent from our home the greater difficulty I would have in explaining my course to Mrs. Copplestone. Already I had been too long away to say with any plausibility that I had fainted by the wayside. On the other hand, this wine of freedom was heady stuff. I was beginning to feel myself another man; one who could go and come as he chose, disregarding the whims of a woman. My surroundings, it is true, were not ideal; the Leffingwell home was not one that would long content me. And yet it was not intolerable. I could make shift to do with it for at least another day or two, in which I would enjoy this new intoxicant.

When it became dark enough to shield me I crept around to the front porch, where I gathered up the newspapers and brought them into the homelike room where I had read through the morning. Several of them were of dates before my arrival here, but I quickly found the latest and by the light of a shaded candle—for I must be careful that no light shone through the windows—I resumed touch with the world I had left.

And there, on the first page, was my own name in glaring type, although what earliest caught my eye was Husband of Mayor Missing. Later I was referred to as "spouse of our newly elected mayor," and both these terms I found offensive. I had not suspected that such distasteful publicity would ensue, and for some moments I sat flushed with embarrassment. Mrs. Copplestone, interviewed, had declared that she did not suspect foul play. What she did suspect, I was aghast to read, was that I had wandered away in a fit of absentmindedness. I had been acting queerly of late, and on the day of my disappearance had left after promising to do an errand for her. This very simple errand I had unaccountably failed to transact, and it was her belief that I had suffered a mental breakdown.

A suggestion of the reporter that I might have been abducted, to be held for ransom, she declared to be preposterous, and she flatly discouraged a half-formed plan to drag the lake for me. She was convinced, she said, that I would return of my own accord when I regained my senses. I was hot with resentment when I had read the callous words.

How like her it was to assume that her husband could have failed to return only through a mental defect. That one of sound mind could stay away was beyond her comprehension. Then and there, I think, I resolved on my great plan. This was the sting I had needed. I read my description—"five feet eight inches high; weight one hundred and forty pounds; age, fifty-nine; has a slight stoop; beard not well trimmed and of a reddish gray; eyes blue and nearsighted, requiring the use of spectacles." These were perhaps not the words of Mrs. Copplestone, yet she must have approved them, and the bald summary displeased me. It seemed a cheap way of dismissing one who might, indeed, have met with any manner of foul play.

Again, I was said to be careless of dress, and the suit I wore was minutely described. It is true I am no fop, but it is also true that I would not have chosen this particular suit, which was the one Mrs. Copplestone had selected—in some irritation, I fancy—on the day I failed to appear at the clothier's. I especially loathed the pattern of rich purples and greens—preferring something in a neutral gray—and the coat was ill-fitting so that I always felt trussed when wearing it.

There was injustice and a cold indifference all through the screed. It might have been the notice of a straying horse. Had Mrs. Copplestone shown a proper concern for her loss, had the sheet reported her prostrate from grief or even wrought to a high tension by worry, it is probable that I should at this moment have returned to her, but not in the face of a slur upon my mental soundness, aggravated by that unfeeling disparagement of my attire. Coolly determined now, I went to the kitchen for another cup of tea and a bowl of reviving soup, of which I had found a supply. In retiring for the night I chose a new bed, for of course the one occupied the night before had not been remade.

And lying there in the still house I mused upon another article in the same newspaper that contained the casual and heartless account of my disappearance. It told of a famous French criminal who had been known as Bluebeard. This truly remarkable man had married, and murdered, as many as a dozen wives. He was a low fellow, of course, but what impressed me chiefly was not that he should have been a murderer at heart but that he should continue to marry one woman after another. I could imagine his wedding the first, and perhaps his being goaded to a point where he would find it best to kill her, but, being again a free man, to go on repeatedly and unnecessarily marrying other women seemed to mark him as not a strong character.

I awoke with plans for escape running through my mind. My first act was to watch from the side window for the appearance of Mrs. Copplestone, who came out as on the morning before with untroubled mien and marched firmly to our car after permitting Pudgkins a brief run. Cato this time surveyed the party from around the kitchen steps, so that I had no doubt he had been abused during my absence. Mrs. Copplestone merely glanced contemptuously over her shoulder at him and snapped her fingers, whereupon he turned and disappeared in a panic. Mrs. Copplestone has a way of snapping her fingers that is disconcerting, and she does it equally well with either hand.

As I watched the car back out I could not but be chilled by her unruffled demeanor. Once when Pudgkins was missing, she not only passed a sleepless night but prevented me from sleeping, and morning had found her a wreck from worry. Now that her husband was lost, not an uneasy line showed in her face. I sneered openly at the car as it passed under my window. Breakfast eaten—I had left the oilstove burning overnight so that the kitchen was pleasantly warm—I began to search closets for a suit of clothes that would be greatly different from those I had worn. I found these in plenty, but they were too new, too large, and much too loud. I recalled now that Leffingwell dressed rather garishly, his fancy running to stripes and checks, too emphatic for one who wished to escape notice.

Having searched the upper rooms, I descended in a sort of idle desperation, to the cellar, and was delighted to find there a suit I recalled as being worn by one of our students who tended the Leffingwell furnace and did odd jobs about the place during winters. This answered my purpose admirably and I lost no time in arraying myself in it. The trousers and coat were crumpled, well worn, altogether dingy. Also there was a pair of battered shoes for which I discarded my new ones. Regarding myself in a mirror I was astonished at the change in my appearance. I looked now to be a sturdy agrarian type such as one is conscious of passing but does not closely scutinize. Only my beard served to remind me of myself, and I soon rendered this unfamiliar with a pair of scissors. They had described my beard as untrimmed, so I trimmed it closely to my face until I seemed to be a person who had untidily not shaved for some days. I will not deny that I was rather thrilled as I surveyed the final effects. I was another man, my clothing inconspicuous, my face unemphatic. I was ripe for adventure in the great out-of-doors.

I should have gone at once but second thought warned me that I had better wait until nightfall, when I would be still less recognizable. Accordingly I went into the little room where I had read the morning before, and passed the day quietly with stories of crime and mystery. Rather glad was I of this, because they were rich in suggestions of disguise and evasion. And here I was reminded, too, that I would need an assumed name. A character in one of the tales had lived for two years in a London apartment under the name of Hector Montague, although he was a criminal whose real name was Jasper Vinton, better known to the police of two continents as The Fox. For myself Hector Montague was too pretentious a name. I needed one as neutral as my garb, a short, plain name such as one easily forgets. For a long time I considered the various names I could recall.

Smith occurred to me quite early, but I decided against it for a curious reason—it was too common. Given by a man who had for any reason excited suspicion, it would be less convincing than one less familiar. The name I needed must not be pretentious and yet it must be plausible. Jones I abandoned for the reason that made Smith objectionable. Robinson was better, and Brown perhaps still better, but while I weighed the merits of these the name Simms flashed through my mind—it being the maiden name of Mrs. Copplestone, whose father was known as Honest Nick Simms even after his trouble with the affairs of a corporation which he controlled. Simms seemed to me to be the ideal name for my purpose. I practiced thinking of myself as someone named Simms.

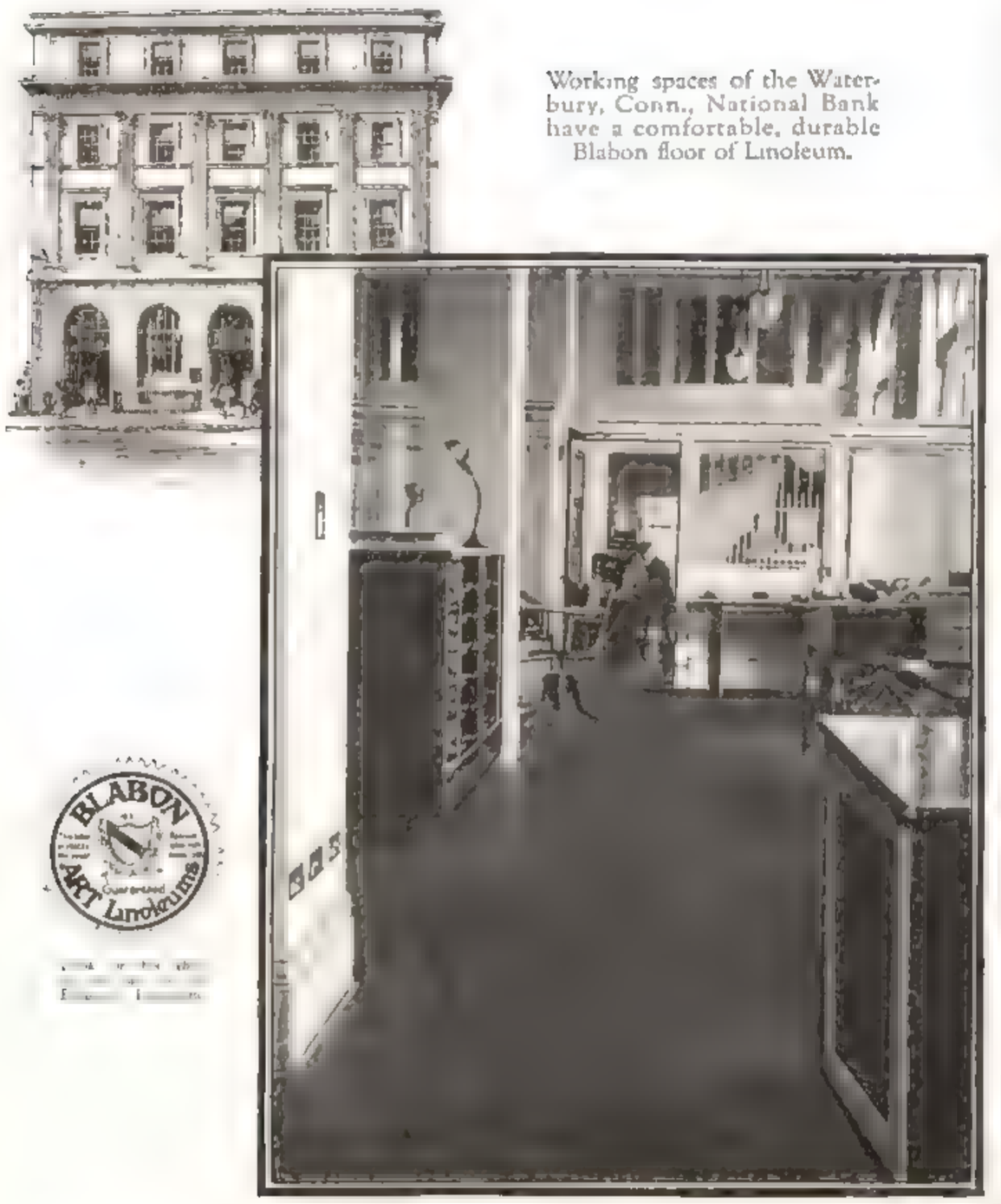
Promptly at four o'clock the intruder of the day before appeared at the alley gate, disburdened himself of his sign and coolly went to sleep in the Leffingwell hammock. Again I was nettled by the brazen assurance with which he invaded premises not his own. I had an impulse to telephone the police about him, but saw at once that this action, however well meant, might reveal my own presence, which was, of course, undesirable, so I let the fellow sleep. Then as the day drew on I watched for the evening paper and obtained this as soon as darkness permitted, having a wish to see what might further be said about my disappearance and rather hoping that Mrs. Copplestone would be showing some proper sense of her loss. But no; when I scanned the sheet, held close to my shaded candle, I learned that in her office at the city hall—where it appeared she was actually transacting public business while my corpse might have lain like a beast's within a mile of her—she repeated her conviction that I was safe and would return when I wished to. Again she dismissed as preposterous the theory that I might have been kidnaped, and curtly negatived the plan of offering a reward for my recovery.

Others, however, were showing a decent concern. My description had been telegraphed to neighboring cities, the lake was to be dragged near its shore, and parties of searchers were scouring the adjacent country in the hope of discovering my body. That Mrs. Copplestone remained so cool in the face of these sinister probabilities could be understood only by one who knew her as I did, but even I was amazed at her indifference. Reading between the lines of the interview she again accorded, it seemed to me that she was not at all displeased to have me referred to as husband of mayor and mayor's spouse, these breaches of good taste being again committed.

But with searching parties out, it seemed to me advisable to keep to my present quarters for at least another day. Even in my fairly efficient disguise and at night I might be discovered. I came to this decision with reluctance, because, to put it frankly, I was tired of the Leffingwell house. I was continually stumbling over footstools, the furnishings offended me in many ways, the rooms upstairs were disorderly as a result of my search for suitable clothing, and the kitchen, because of its soiled and broken dishes, needed a thorough going-over. But I saw it best to delay my start until the excitement died, and resolved to endure my surroundings a bit longer.

Again the following morning I watched Mrs. Copplestone perform her routine. But not a sign of concern marred the placidity of her face; she was her cool stern self as she brandished her parasol at Cato when he came running to frolic with Pudgkins. To watch this woman one would have little dreamed that her husband might at that moment be lying at the bottom of a lake, his drowned hand clutching futilely at weeds and rushes; or left to rot under some hedge where he had been tossed by a speeding motorist; or even held a prisoner in some foul cellar by a band of ruffians. She was finely the mayor of Fairwater, widowed perhaps, but still capable.

Once more I read of strange adventures to pass my time, and the tales sharpened my longing to be off. Already I had quit thinking of myself as Copplestone and ceased to be shocked when I saw an unfamiliar person in the mirrors. Engrossed in one of the stories, in which a criminal for long escaped detection by the most ingenious devices, I again allowed my luncheon hour to pass, and it was nearly four when I went to the kitchen to prepare it. Noting the hour I determined to make a last hearty



Working spaces of the Waterbury, Conn., National Bank have a comfortable, durable Blabon floor of Linoleum.

For comfort and long wear!

Blabon floors of linoleum are especially desirable for commercial buildings.

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Blabon's Linoleum is the beautiful and practical floor not only for business and public buildings, but for the home. There are many places where Blabon Printed Linoleums, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage. A good varnish applied once in a while helps to preserve the original appearance of the patterns.

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BLABON'S Linoleum

meal and be ready for my escape at nightfall. The searchers must by this time have grown discouraged. Being repelled by the idea of sardines, I hit on the plan of combining a tin of beans with a tin of corn. This would be nourishing and perhaps appetizing as well.

I had opened the tins and poured their contents into a pan when I was further annoyed by the behavior of the oilstove. This had burned a long time because I had again forgotten to turn out the flame, and apparently the stock of oil was now exhausted, for the thing flickered and with an evil smell expired. I could find no supply of oil in the kitchen, search as I would.

Recalling the cellar, I went there and found a large tin which seemed to contain what I looked for. I took it to the kitchen where my food was waiting to be heated, and as I looked for a way to open the tin I glanced out and saw that the sandwich had already taken his place in the hammock, having entered doubtless while I was in the cellar. He very apparently slept, so I gave him no further attention but resumed my labors on the tin of oil.

I at length made a ragged breach in this and then searched for the magazine of the oilstove which I must refill. It was a clumsy contrivance and I am surprised that the Leffingwells had put up with it, because in filling it through a narrow aperture I could not avoid spilling a large quantity of oil about the floor. Then the thing tottered unsteadily and I was obliged to drop the heavy oil tin in order to grasp the magazine and keep it from falling, so that yet more of the stuff was spilled. I have never claimed to be an adept in machinery, but at last I succeeded in getting the replenished magazine back in place and with a sigh of relief I touched a lighted match to the dead wick.

The explosion that instantly occurred was of quite amazing violence. Possibly the flame of my match had come in contact with oil spilled over the stove's top, or perhaps it was due to the circumstance that—as I now instantly recognized—the so-called oil had been gasoline, which I believe is far more inflammable than kerosene. At any rate, my remnant of beard and my eyebrows were smartly singed, and as I rubbed them I saw that a flame was spreading up the woodwork and creeping along the floor toward my feet with fierce spurts of energy. I was glad that I had so lately read a tale in which the chief character, though a criminal, had again and again saved himself by his gift of cool thinking in the gravest emergencies. I knew now that I must be cool; that I must leave quickly but without excitement. I reached for the head covering which I had chosen—a golfing cap much too large for me, but which would shield the upper part of my face—went to the door, softly opened it, stepped out and closed it again. I stood a moment, listening to a flame that snapped inside, again reminded myself that coolness alone would avert discovery, and sauntered in a casual manner toward the gate. There I stopped, briefly observing that the sandwich still slept in his hammock.

It was then that my brightest inspiration came. I lifted the sign of the Star Laundry, placed the iron clamps over my shoulders, fastened the straps and, emerging from the gate, walked quickly up the alley to Ninth Street.

As I paused there a loud deep detonation came from what seemed to be the Leffingwell house. It was possible that the tin of gasoline had exploded. I walked on down Ninth Street in the manner of one who has been employed to carry an advertisement, listlessly and with bowed head. Two ladies and a boy I passed did not even glance at me. My theory had been sound. In such cases one may stare at the sign, but the man who carries it is never by any chance regarded. I might now even face a band of those properly alarmed people who searched for me, and stroll by them unnoticed. It had all been thrilling, and I recalled a saying of Jessup's, "A thrill a day keeps the doctor away." On to Chestnut Street I went, careful to keep in character. A dozen persons whom I passed would either stare idly at my advertisement or glance neither at it nor at me. Not once, I am certain, did any eyes do more than flit over me.

As I moved along Chestnut Street, which would lead me to the open country, I heard the clang of our fire engine, and had no doubt it would be on its way to the Leffingwell home, which, it occurred to me to hope, might be amply insured. Personally I have never liked the looks of insurance policies, printed as they are in different sorts of type, bristling with pasted slips and confusing with red-inked lines and interlineations.

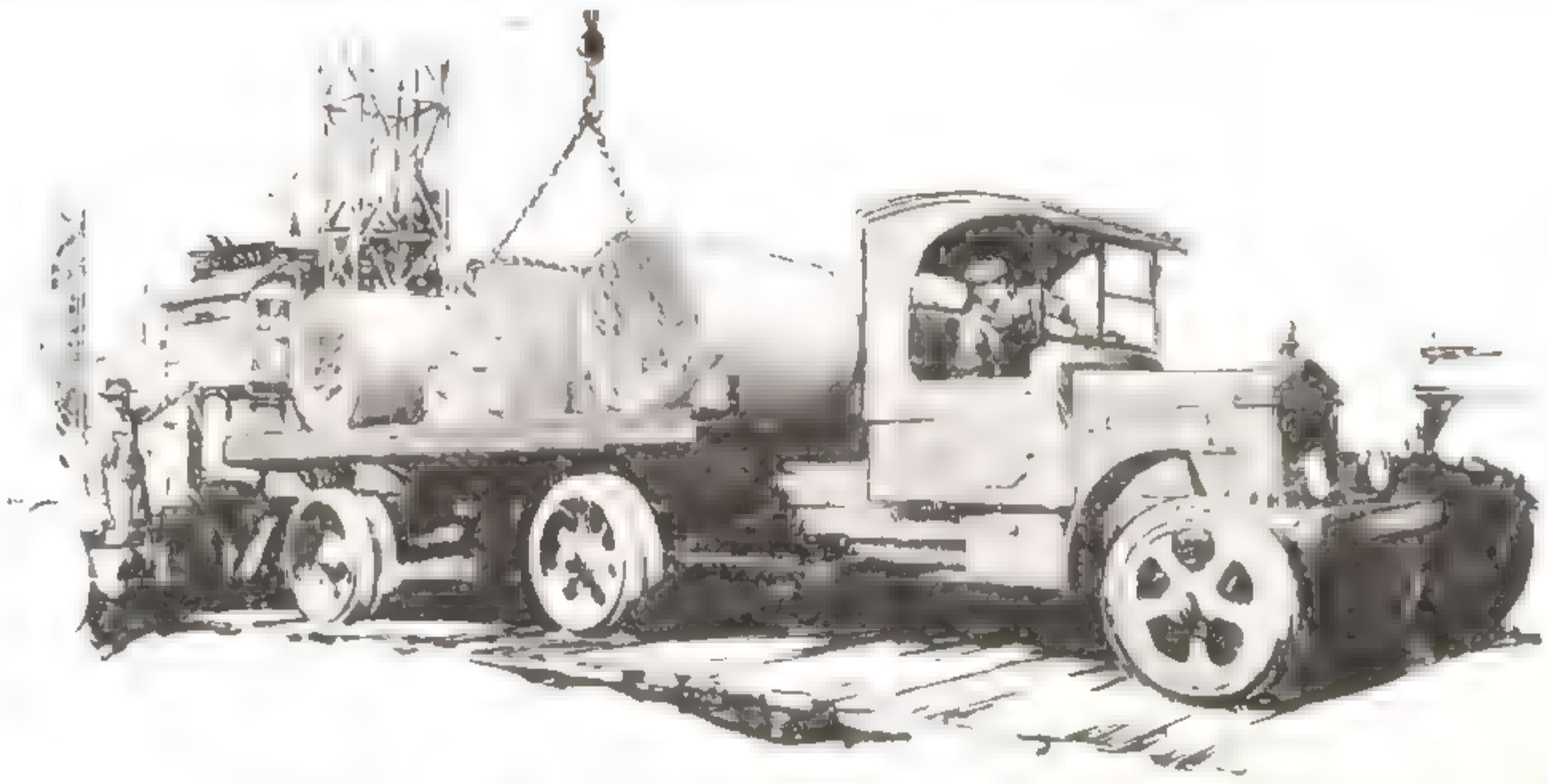
They have always seemed to me to be documents cunningly contrived for evasion, and I have no doubt that if one were read through word for word they are obviously arranged to discourage this practice—it would be found that the insured has small chance of recovering his loss. Still, I knew Leffingwell to be a shrewd man of business, and it was probable that he had taken every precaution.

Strolling forward I found myself regretting that I had not been able to test the merits of my ingenious combination of corn and beans. Another time, with more leisure, I must try again. At the end of Chestnut Street I turned into a lane that would lead me to the highway, and at the upper end of this I thought it best to relinquish my disguising sign. Unfastening the straps I heaved the contrivance into a clump of underbrush. It had served me well but it was not a thing to carry along country roads, where it would be sure to excite comment in inverse ratio to the indifference of the city.

I was presently brought to the reflection that, if Leffingwell's house had been fated to burn, it could not have done so more opportunely, for the increasing number of people I passed had been so taken up with the idea of a fire that I might still have been invisibly in my fourth dimension. I have often wondered about this—why grown, mature persons are so childishly entertained by fire engines and buildings aflame.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Children's Hour at the Yellow Editor's



10 tons of "precious stones" *per day*-entrusted to Pierce-Arrow for *safe* transit

WITH the blowing of the seven o'clock whistle any work-day morning you may see Earl Sweet's Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve truck with its two-wheeled trailer receiving its five-ton tray of precious stones at the yards in Tacoma, Washington. Mr. Sweet and his Pierce-Arrow have the contract for delivering every pound of finished stone for the magnificent new capitol building at Olympia, Washington. Three years will be required to complete the job.

Each stone, though weighing often a ton and more, is so beautifully carved, has such delicate edges, corners and faces that it must be handled with extreme care. Damage to a single stone would cause a loss of $800 on the average.

It is thirty-three miles to Olympia where each stone, accurately hewn and marked, is set in its appointed place in the beautiful capitol building. Twice each day this silent, powerful Pierce-Arrow makes the trip, delivering its five-ton load of precious freight—ten tons—132 miles per day.

To date, not a single minute has been lost and of the tons and tons of these precious stones already delivered not a single one has been damaged. "When I consider the economy of this truck's operation," writes Mr. Sweet, "and the fact that it can do its 132 miles at better speed than any truck I have yet seen perform, I am naturally inclined to be strongly in favor of Pierce-Arrow trucks."

* * *

Have you investigated what powerful, silent Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve trucks are doing in your line of business?

PIERCE-ARROW trucks, tractors and motor busses may be purchased, if desired, under attractive financing arrangements. Write us, or ask your nearest distributor for details.

Chassis Sizes:
2-ton 3-ton 4-ton 5-ton 6-ton 7½-ton

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Chassis prices range from $3300 to $5400

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THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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When in Buffalo, visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Capable guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow trucks are built.

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Dual Valve

HEAVY DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS

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What a chance for a picture! Yes, and your Kodak will make the most of it.
Vacation's fun is Kodak's opportunity.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

EDMOND CHARLES GENÊT, CITIZEN

(Continued from Page 9)

at the same time the young dragoon who so resembled Count Landskoy pleased the empress is manifest from the fact that she adorned him with diamond knee buckles.

And then most extraordinary events began to take place in France. In 1790 the king swore to maintain a constitution; a royal gesture which left the Empress Catharine, for one, extremely unimpressed. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs instructed all his representatives to adhere to the constitution, and then confidentially advised them to do no such thing. The king put his tongue in his cheek and the princes decamped from France. Edmond Charles obeyed his official instructions with alacrity and ignored the confidential footnote. Now that it was done, he found himself constitutionalist to the core—it was the dawn of liberty, it was what Mr. Franklin had talked about, it was the first step down that road which the young American republic had opened to all enlightened, right-thinking men. It was glorious.

When he was not busy sending dispatches about the activities in Russia of the emigrated princes to the Foreign Minister, who never opened them, Edmond Charles told the empress that it was glorious. The empress very soon began to speak of him as an insane demagogue. The emissary of the princes thought that he was merely a "crazy little fool." It is quite possible that Edmond Charles, in his fierce enthusiasm for the new public concerns, made himself vocally conspicuous to a degree which deafened the despotic ears of his imperial patroness. Catharine II was very fond of good-looking young dragoons; she was very fond always of Edmond Charles, and did her best to persuade him to renounce France and accept a position in the Russian diplomatic service; but she forbade him the court, as representing a monarch who was now, in August, 1791, the prisoner of his people, and surrounded him with spies. Edmond Charles reminded her tartly that he represented France—constitutional France; he refused to become involved in the intrigues of the princes; and he sat down to write a very fine letter to his sister Henriette.

My dear sister: I am aware of your respectful and deep attachment to your august mistress; those sentiments entirely control your actions; they are praiseworthy and should not be altered.

My position is different from yours; a citizen of France, charged with the honor of representing my country, I must do so in accordance with the laws prescribed by the constitution which the king has sworn to maintain, and in support of which I have also given my oath. Never speak to me in your letters of the opinions which divide Frenchmen, who would be happy if, like myself, they realized that the welfare of their sovereign and of their country resides only in the maintenance of the constitution.

An advanced sentinel, I remain here ready at all times to give warning of any conspiracy against my country. I do so with all the more zeal because I believe myself to be serving the real interests of my sovereign. Place my letter at the feet of the Queen; I think it necessary that it be through you that she be made aware of the resolve to which my sentiments as a French citizen and my profound and respectful devotion to the true interests of my sovereigns alike constrain me.

The queen read the letter and expressed the opinion that though she feared that it might hinder Edmond Charles' future advancement in the royal service—she was herself, at the time, a prisoner in her own palace—still it proved him to be a man of sincerity. And in that she was right. Edmond Charles was no barefoot *sans-culotte* with nothing to lose, trailing his vociferous republicanism through the royal apartments. He was the son of an intensely royalist family, nurtured in a tradition of unswerving loyalty to his sovereigns, beholden to them for his own position and the prosperity of his sisters—two of whom, Henriette and Adelaide, were only to escape death on the fatal August 10, 1792, as a result of his foresight in asking the protection of the Assembly for them. When he chose to uphold the constitution, to take his stand with the patriots against his king, to break with all the training of his childhood and splash a discordant crimson across the whole white background of his life, he did so deliberately, sincerely and with the utmost moral courage, because of his admiration for the founders of American liberty, and because his reason, his instinct and his conscience left him no other choice. He was in this, surely, altogether admirable.

It was inevitable that Edmond Charles should be dismissed from Russia. His political opinions were not compatible with a continued sojourn at the court of the Empress Catharine, and he was given his passports in July, 1792.

"Hasten to come to the capital," the new Foreign Minister wrote to him, "where I will see you with great pleasure, since I destine you for a new mission in which I am sure you will acquire new rights to the gratitude of your fellow citizens."

Edmond Charles passed through Warsaw, where Poniatowski was no longer king, and arrived at Paris, in October, 1792.

VI

THERE were tremendous changes at Paris. The royal family was imprisoned at the Temple, Edmond Charles' sisters had fled with their mother to Julie's country place at Beauplan—Henriette and Adelaide, after the terrible day of August tenth, on which they had stayed at the queen's side until the last moment and received from the king some of his most personal private documents—the Genêt fortune was destroyed.

Edmond Charles himself was most cordially received by the moderate Girondist group in power. He was made colonel and proposed as ambassador to Holland; he went on an important mission to Switzerland; he moved in the most select republican circles, an intimate of Brissot, Condorcet, Roland and his distinguished lady. When there was question of banishing Louis XVI, Edmond Charles was suggested as a suitable escort to conduct him to America. With this object, among others, in view, "the civic virtue with which Citizen Genêt has accomplished the various missions entrusted to him, and his known devotion to the cause of Liberty and Equality," so they officially informed him, "have decided the Executive Council to appoint him Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Republic at the Congress of the United States of Northern America." At the Congress, be it noted, distinctly specified.

And while Robespierre and the Mountain roared that the selection was founded on Brissot's personal friendship and not on merit; and while the aristocratic Gouverneur Morris advised Mr. Washington that the new envoy looked like an upstart and possessed more genius than ability, Madame Roland wrote that the appointment was eminently deserved, that Genêt—one must begin to call him Genêt now—that Genêt was a man of sound judgment and enlightened mind, combining amenity and decency of manners; that his conversation was instructive and agreeable, and free from pedantry and affectation; and that his chief characteristics were gentleness, propriety, grace and reason. Gentleness, propriety, grace and reason.

Washington and Liberty—From an Old French Print

The Revolutionary scene was unfolding. Genêt witnessed the session of the convention at which the Girondists, overawed by the Jacobin Mountain, voted for the execution of the king. He went to Beauplan to make his farewells to his family his mother, his sisters, whom he was never to see again; Henriette, who had not yet started her famous school; Julie, Sophie, poor Adelaide, the queen's little lioness, who had held the door at Versailles against the mob, and who was so soon to commit suicide rather than be sent to the scaffold for having given twenty-five louis to Marie Antoinette on the day of her arrest; his little niece Aglaé, who was later to become the wife of Marshal Ney.

On January 23, 1793, Genêt started for Brest to embark on the frigate Embuscade. At the gates of Paris they stopped him and searched even his trunks, because of a rumor that he had the little dauphin with him. For a month he was detained at Brest by contrary winds; and then, finally, he left France forever.

VII

AND in America many curious events were taking place. The country had gone solemnly insane over the French Revolution, and was expressing its hysterical delight in that event in a series of ridiculous republican mummeries. One talked about the Hydra of Despotism, the Phœnix of Freedom and the Gallo-Columbian Fraternity of Freemen, and drank toasts proposing that the sister republics of France and America be as incorporate as light and heat. The National Gazette greeted the death of Louis XVI with the dignified observation that "Louis Capet has lost his Caput"; and men, women and children, at half price, stormed the waxworks of the execution at Philadelphia, to see "the knife fall, the head drop and the lips turn blue." In the theaters audiences sang the Marseillaise and the Ça Ira, while they watched performances of the Demolition of the Bastille and Helvetic Liberty, or the Lass of the Lakes.

At Charleston, at Philadelphia, at New York, at Boston, everywhere, they held grand civic pageants to celebrate the French victories. Functions attended by city and state officials, in a great to-do of booming guns and clanging bells; at which Te Deums were chanted and feasts consumed in halls decorated with broken crowns and scepters, and the Ox of Aristocracy paraded through the streets, accompanied by citizens in white frocks, "while the balconies of the houses exhibited bevies of our amiable and beautiful women, who by their smiles and approbation cast a pleasing luster over the festive scenes," and added their fervent soprano voices to the singing of republican odes which set forth that:

By hell inspired with brutal rage,
Austria and Prussia both engage
To crush fair freedom's flame;
But the intrepid sons of France
Have led them such a glorious dance
They've turned their backs with shame.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Washington was, of course, still President, and wishing that he were not; Mr. John Adams, who wrote books about the vile multitudes, was Vice President; General Knox was Secretary of War, and "Sandy" Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Edmund Randolph, whom Mr. Jefferson called the poorest chameleon he had ever seen, was Attorney General; timid little Mr. Madison was leader of the House of Representatives; Mr. James Monroe was never very far away.

And Mr. Jefferson was Secretary of State, in his red waistcoats and untidy

A Contemporary View (1793) of the Battery at New York, Showing the "Chara" and the Frigate Which Brought Genet to America. Drawn by J. Drayton

Continued on Page 94

Rapid Transit for Twinsburg

The Motor Coach carries a new traffic, heretofore unreached by steam or trolley.

Wherever the roads go, goes the coach, bringing rapid transit to thousands who never before had it. These people now make frequent trips to the trading center, which in the old days they visited seldom and with some hardship.

In cooperation with electricity, and with the automobile and truck, the coach is revolutionizing transportation; and all four, as well as steam, are necessary to our expanding business and population.

Timken-Detroit Axles share in the progress of the modern motor coach, as they have contributed to its strength, safety and lower upkeep.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

Sole Representatives in the British Isles
AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY,
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TIMKEN

AXLES

Safety *at the Crossing*

PROTECTION of life at railroad crossings is a work that the New York Central Lines, through its Safety Bureau, has been aggressively engaged in since the coming of the automobile.

The automobile, one of the most useful inventions since the steam engine, has introduced a new hazard in our streets and highways. While the records show that only a small proportion of automobile accidents occur at railroad crossings, and that this proportion is diminishing, the unnecessary and preventable loss of life at crossings is a cause of deep concern to railroad managements.

Travel on the railroads has been made safe to a remarkable degree, because of the improvement in equipment and roadbeds, and the training of personnel. Travel on the streets and highways can likewise be made safe if every automobile owner will make it his first duty to see that his car is driven with the caution that the public safety demands.

When it is realized that 70% of crossing accidents occur in daylight, that 63% are in the open country where approaching trains can easily be seen, and that the majority are at crossings with which drivers are very familiar—it is plain that the number of crossing accidents can be greatly reduced *if automobile drivers will not attempt to cross the tracks until they are sure that it is absolutely safe to cross.*

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

(Continued from Page 91)

woolen stockings. A gentleman who had recently returned from a five years' sojourn at Paris, with a mind steeped in the fumes of a frenzied democracy, so that he reeled intellectually in a haze of rabid republicanism illuminated by the beacon, the "pole star" of his self-confessed, fanatical devotion to France. A gentleman—it is Alexander Hamilton writing—who, together with Mr. Madison, was filled with a womanish attachment to France and a womanish resentment against Great Britain; who, in France, had seen government only on the side of its abuses and had drunk deeply of the French philosophy in religion, science and politics; who had come from France in the moment of fermentation which he had had a share in exciting, and in the passions and feelings of which he shared both from temperament and situation; who had come "probably with a too partial idea of his own powers, and with the expectation of a greater share in the direction of our councils" than he was enjoying; who had come "electrified plus with attachment to France, and with the project of knitting together the two countries in the closest political bands."

A gentleman of flexible principles—the opinion is that of Mr. Oliver Wolcott—who practiced the arts of political chicanery with an address and perseverance such as few men had ever attained; who, in his office, was distinguished for "an attention to all those trifles which attend the minds of half-learned, dreaming politicians and superficial scholars." A gentleman who imagined monarchist plots behind every door; who listened eagerly to evil reports concerning his friends and associates and wrote them down in vicious little secret diaries; who concurred hypocritically in the deliberations of his colleagues and attacked them scurrilously and anonymously, and under the mask of venomous hirelings, in his National Gazette. A gentleman who, whatever the extent of his undeniable contribution to the national welfare, was also to lend himself to many unlovely stratagems. A gentleman obsessed with dangerous ideals, immersed in hazardous abstractions, possessed of perilous virtues.

And for his consideration, and that of his fellow cabinet officers, there arose, in April, 1793, a question of great moment. There was a new French minister on his way to America—he arrived actually on April eighth—and France was suddenly at war with England. Should the treaties of 1778 with France be upheld? There were two of these—one a treaty of alliance, in which the territorial integrity of the contracting countries was guaranteed; the other a pact of amity and commerce, whereby, among other clauses, each nation might take into the ports of the other the prizes captured by its privateers, whereas the captures made by the privateers of other nations were forbidden entry into the ports concerned. There was also extant, though not immediately due in full, a debt of two million three hundred thousand dollars, the balance of the French loan to the United States. With France at war, and her West Indian colonies exposed to capture, loyal adherence to the treaties could only plunge America into a conflict with England, and probably with Spain; and there would be an end, for one thing, of American commerce, if not eventually of American independence. The merchants were in favor of neutrality, the people at large faithful to France and liberty. The cabinet must decide.

Mr. Hamilton came out for neutrality, in name and fact, and for a repudiation of the awkward treaties made with a government now no longer in existence. Mr. Jefferson desired peace—he was, perhaps, the first of America's great practicing pacifists—but under no consideration would he permit the President to declare a genuine neutrality. Such a course would be an insult to France, and with his rare capacity for riding two horses at once in opposite directions, Mr. Jefferson was determined to enjoy the benefits of neutrality without subscribing openly to the principle. Harried and bedeviled by his two great hostile counselors, Mr. Washington finally issued a proclamation, on April twenty-third, in which no reference whatever was made to the subject of neutrality, all citizens being enjoined merely against committing belligerent acts.

Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, immediately attacked the proclamation with all the private weapons at his command. It was unconstitutional because the legislature had not been consulted; it was pusillanimous because it did not feature America's friendship for France; it was not a manly neutrality, but only an English one.

"Our proceedings," he wrote, "toward the conspirators against human liberty"—meaning the English—"are unjustifiable in principle, in interest, and in respect to the wishes of our constituents." The people, he was convinced, were coming forward to express those wishes, since the Government failed to represent them. An interesting observation from a Federal official who was so soon to be shocked by an alleged appeal to the people on the part of the new French minister.

As for the National Gazette—Mr. Jefferson's National Gazette ——

"Had you, sir," it roared at Mr. Washington, "before you ventured to issue a proclamation which appears to have given much uneasiness, consulted the general sentiments of your fellow citizens, you would have found them from one extremity of the Union to the other firmly attached to the cause of France. You would not have found them . . . so far divested of the feelings of men as to treat with 'impartiality' and 'equal friendship' those tigers who so lately deluged our country with the blood of thousands, and the men who generously flew to her rescue and became her deliverers. . . .

"I am aware, sir, that some court satellites may have deceived you with respect to the sentiments of your fellow citizens. The first magistrate of a country, whether he be called a King or a President, seldom knows the real state of the nation; particularly if he be so much buoyed up by official importance as to think it beneath his dignity to mix occasionally with the people. . . . Let not the little buzz of the aristocratic few and their contemptible minions . . . be mistaken for the exalted and general voice of the American people."

It was in such an America, animated by such public dissensions, that the new minister from France set foot.

VIII

THE frigate Embuscade, with her thirty-six guns, her liberty cap at the foremast head, and her quarter galleries decorated with the emblems of the Terrible Republic, arrived at Charleston on April 8, 1793. It had originally been her intention to proceed to Philadelphia, but contrary winds and the rumored presence of two British frigates turned her aside to the southern port.

The young man on her quarterdeck, resplendent in the tricolored ribbon of his ministerial office, was exactly thirty years and three months old. A very handsome young man, with a fine, open, laughing countenance and a ruddy complexion, active and full of bustle, pleasant and unaffected, "more like a busy man than a man of business." A young man of parts, of great culture and of long diplomatic experience; an admirer, since his childhood, of the founders of American freedom; fresh from the magnificent and transfiguring ordeal of his own country's republican rebirth, aflame with patriotism and lofty resolves, dedicated to the constant service of France—the new, glorious, triumphant France of his Girondist ideals—and through her, inevitably, to the service of the whole brotherhood of man.

"The whole of the New World must be made free," he once wrote, "and the Americans must help us in this sublime task."

An apostle, a crusader of liberty, come with exalted hope to that land where liberty had been born, to find, surely, a concern equal to his own in the welfare of the sister, the daughter republic. An eloquent young man, so filled with zeal, so dreadfully in earnest, so proud of his mission, so sternly convinced of its sanctity and righteousness, so fiercely confident of success. So one seems to see him, on the quarterdeck on that April morning, and not as the vainglorious, arrogant, blustering mountebank of history. Impatient, hot-headed, petulant, fanatic, a good deal of a spoiled child, perhaps a little too precocious, too unabashed, too arbitrary—all those things—but not a fool, not an adventurer, not without conspicuous and ingratiating qualities, and never ridiculous. If he was to offend, the reason was, in his own words ——

"That a pure and warm blood runs swiftly through my veins; that I passionately love my country; that I adore the cause of liberty; that I am always ready to

(Continued on Page 97

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PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 94)

sacrifice my life for it; that to me it appears inconceivable that all the enemies of tyranny, that all virtuous men, should not march with us to the combat; and that when I find an injustice is done to my fellow citizens, that their interests are not espoused with the zeal which they merit, no consideration in the world can hinder either my pen or my tongue from tracing, from expressing my grief."

He was coming to take his place as a successor to ministers who, in the opinion of Moreau de Saint-Méry, had proved most unsatisfactory; one of them, indeed, having been so tactless as to cause French dishes to be carried with him to the house whenever he dined at Mr. Hamilton's. He was coming to assume a position in which he would need "to be extremely affable, to see everything, to hear everything, to note everything without affectation and without panic, to play his diplomatic rôle at his board, to attract to it cleverly the influential members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, and never to permit the British ambassador to serve at his table a brand of Madeira superior to his own." He had already been warned by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the coldness of the American character, and advised to employ indirect methods of approach, to exert all possible influence on the public sentiment, to avail himself with circumspection of the zealous coöperation of certain friends whom he would find in the House of Representatives and among the principal executive officials, and to place entire confidence in Mr. Washington, in Mr. Madison and in Mr. Jefferson—advice which may possibly have been responsible for his subsequent exclamation that "America is so little understood in France!"

He brought with him explicit instructions, covering a number of important matters, which, as they were almost all to be repudiated by the Jacobin government after the fall of the Girondists who had issued them, deserve to be recorded in some detail: more especially since the utmost which can be stated in condemnation of his conduct in America is that he obeyed the spirit as well as the letter of his instructions, and came within an ace of succeeding—Monsieur de Saint-Méry thought six weeks.

He was to avoid as much as possible "those ridiculous disputes which cluttered up the transactions of the older diplomacy," and there, at least, he was to fail miserably. He was to negotiate a new treaty of amity and commerce to replace those of 1778; and in the meantime he was to insist on the maintenance of the existing agreements; to prevent any armament of privateers other than French ones, and any harboring of prizes except those taken by French vessels, in the ports of America; and to make use of the three hundred blank letters of marque furnished him by the Ministry of the Navy, for distribution to all American shipowners "willing to risk a raid against the English, the Dutch, the Russians, the Prussians and the Austrians." Even a person of less intelligent imagination than he possessed would have appreciated the tacit, underlying hope that America might be persuaded to join France in her English war.

And then he was to attempt the realization of an extraordinary dream, a vision of colonial empire, a carrying of the banners of liberty through Canada and the Spanish Americas, just as on the other side of the water the armies of France were sweeping them across Europe. Trusting in the hostility toward Spain of the American frontiersmen—and ready to defray the necessary expenses for intoxicating stimulants, since it was known "that Americans only talk of war when vis-à-vis with a bowl"—they told him at Paris to dispense the blank military commissions which they had provided for the Indians, who thought highly of such documents; and to do all in his power, in Louisiana and the provinces adjacent to the American borders, to "quicken the principles of freedom and independence," or, in plain French, to maintain agents in those regions for the purpose of recruiting armed bands and stimulating insurrection.

And if the American Government ever made up its mind to it he was to negotiate still another treaty—"a national pact in which the two nations would mingle their commercial and political interests, and establish an intimate harmony for the purpose of favoring in every way the extension of the Kingdom of Liberty, guaranteeing the sovereignty of Peoples, and punishing the Powers which still persevere in an exclusive colonial system. . . . This pact would soon lead to the liberation of Spanish America, to the opening up to the inhabitants of Kentucky of the navigation of the Mississippi, to the deliverance of our ancient brothers of Louisiana from the tyrannical yoke of Spain, and, possibly, to the placing in the American Constellation of the bright star of Canada. However vast this project may seem, it will be easy of execution if the Americans so desire, and in convincing them of this fact the Citizen Genêt shall exercise all his care."

The Theater in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Destroyed by Fire in 1820

Such, "with absolute trust in his known prudence and moderation," were the stupendous undertakings confided to that young man of thirty, standing on the quarterdeck of the frigate Embuscade while she boomed her salute to the port of Charleston.

THE official details of Genêt's activities in America, his acrimonious debates with the Federal Government, his undeniably caustic attacks on the President, his incontestable breaches of diplomatic conduct—these matters are all to be found in the archives of formal history.

It is well known that he instigated important military and naval operations against Canada and Spanish America; that he encouraged recruiting within the borders of neutral America; that he armed countless privateers, with fascinating republican names, in every American port, and caused their prizes to be confiscated in American courts; that he did all in his power to precipitate the United States into war; that, in short, he obeyed his instructions. It is quite true that his consuls, the captains of his frigates and their crews, permitted themselves outrageous impertinences and indulged in riotous communion with their English colleagues in every water-front tavern; that he called the President "This old Washington, who greatly differs from him whose name has been engraved by history, and who does not pardon me my successes"; that he roared bitter and impolite complaints at the cabinet; that he thought less than nothing of Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Randolph and General Knox; that he issued tempestuous and extremely bombastic manifestoes for the public consumption; that he made a great deal of noise and offended a great many people, and finally frightened Mr. Jefferson out of his coat.

What is not so true is that he did anything contrary to the proper conception of his duty, to the just interpretation of America's existing obligations to France, to the widespread and loudly expressed popular approval of his point of view. What is not so well known, perhaps, is how he was secretly encouraged in his attitude by Mr. Jefferson, and how he was finally betrayed and discredited because he had become too dangerous to both American political parties. It is these matters, more particularly, which one is tempted to examine.

Genêt went ashore at Charleston, after his many weeks at sea, in a great din of guns and bells, and was received with great cordiality by Governor Moultrie, by Mr. Izard, who had known his father at Paris, and by the French consul, who rejoiced in the name of Michael Angelo Bernard de Mangourit. From them, between the courses of various civic feasts, he learned that the Government would probably declare for neutrality—it did so two weeks later—that the people were very generally opposed to the Government's policy, and that it was perfectly proper for him to arm privateers in American ports. Genêt did not waste any time.

"I am more anxious to succeed," he wrote, "than to shine publicly."

During the ten days of his stay at Charleston he manned two privateers, saw the Embuscade start on her raiding voyage to Philadelphia, and set in motion the machinery of his Spanish ventures, which he left in the energetic hands of Monsieur de Mangourit. Then, on April eighteenth, he started north by land, choosing a route which would take him through a countryside the farming population of which was none too well disposed toward the Federal Party in power, with its unpopular excise laws; and where he might have opportunity to purchase necessary supplies of grain for the French colonies. His progress was a continuous triumph, a tumultuous ovation of guns, bells, public addresses, civic feasts and fraternal hugs.

"The people," he was able to report, "received me in their arms and under their modest roofs, and offered me much grain and corn. I was clasped in the arms of a multitude which had rushed out to meet me. My journey has been an uninterrupted succession of civic festivities."

Philadelphia was all bubbling over with excitement in anticipation of the coming of Genêt.

"May we not hope," the National Gazette suggested, "that the true Republicans will hoist the tricolored flag; and to complete the spectacle, that our fair Philadelphians will decorate their elegant persons and adorn their hair with patriotic ribbands?"

Along the roads, horsemen were posted to bring in the news of his approach; and Citizen Bompard of the Embuscade had agreed to fire three shots in confirmation of the event.

Genêt arrived at one o'clock on the afternoon of May sixteenth. A large concourse of citizens had marched out to Gray's Ferry to meet him and escort him in triumph into the town, but he avoided them and drove through cheering streets to the City Tavern, at Second near Walnut: an establishment similar to the Tontine Coffee House at New York, where all the business of the port was transacted and where punch was served at side tables. Of all the conflicting reports of his entry, one prefers the one tucked away in a New York Gazette, quoted from a private letter written by a lady in Philadelphia to a friend in Alexandria.

"Mr. Genêt's address is so easy, affable and pleasing," she said, "that he fascinates all who have the honor to be introduced to him. He was quite overcome with the affectionate joy that appeared in every face on his arrival. It would be impossible, my dear, to give you any idea of the scene. It was great and interesting in the highest degree. The streets were crowded and the city was in a tumult of joy."

On May seventeenth he was waited upon by deputations of prominent citizens and replied from his balcony to their acclamations of welcome. On May eighteenth he was formally, and in his estimation a trifle coldly, received by the President, and a little shocked to find "medallions of Capet and his family" in the parlor. On that same evening he attended the first of several festivities in his honor: a tremendous banquet at Oeller's Tavern, at which many distinguished Philadelphians, as well as some of the crew of the Embuscade, were present. 'A banquet enlivened by odes and hymns and toasts —— "The treaty of alliance with France, may those who attempt to evade or violate the political obligations and faith of our country be considered as traitors and consigned to infamy!" A banquet which closed with the passing from head to head of a liberty cap, after Genêt himself had charmed the assemblage by singing:

Liberty! Liberty! Be thy name adored forever;
Tyrants, beware, your tottering thrones must fall.
One interest links the free together,
And freedom's sons are Frenchmen all!

Governor Mifflin and Genêt went home at half-past nine, and the next morning the French minister turned eagerly to his various tasks. While the belles of Philadelphia—who, according to Monsieur de Saint-Méry, were adorable at fifteen, faded at twenty-three, decrepit at forty, and afflicted with bad teeth, falling hair and a passion for ribbons—were promenading fashionably on the north side of Market Street, between Third and Fifth; while the gentlemen of the town—one continues to quote Monsieur de Saint-Méry—were sitting late at afternoon dinner, in dining rooms furnished with maple and horsehair and glittering with superfluous silver, consuming vast quantities of claret and Madeira, and retiring occasionally to the corners of the room for purposes which may best be imagined; while the good citizens, "who washed their faces and hands with care, but never their mouths, seldom their feet, and even more rarely their bodies," were smoking, and drinking very hot tea and devouring green fruit in that busy city infested with bedbugs and flies; and while the oyster barrows were being trundled through the streets until ten o'clock at night, "with lamentable cries"—the Citizen Minister toiled and planned and organized.

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COLLINS
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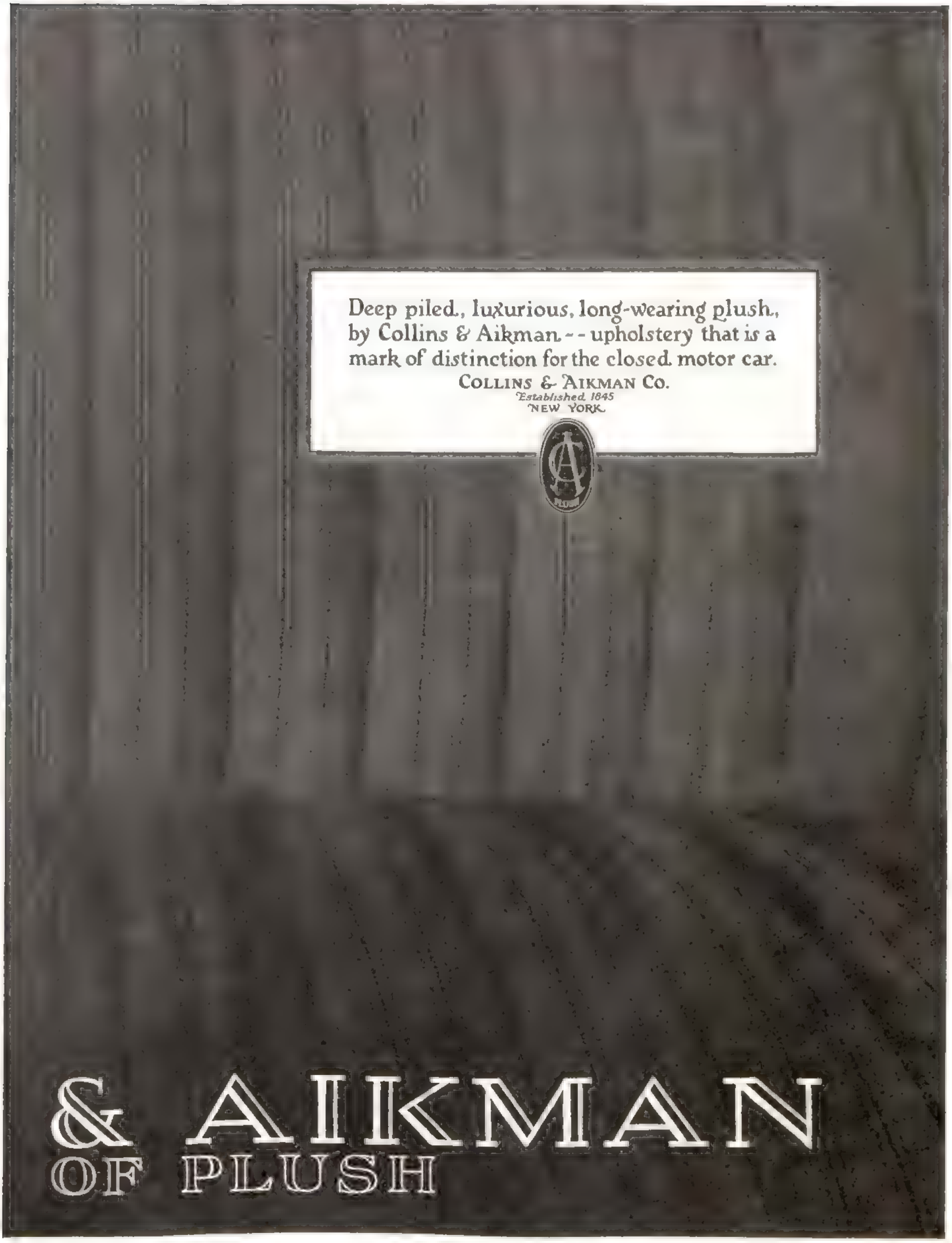
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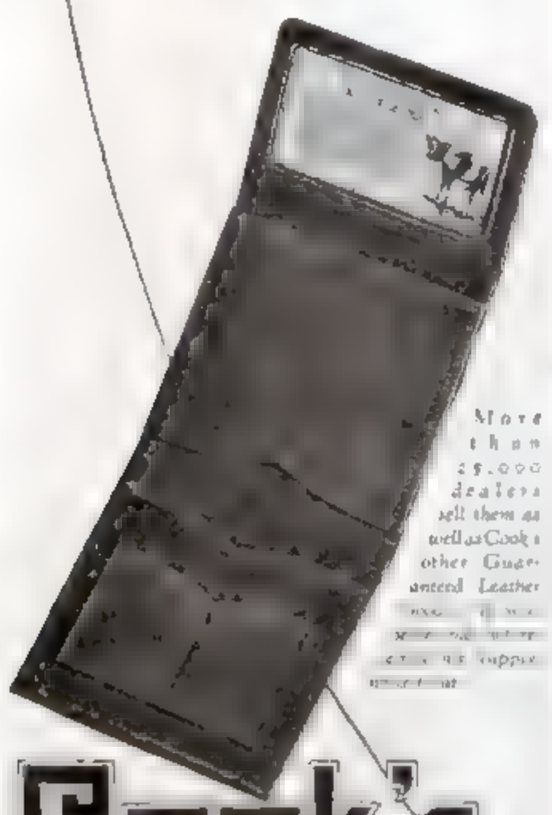

Cook's
Solid Leather
Bill Folds

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He saw to his growing squadron of privateers; he maintained that since the treaties forbade the enemies of France to fit out raiders in American ports, the permission for France to do so was obviously intended; and that if French privateers were allowed to bring their prizes into American harbors, they might also condemn them there; he asked for advances on the two-million-dollar debt and was told by Mr. Hamilton that there was no money in the Treasury, and that even if there were he would not receive any of it; he sent agents to Louisiana, he incited the Canadians, he armed the Kentuckians and gathered together a fleet; he wrote voluminously on a multitude of subjects, and answered that letter concerning the Spaniards from George Rogers Clark, which began: "Sir, the contest in which the Republic of the French is actually involved against all the Despots of Europe is among the most awful, interesting and solemn, in all its consequences, that has ever arisen in the world. . . . With those who already feel or know anything of the Rights of Man, it is a spectacle which, between hope and fear about its success, must engage the attention of both head and heart, and with them influence every of the nobler passions."

Soon he could inform his government that—

"True Americans are at the height of joy. The whole of America has risen to acknowledge in me the minister of the French Republic. I live in the midst of perpetual feasts; I receive addresses from all parts of the continent. I see with gratification that my way of negotiating pleases our American brothers and I am led to believe, Citizen Minister, that my mission will be a fortunate one from every point of view."

Cheerful, sanguine, deluded young man that he was!

x

HE HAD every reason to be sanguine. On all sides—excepting in purely Federalist circles—in poetry and prose, he was being told that his cause was just and that the American people were behind him. Repeatedly, at Philadelphia, riotous crowds went storming down the streets, threatening to pull Mr. Washington and Mr. Adams out of their beds if they refused to make war on England. Within a fortnight of his arrival some of the most prominent citizens of the town waited on him to ask his opinion concerning a name for a new Republican club. Genêt suggested that it be called the Democratic Society.

On May thirtieth the Democratic Society of Pennsylvania was organized with a constitution and circular notice drafted by the Secretary of State of the Commonwealth, Mr. Alexander J. Dallas, "to cultivate a just knowledge of rational liberty, to facilitate the enjoyment and exercise of our civic rights, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the glorious inheritance of a free republican government."

Other cities were not slow to imitate the capital. At Boston the Freemen declared that they adored the cause of liberty, and that their wishes and prayers were frequently engaged against the despots of the earth. They were persuaded "that the present struggles of the French people are directed to the subversion of Aristocracy and Despotism, and to the lasting improvement and happiness of the human race." Other societies announced that they favored a "real and genuine Republicanism, unsullied and uncontaminated with the smallest spark of monarchical or aristocratic principles."

Under the mask of abstract republicanism, it was not long before the societies—those nurseries of sedition, as the Federalists called them, with their "barefaced correspondencies and resolves"—began to attack the Administration, the policy of neutrality and all the Federalist measures; while, on their side, the National Gazette—Mr. Jefferson's National Gazette—and Mr. Bache's General Advertiser were slinging criticism and abuse at Mr. Washington until he raged against them openly at cabinet meetings.

Genêt might tell Doctor Logan, out on the beautiful lawn at Stenton which he often visited, that he would never suffer a Gazette to enter his house; but he read them just the same, and sent clippings home to France; he knew what a large proportion of the American people were thinking and saying; he found ample justification for his estimate of "the ardent and sublime love of the good country people, of the old soldiers, of the poor but industrious men of the cities, for the principles of France," and of "the base idolatry of the great capitalists, of the big merchants, for the English constitution."

xi

AND, at the Department of State, he found Mr. Jefferson. The two men talked, not as officials, but openly and intimately as friends. Mr. Jefferson was made aware of Genêt's Spanish enterprises and assured him that he did not care what insurrections were incited in Louisiana, although expeditions from Kentucky might prove embarrassing to the participants if captured. Mr. Jefferson thought that Genêt could not have been more affectionate or more magnanimous. Mr. Jefferson, in those early days, seemed disposed to second the French point of view; he sympathized with the French envoy in all his disputes with the Federal Government; and, in the security of their personal conversations, disparaged the motives and pronouncements of his executive colleagues.

"He gave me," Genêt reported, "useful information concerning the men in power, and did not conceal from me that Senator Morris and Secretary of the Treasury Hamilton, devoted to the interests of England, exercised the greatest influence on the President's mind, and that it was only with the greatest trouble that he was able to counteract their efforts." Mr. Jefferson, exposed to the hatred of the President and of his colleagues—so Genêt was given to understand the situation—was the only official for whom he, Genêt, possessed any respect.

At the same time, when it came to discussing practical details—the maintenance of existing treaties or the formulation of new agreements—Mr. Jefferson was extremely vague. He blandly admitted the validity of the French treaties, and simultaneously assured the British minister that America proposed to remain vigorously neutral. He took refuge in a haze of general technicalities and declaimed copious extracts from various tomes on international law. All in the same breath, he played the cat to Genêt's mouse, cajoled his English colleague, and succeeded in placing the public blame for the Government's spineless vacillations on Mr. Hamilton and his "secret antigallomany." Depending on the listener, he talked lengthily and with the utmost apparent sincerity, on both sides of the same question, content if in so doing he could in any degree embarrass and obstruct his enemy at the Treasury Department. As for the effect on the listener, Mr. Jefferson, treading the tortuous path of his own destiny, was not in the least concerned in such insignificant consequences of his policy.

Genêt began to realize the duplicity confronting him. Mr. Jefferson, Genêt found out, "signed his name to what he did not believe, and officially approved threats which he condemned in his private conversations and anonymous writings"; there was in his official declarations "a restraint" which convinced Genêt "that this man of half-hearted convictions wished to maintain himself in a position which would keep him in office, whatever the turn of events."

But at first Genêt realized none of this. He listened to Mr. Jefferson—just as many long years afterward the French people were to listen to another great American spokesman—and believed, as did his compatriots of that later day, that he was listening to the voice of America.

xii

AND now things were not going so well. "Seeing myself upheld by the American people," he was soon to write, "I believed that a government sprung from it would prove itself worthy of its trust by obeying its supreme voice. I had not in the least foreseen that the men charged by the people with the task of government would betray their duty by multiplying in our path obstacles, difficulties and disappointments."

At all events, in June, the President proclaimed that all privateers being armed in American ports should be seized. During the first days of July it was brought to the attention of the authorities at Philadelphia that the brig Petit Démocrate, formerly the Little Sarah—a former French prize—was being armed and made ready for sea. Governor Mifflin was requested by the merchants of the port to call out the militia and prevent the departure of this vessel, whose identity as a privateer of Genêt's was an open secret. Governor Mifflin sent his secretary of state, Mr. Dallas, of the Democratic Society, to interview Genêt. A very famous interview, as it turned out, at which no one except the two men was present.

Genêt lost his temper, talked extravagantly about his wrongs, and refused to countermand the brig's departure. Governor Mifflin called out his militia. In the cabinet, sitting without Mr. Washington, who was at Mount Vernon, Mr. Hamilton and General Knox urged that guns be mounted on Mud Island to sink the Petit Démocrate if she sailed in defiance of the proclamation. Mr. Jefferson implored them to leave everything to him, and went off to interview Genêt himself. Once again Genêt lost his temper, and shouted at Mr. Jefferson for a long time before the latter could get in a word.

"But he did not," Mr. Jefferson recorded in his diary, "on that, nor ever did on any other occasion in my presence, use disrespectful expressions of the President."

It was Genêt's contention that he had a perfect right, according to the treaties, to arm privateers, and that Congress was bound to see that the treaties were observed. Mr. Jefferson told him no, that was for the President to do. Then, Genêt inquired, if the President decided against the treaty, to whom was the nation to appeal? Mr. Jefferson—who was upholding his chief that evening—explained that under the Constitution the President was the last appeal. Genêt bowed and said that he could not make him any compliments on such a Constitution; he might also have asked Mr. Jefferson why, then, he had attacked the President's neutrality proclamation on the ground of unconstitutionality. After that, Genêt regained his good humor and they discussed the brig. Mr. Jefferson begged him not to allow her to sail before the President returned. Genêt informed him that she would drop down to Chester to take on supplies, and that she would probably not be ready to sail before the President returned.

Mr. Jefferson went running back to the cabinet and reported that everything was arranged and that the brig would certainly not sail. Governor Mifflin called in his militia. Ten days later the brig sailed, the promise that she would not do so never having existed except in Mr. Jefferson's imagination.

Mr. Washington returned to Philadelphia on July eleventh in a state of extreme impatience. Genêt asked Mr. Jefferson for an interview with the President and was told that all communications must pass through the Secretary of State. Notwithstanding this refusal, Genêt called at Mr. Washington's house that same evening, and "after some very polite and obliging discourse on the part of Mrs. Washington," persuaded the President to give him a few moments in private. Genêt "protested what is entirely true"—his account was written four years later—"that I had been entirely amazed on reading in the public journals certain articles which they attributed to me, relative to his conduct toward France, but in which I had no participation; that my correspondence was indeed animated, but if he would condescend to put himself in my position and consider that by his proclamation of neutrality and the interpretation that he had given to it, he had annulled the most sacred treaties, deprived the French people . . . of the alliance which they considered as property dearly bought—he would acknowledge that unless I was a traitor I could not act otherwise." Genêt then suggested that they discuss a new treaty.

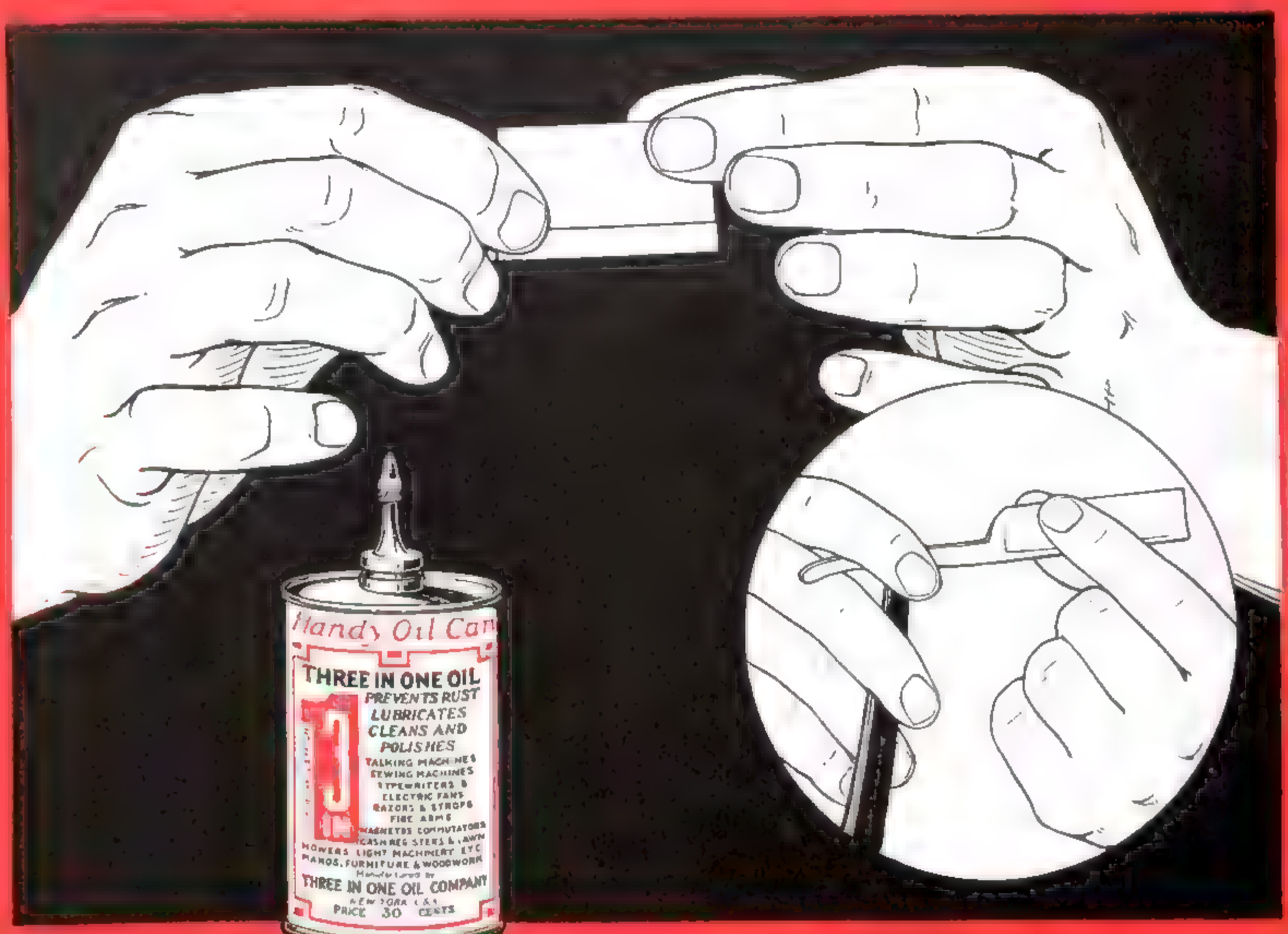
"The President," he stated, "listened to all I had said and simply told me that he did not read the papers, that he did not care what they said concerning his administration"—one occasion, at least, on which Mr. Washington departed from the traditions of the cherry tree. "We left the room, he accompanied me as far as the staircase, took me by the hand and pressed it."

The next morning Genêt went to Mr. Jefferson and told him of this interview. Mr. Jefferson blushed—the door opened and in walked Mr. Washington. Genêt was not invited to remain, nor could he ever find out from Mr. Jefferson whether the President had referred to his nocturnal visit. A few days later Genêt was called to New York.

xiii

MR. JEFFERSON was alarmed. He was getting the worst of it in his perpetual quarrel with Mr. Hamilton; the constant uproar over Genêt was turning even the

(Continued on Page 103)



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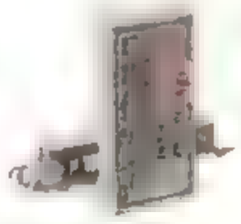
BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

The four things to do



1

Apply iodine to the wound. Do not wash the wound.

2

Apply a sterile piece of gauze folded into a convenient pad.

3

Then wrap this dressing with a sterile gauze bandage.

4

Fasten with adhesive plaster.

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is the protection you need against the infection that often results so seriously.

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Remember that the cleanest of cloths, not having been scientifically sterilized, may harbor infectious germs. Germs that take their toll often in life itself.

* * *

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(Continued from Page 100)

Republicans against their party, and consequently against himself. And then this young man who had made a fool of him before the cabinet over the Petit Démocrate; who visited the President without permission, and was liable to tell him heaven knew what about his Secretary of State's private chicaneries—something must be done.

"Never, in my opinion," Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Madison in July, "was so calamitous an appointment made as that of the present Minister of France here. Hot-headed, all imagination, no judgment, passionate, disrespectful, and even indecent toward the President in his written as well as his verbal communications"—a statement directly opposed to Mr. Jefferson's own testimony in his personal diary. "I believe," he wrote again a little later, "it will be true wisdom in the Republican party to approve unequivocally of a state of neutrality . . . to abandon Genêt entirely. . . . In this way we shall keep the people on our side by keeping ourselves in the right. I have been myself under a cruel dilemma with him. I adhered to him as long as I could have a hope of setting him right"—by encouraging him in every way, no doubt.

"Finding at length that the man was incorrigible, I saw the necessity of quitting a wreck which would but sink all who should cling to it."

The rats were leaving the sinking ship. As Mr. Oliver Wolcott expressed it, Mr. Jefferson "stimulated the prejudices of the French Minister against his colleagues in the American Cabinet, and, after he had been seduced into intemperate measures, this too sanguine instrument of his intriguing ambition was sacrificed without scruple."

On the evening of his interview with Genêt concerning the brig, Mr. Jefferson stopped in at Governor Mifflin's to report his imagined success, and found Mr. Dallas there. They compared their interviews, and, in his diary, Mr. Jefferson recorded that Mr. Dallas mentioned some things which Genêt had not said in the second interview, "and particularly his declaration that he would appeal from the President to the people." This important and, if authentic, unpardonable threat on the part of a foreign minister was repeated by Mr. Jefferson to the cabinet. Governor Mifflin also carried it to General Knox—who imparted it to Mr. Hamilton—as having been reported to him by his secretary on the occasion of the first interview.

One may not, lacking further evidence, presume that these gentlemen acted otherwise than in good faith and according to their sincere recollection of an oral communication.

At all events, Mr. Hamilton notified Mr. Jay and Mr. King of Genêt's alleged indiscretion and authorized them to publish it. Genêt, arriving at New York on August seventh in the midst of the customary guns and bells, went from the New Coffee House to his lodgings on Maiden Lane and found the "certificate" in the Diary. Genêt immediately denied the accusation flatly. Mr. Hamilton and General Knox issued a statement corroborating Mr. Jay and Mr. King, and announcing that their authorities were Governor Mifflin and Mr. Jefferson. Genêt appealed, fruitlessly, to Mr. Washington: "I dare therefore to venture to expect from you an explicit denial, a statement that I have never intimated to you an intention of appealing to the people." Mr. Jefferson replied that the President did not think it necessary to testify against a declaration which, whether made to him or to others, was perhaps immaterial. Genêt characterized this reply as evasive and wrote to his government:

> Knox and Hamilton, alarmed by the tremendous popularity which I enjoy, are spreading the news everywhere that I want to incite the Americans against their government, and that, displeased with its conduct, I have determined to appeal to the people; and this weak government which is always afraid of England deserves such an appeal . . . but since the fact is false, I have just written a very firm letter to General Washington.

The question was become one of national controversy. Throughout the summer, while New York and Philadelphia were in the throes of a violent epidemic of yellow plague—caused, many people thought, by the godless action of erecting a new theater at Philadelphia—war raged in the newspapers over Genêt's reported appeal. It was an outrage, in keeping with similar outrages perpetrated by his minions and hirelings; it was a base libel, a Federalist plot to ruin him. Mr. Monroe concurred in the latter opinion.

"The monarchy party among us," he wrote, "has seized a new ground whereon to advance their fortunes. The French Minister has been guilty in the vehemence of his zeal of some indiscretions, slighting the President of the United States, and instead of healing the breach, this party have brought it to the public view, and are laboring to turn the popularity of this respectable citizen against the French Revolution." And a little later he told Mr. Jefferson "That the object of this party is to separate us from France and ultimately unite us with England is what I am well assured of—and that the certificate of Messrs. Jay and King was concerted at Philadelphia as the means of bringing the subject before the public is likewise what I believe . . . . I consider the whole, however, as a mere trick, and which will ultimately recoil on the authors of it."

Mr. Jefferson, who, with his fellow Republican, Governor Mifflin, had started the rumor, and who was only too pleased at the prospect of trouble for the Federalists, and who did not give two pins for Genêt any more, probably laughed very heartily. Governor Mifflin, for his part, was not so sure now as to just what Mr. Dallas had said, or as to what he himself had said Mr. Dallas had said. Mr. King and Mr. Jay, on their side, were not laughing at all. The senator from New York and the Chief Justice of the United States did not relish being called liars in the public gazettes; nor did they appreciate the comedy at Philadelphia, where Mr. Hamilton was pointing to General Knox and General Knox to Governor Mifflin and Governor Mifflin to Mr. Dallas and all of them to Mr. Jefferson.

"I find," Mr. Monroe advised him on December fourth, "the establishment of the charge against Mr. Genêt will depend principally upon what you heard Mr. Dallas say. This latter will deny that he ever said anything like what the certificate states; Jay and King heard it from Hamilton and Knox, these latter from Mifflin; and I am told that there is a difference between those gentlemen and Mifflin, and likewise between him and Dallas, as to what they respectively stated. So the fact will be disproved against them unless the circumstances they are able to adduce are supported by you."

But Mr. Jefferson said nothing at all, and on December seventh Mr. Dallas issued an official denial of the statement attributed to him.

He set forth all that Genêt had said in the interview with regard to the sovereignty of Congress in the matter of the treaties, and the consequent duty of the President to convene Congress to discuss them, and then he announced:

"Such was Mr. Genêt's conversation with me, and it will be allowed that although I am responsible for the fidelity of the recital I am not responsible for any inference which has been drawn from the facts that it contains." Then—after admitting that Governor Mifflin might be correct in saying that he, Dallas, had stated that "if after the business was laid before Congress, Mr. Genêt did not receive satisfaction on behalf of his nation, he would publish his appeal, withdraw and leave the governments themselves to settle the dispute"—Mr. Dallas went on to explain that he was given to understand that Mr. Jefferson had stated in an official memorandum that Mr. Genêt's declaration of an intention to appeal from the President to the people was not expressed to him, but to Dallas.

"Whether Mr. Jefferson employed the language of his own inference from my recital on the occasion, or adopted the language of the current rumor, I will not attempt to discuss," Mr. Dallas continued.

"But if, in the same early stage of the business, I had also enjoyed the same means of explanation, I, like Mr. Jefferson, should then have said what I said the moment I heard the suggestion applied to me, what I have since taken every opportunity of saying and what I now most solemnly say, that Mr Genêt never did in conversation with me declare 'that he would appeal from the President to the people,' or that he would make any other appeal which conveyed to mind the idea of exciting insurrection and tumult.

"Upon the whole, as my communications to the Governor and Mr. Jefferson were of an official and confidential nature, I think that I have cause to complain; and the candor of others will induce them to lament that I was not personally consulted (which common courtesy as well as common caution might have dictated) before Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Knox (who had daily opportunities of seeing me) undertook to propagate the report connected with my name; or, at least, before Mr. Jay and Mr. King undertook to vouch for its authority."

Very unpleasant reading, one would imagine, for Mr. Jay and Mr. King, for Mr. Hamilton and General Knox, for Governor Mifflin and for Mr. Jefferson. One almost begins to wonder whether Governor Mifflin did not repeat, and Mr. Jefferson inadvertently, no doubt—record in his diary garbled versions of their conversations with Mr. Dallas concerning the young man who was becoming such a menace to the Republican Party; and whether Mr. Hamilton and General Knox did not incautiously seize upon them, doubtless in the best of faith, for the purpose of discrediting Genêt, that troublesome pebble in the Federalist shoe.

"It is to be regretted," Mr. Jay remarked to Mr. King, "that Mr. Jefferson and Governor Mifflin still remain, as it were, in a background."

And for Genêt the situation was not only regrettable; it was fatal. Whatever the facts of the case, the mere repetition of the scandal was capable of destroying him and his cause. Already addresses of loyalty to the President were pouring in from every quarter; from Charleston, Governor Moultrie wrote to Genêt to tell him that he was ruined; he was being spoken of as "too abhorred a villain to have his name mentioned by any man of the least honor or virtue." Between them, and from quite different motives, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hamilton had done for him. And this time, in the face of disaster, Genêt quite lost his head. He demanded that Mr. Jay and Mr. King be prosecuted for libel by the Attorney General. Mr. Jefferson transmitted the plea with a request that it be given every consideration, as concerning "a public character peculiarly entitled to the protection of the laws." Why "peculiarly" is not so clear, unless Mr. Jefferson had it in mind that the suit would damage Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Randolph refused to inaugurate proceedings, and Genêt exclaimed that he would "cover himself with the mantle of mourning and say that America is no longer free."

Whereupon, with the advice of Mr. Edward Livingston, he determined to "prosecute in your courts of judicature the authors and abettors of the odious and vile machinations that have been plotted against me by means of a series of impostures which for a while have fascinated the minds of the public and misled even your First Magistrate."

XIV

BUT that was not all. Troubles were accumulating both at home and in America, and the disaster was complete. For in August, already, the cabinet had decided to ask for Genêt's recall; and Mr. Jefferson had written to Mr. Gouverneur Morris, at Paris, to present this request concerning the minister who had "developed a character and conduct so unexpected and so extraordinary as to place us in the most distressing dilemma." Just how distressing, none but Mr. Jefferson himself was in a position to appreciate. Genêt was officially informed of this step on September fifteenth, and had some interesting observations to make in his reply to Mr. Jefferson, in which he summed up his attitude toward the whole controversy.

"Sir," he told him, "persuaded that the sovereignty of the United States resides essentially in the People and its representation in the Congress; persuaded that the executive power is the only one which has been confided to the President of the United States; persuaded that this Magistrate has not the right to decide questions the discussion of which the constitution reserves particularly to the Congress; persuaded that he has not the power to bend existing treaties to circumstances and to change their sense . . . I had deferred . . . communicating to my government . . . the original correspondence which has taken place in writing between you and myself on the political rights of France in particular . . . and on the acts, proclamations and decisions of the President of the United States relative to objects which require from their nature the sanction of the legislative body.

(Continued on Page 105)

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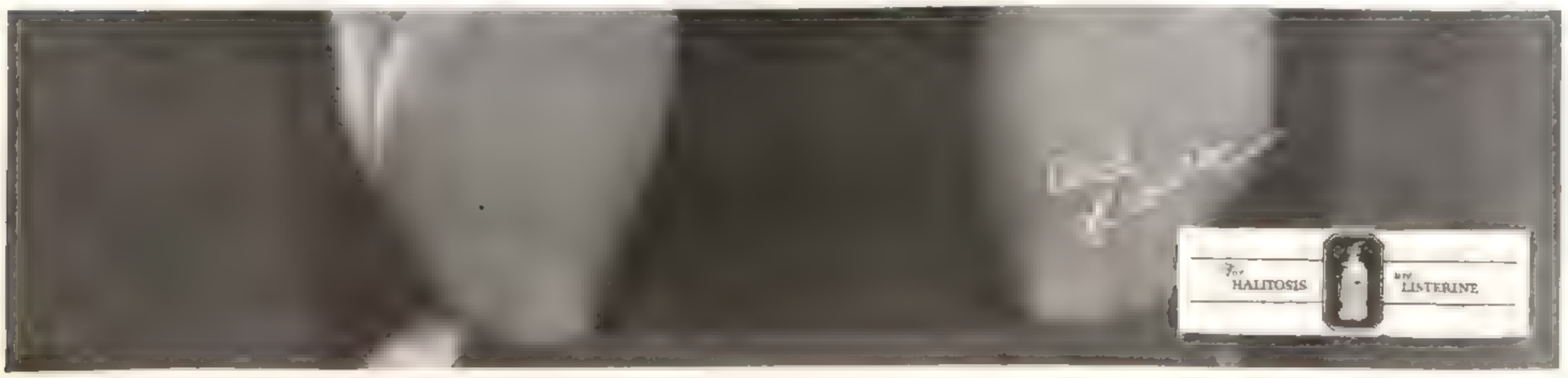

(Continued from Page 103

"However, informed that the gentlemen who have been painted to me so often"—by whom, one wonders—"as aristocrats, partisans of monarchy, partisans of England . . . were laboring to ruin me in my country after having reunited all their efforts to calumniate me in the view of their fellow citizens, I was going to . . . transmit them to France with my reports, when the denunciation which those same men have excited the President to exhibit against me, through Mr. Morris, came to my hands.

"It is in the name of the French People that I am sent to their brethren. . . . It is, then, for the representatives of the American People, and not for a single man to exhibit against me an act of accusation if I have merited it." And so, for perhaps the thousandth time, Genêt asked, in conclusion, that all the points at issue be laid before Congress.

And in France the Girondists had fallen, the Jacobin Reign of Terror was under way; already, in July, Robespierre's colleagues had been examining the reported activities of the minister whose appointment had so angered them, in preparation for a written rebuke which he must have received in that same fatal September, and the tone of which few envoys, probably, have ever been subjected to by their government.

"You thought," they informed him, with a convenient disregard of the spirit of his instructions, if not actually the letter, "that it was your duty to direct the political affairs of that people and to persuade it to make common cause with us. . . . You took it upon yourself to arm privateers, to order recruiting at Charleston, to cause prizes to be condemned before having been recognized by the American government . . . and with the certainty of its disapproval. . . . Your instructions are directly opposed to this curious interpretation. You were ordered to treat with the government and not with a portion of the people, to be the representative of the French Republic at the Congress and not the chief of an American party. . . . We may not, we cannot recognize in America any lawful authority except that of the President and of the Congress. It is there that the general will of the people resides without exception."

Precisely, in the Congress. Genêt had been saying that for months!

"It seems, Citizen," they continued, "that since your arrival at Charleston, you have been surrounded by very unintelligent or extremely ill-intentioned people. . . . They were not aware, doubtless, that the American government . . . has never ceased to make us substantial advances to furnish us with supplies . . . and that we have always found in it the most friendly attitude, joined to that wise and even timid policy which . . . especially characterises General Washington. . . . Dazzled by a false popularity, you have estranged the only man who should be the spokesman for you of the American people." The French Government had not sat, recently, at the feet of Mr. Jefferson. "It is not through the effervescence of an indiscreet zeal that one may succeed with a cold and calculating people.

"Do not delude yourself any longer concerning the brilliance of a false popularity which removes from you the representatives of the people without whom it will be impossible to bring to a successful close the negotiations with which you are charged. Apply yourself to gaining the confidence of the President and of the Congress; avoid . . . the perfidious insinuations of those who wish to mislead you, and be persuaded especially that it is by reason and not by enthusiasm that you will be able to exercise influence on a people which, even when it was making war on its tyrants, never ceased to remain cold."

One hopes that Genêt sent a copy of this letter to Mr. Jefferson, and to the Democratic Societies of Charleston and Philadelphia.

xv

THE general will of the people resided in the Congress, so they said; and it was to Congress that Genêt looked for his salvation, to Congress that he had always looked.

"Our friends will sustain us with enthusiasm in defending our rights in the next Congress," he wrote back to France, "disregarding General Washington, who sacrifices them to our enemies, and who will never forgive me for having received from his people a support great enough to cause the execution of our treaties in spite of him. . . . The people are for us, and their opinion differs greatly from that of their government."

When Congress met in December Mr Jefferson sent three senators to see Genêt and effect a reconciliation for what purpose is not so manifest—but Genêt declined and waited for Congress to express itself. It did so by agreeing to Mr. Washington's condemnation "of a person who has so little respected the mutual dispositions" of France and America. The "appeal to the people" had done its work

"Congress has met!" Genêt exclaimed, a trifle hysterically; but it was a black moment for him. "Washington has unmasked himself, America is befouled!"

Genêt's successor, Citizen Fauchet—whom Mr. Hamilton described as a meteor following a comet—arrived in January, 1794, and presented himself to Mr. Randolph, now Secretary of State in place of Mr. Jefferson, who was indulging in one of his sabbatical periods. Citizen Fauchet brought with him a decree of the Committee of Public Safety disavowing the "criminal conduct" of Genêt, disarming all his privateers, revoking all his consuls and requesting his own arrest. Genêt was actually to have been executed aboard the fleet at Brest, without trial. The decree was signed by Barère, Hérault, Billaud-Varenne, Collot d'Herbois, Saint-Just and Robespierre—sinister names at the foot of any document.

Mr. Washington, who had demanded his recall but not his punishment, magnanimously refused to permit the extradition of Genêt. But Mr. Randolph, "your friend," Genêt afterwards wrote to Mr. Jefferson, "the man of precious confessions, added in confidence that I still had many friends; that it was necessary to wait; but that if France persisted they would examine if the power of the President, which on this point was questionable, might not still afford some expedient to do what France desired." One would hesitate to believe this if it were not corroborated by Citizen Fauchet himself.

There was nothing left to do except to take over Genêt's enormous files of correspondence, the sorting of which took nearly two weeks, and to examine his accounts, which showed that the French Government still owed him nine thousand francs, which he was to try to collect, in vain, a good many years later. As for his libel suit against Mr. Jay and Mr. King, Citizen Fauchet reminded him that the family of an envoy could be held responsible with their lives for his conduct, and suggested that the suit be dropped. One would like to know at whose request.

From Charleston, on March twenty-third, Monsieur de Mangourit, his friend, wrote to him:

"I have received, Citizen, the circular in which you announce to me your recall. Since the Republic can only replace one virtuous man with another, I console myself.

"The Convention, also, will not see the good which you have done without rendering you a consoling justice; there you will expose the picture of political lies; this treacherous and hideous ingratitude will astonish the incorruptible Robespierre. . . . That Frenchman will be the first to give you the civic kiss." Monsieur de Mangourit, of course, did not have the slightest idea what he was talking about. "Without you, the liberty of the United States would have perished, her treaties with France would have been torn up, and the British Leopard would have appeared a second time in America. Adieu, Genêt!"

xvi

ADIEU, Genêt! He was thirty-one years old; his career was ended; behind him lay proscription and the scaffold, before him exile. The sale of his furniture, and of his carriage and horses, brought him just enough to buy a small farm at Jamaica, Long Island. The Citizen Minister became the citizen farmer.

"All these infamies," he wrote to Mr. Jefferson a few years later, referring to the closing episodes of his official life, "have fully justified in the tribunal of my conscience the course I have taken . . . to remain in America after rendering my accounts and placing my papers in the hands of my successor in an honorable manner; and, although with little fortune, to bury myself in retirement and silence; to meditate upon the great revolutions of the world; to try to penetrate the secrets of Nature; and above all to isolate myself from the intrigues of courts and the discouraging cabals of the people."

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Pure Deviled Ham

for Picnic Sandwiches

BIG, sweet, tender hams!—boiled *en casserole*, chopped fine, and seasoned with delicate spices. That's all there is in Underwood Deviled Ham. No substitutes, no by-products, no adulterants.

Underwood Deviled Ham is made in a sunlit kitchen shiningly clean—as pure and wholesome as you could make it at home. No wonder it has that good ham flavor! No wonder it makes "the greatest sandwich in the world"!

You know exactly what you are getting in Underwood Deviled Ham. Always insist on the can with the famous Red Devil.

Send 10c for sample can. Book of 59 tempting recipes free.

Underwood
Pure
Deviled Ham

"Taste the Taste!"

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
57 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
In business over 100 years

And then all his resentment against the man who had done so much to ruin him, and against the whole American influence on France, came out in an astonishing paragraph.

"I would to God, sir," he exclaimed, "that doing more justice to your talents, you had likewise consecrated to the cultivation of the sciences the balance of your life, after having labored in establishing the independence of the United States. I wish that all the other envoys of the Federal government had done the same. France would then perhaps have passed without any suspended motion from one energetic government to another. The blood of the Bourbons, banished like that of the Tarquins, would not have flowed upon the scaffold; the French people, powerful and formidable, would have restrained Europe and found allies . . . and the United States, having conducted themselves strictly as an association of industrious merchants and peaceable farmers who prefer the horn of plenty to the triumph of fame, would not have drawn upon themselves the resentment of all parties who have succeeded each other in France, and who have been all equally deceived."

But Genêt was not entirely alone at Jamaica. All during the trying months of his final conflict with the Government, and afterwards, while he was gathering together the odds and ends of his life for a fresh start, there was a young lady at New York who saw in him not the Citizen Minister or the citizen farmer, but just the citizen lover. It was really to see her, probably, that he went to New York on July 4, 1794, and marched with the officials of the state in a long procession of French sympathizers, singing republican songs; and, if one is to believe Monsieur de Saint-Méry, hurling insults at the royalist *émigrés* on the sidewalk. And even here the Federalists tried to interfere, saying that he already had a wife in France; but the wedding finally took place, at Government House, on the evening of Thursday, November sixth—"by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Citizen Edmond Charles Genêt, late Minister from the Republic of France, to Miss Cornelia Tappen Clinton, daughter of His Excellency George Clinton, Esquire, Governor of this State."

Miss Cornelia Clinton was twenty years old, a young lady of consequence and great social position. "Honest, faithful and sincere, she cheerfully retired with the man who had won her hand from the agitated scene of the world to the shades of a peaceful solitude."

One seems, somehow, to learn more about Genêt from those few simple facts than from a multitude of official records. Three of their children were born at Jamaica; three others at Prospect Hill, near the village of Greenbush, opposite Albany, to which they moved in 1800. Mrs. Genêt died on March 23, 1810, aged not quite thirty-six, of consumption.

In the meantime, after the fall of Robespierre, Genêt had of course expected to be called back to France. But Mr. Monroe, the new American minister at Paris, objected; and in spite of Monsieur de Mangourit's outcries, Genêt's name remained proscribed. It was not until several years later that Mr. Monroe finally explained to Genêt the motives for his action.

"As a friend to free government," he told him, "your name will be recorded in the history of the present day, and your patient submission to the censures you incurred, in the station of a frugal and industrious farmer, will be a proof of the uprightness of your heart and integrity of your conduct while a victim to pure principles.

"I considered it a duty not to injure your fame or detract from your merit while I was in France, but to anticipate and prevent as far as I could any ill effects which your collision with our government might produce in the French councils. It was natural, had you returned, that you should have gone into a detail with your government of the incidents attending your mission, and more than probable that the communications you would have made to it would have increased the jealousy which it then entertained of the views of ours. . . . Hence I was persuaded your return at the time might be injurious, and was in fact averse to it.

"The whole of this has passed and is only recollected as interesting to ourselves. I, too, have had my day of suffering. I served with zeal the cause of liberty and my country, and was requited by every injustice which could be rendered me, short of imprisonment and death. This too has passed, though it can never be recollected by me but with disgust."

Napoleon, First Consul, finally invited Genêt to return, but the latter would have nothing to do with a man who was thinking of making himself emperor, and refused. He settled permanently at Prospect Hill, and, with Lieutenant Governor Broome and Mr. De Witt Clinton as sponsors, became a naturalized American citizen—in the presence, so family tradition asserts, of Mr. Alexander Hamilton, who addressed the Supreme Court and expressed the opinion that it was a notable event and a compliment to American institutions.

In a way, Genêt had at last appealed to the American people.

XVII

ON JULY 31, 1814, Genêt, for four years a widower, married Miss Martha Brandon Osgood, a young lady of twenty-seven—daughter of Mr. Samuel Osgood, the first Postmaster General—who gave him five children and survived him by a good many years.

Genêt himself had still twenty years to live. Noted everywhere for his courtesy, he occupied himself extensively with Democratic politics and prison reform; he was keenly interested in the Erie Canal and other similar projects; he spent much of his time in scientific research, and invented and patented a lifeboat; he wrote many pamphlets on learned subjects—on the means of opening new sources of wealth for the Northern states, on public health and public improvements, on the upward forces of fluids and their applicability to several arts

But he was a disappointed man; he never forgave what seemed to him his mother country's injustice to him; he "felt himself so much injured that he almost wished to avoid mankind," his wife told Madame Ney. "Therefore this place surrounded by woods, at a distance from the metropolis, suited him better than any other. How often have I grieved that his splendid talents should be buried in obscurity."

Perhaps, too, the place surrounded by woods reminded him of Mainville and those happy far-off times with his sisters at Uncle Toto's; perhaps, at dusk sometimes, he almost heard the echoes of Uncle Toto's flute, playing Charming Gabrielle and My Merry Shepherd—those old tunes—while he thought of old days; at Versailles in the little white suits, at St. Petersburg in the handsome uniform of dragoons, at Charleston on the quarterdeck of the Embuscade, at Oeller's Tavern at Philadelphia. Such different days, for now they were very poor—there were lawsuits and mortgages—and this old gentleman of sixty-nine was obliged to write to his niece in France, in 1832:

"To tell you the truth, honors without emoluments would not soften my distress. If it was not thought proper to reinstate me here as Minister, I would consent to accept the post of Consul General, or even that of mere Consul at New York."

Mere consul at New York!

He died at Prospect Hill on July 14, 1834. They buried him at Greenbush, where

"Under this humble stone, are interred the remains of Edmond Charles Genêt, late Adjutant General, Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul General from the French Republic to the United States of America. He was born at Versailles, Parish of St. Louis, in France, January 8, 1763, and died at Prospect Hill, Town of Greenbush, July 14, 1834.

"Driven by the storms of the Revolution to the shades of retirement, he devoted his talents to his Adopted Country, where he cherished the love of liberty and virtue. The pursuits of literature and science enlivened his peaceful solitude, and he devoted his life to usefulness and benevolence. His last moments were like his life, an example of fortitude and true Christian philosophy. His heart was love and friendship's sun, which has set on this Transitory World to rise with radiant splendor beyond the grave."

Adieu, Genêt.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

It was fine to use one's fingers, but absurd to use one's toes,
And ridiculous to mobilize one's elbow, chin and nose.
Though effects were often heightened by a cacophonic strum
With a crash of brazen metal or a sounding thump of drum,
What could sanctify the jangling of assorted bells on straps
And the other weird devices of this fellow known as Traps?

Arabella Canterina was as lovely as the sun,
An adorable musician, and her age was twenty-one;
She composed a composition in the bass and treble clef—
A sonata or an opera or a melody in F—
And the people surged in thousands through a cordon of police
When the orchestra assembled to produce her masterpiece.
There were miles of snowy shirt fronts, there were tons of tameless hair,
For the first and second fiddles and the double-bass were there,
And the playful hurdy-gurdy and the mellow seraphine
And the droning concertina and the tinkling tambourine
And the cello, sad and solemn, and the bagpipe, clear and high,
For the love of Arabella all resolved to do or die.

How the trumpet's clamor blended with the organ's volumed tones;
How the deep bassoon responded to the banjo and the bones,
How their voices pulsed and quavered in a Corybantic strife
With the flageolet and cornet, with the piccolo and fife!
How the fervid pianino poured its hymnal, rich and warm,
How the leader with his baton like an angel ruled the storm
While he waved his arms about him as its wings the eagle flaps
But above the diapason soared the symphony of Traps!
For he blew the mad barumpaphone, he banged the bumbaroo,
He woke the parabattle and the pollyoodle, too,
He clanged the wrangle-angle and he chimed the ting-a-ling,
He piped the louraloural and he clashed the kara-zing!

Oh, the arches rocked and trembled with the plaudits of the crowd
As they dragged our hero forward and he bowed and bowed and bowed,
While the frenzied critics hailed him as the marvel of the age
In a hurricane of garlands that were hurled upon the stage,
And the jealous barrel organ turned a horrid shade of green,
And the harpsichord and tuba simply faded from the scene,
And the woodwinds' tresses whitened in a premature decay
As they staggered from the footlights and they fainted dead away,
Then they hurried in the mayor with the freedom of the town
And he crowned the mighty master with a deathless laurel crown,
And the men forgot their manners and the women dropped their wraps
In a thunderous ovation to the devastating Traps!

With the Polyphonic medal and the city's golden key
Tripped the gentle virtuoso up the aisle to Seven-G;
In his arms were all the roses in the world that ever were,
And he knelt to Arabella and he gave them all to her;
And her heart received the message that his modesty repressed—
So I've brought the pair together and you'll have to do the rest.
But they own a crystal palace by the Hudson's azure flow
Where they lead their dimpled cherubs in the way they ought to go;
For they blow the mad barumpaphone, they bang the bumbaroo,
They sound the parabattle, and the pollyoodle, too,
They clang the wrangle-angle and they chime the ting-a-ling,
And they toot the louraloural and they clash the kara-zing! —*Arthur Guiterman.*

There's no need to worry about the cost of new window shades!

by Helen Richmond

AT least once a day I hear from some one about as follows: "I am greatly interested in your idea of toning daylight with window shades just as we tone lamplight with lamp shades, but I wonder if I can afford it. Special colors such as you mention must be quite expensive."

"Making shades that are too expensive" is the very thing *Columbia* Mills has avoided. It was evident long ago that this new idea of tone decoration would make many friends. Also that thousands of women, who appreciate the unusual in decoration, might feel that they could not afford to buy the highest priced window shades.

With this in mind *Columbia* produced the six new tone-colors in six different grades at prices that are within the reach of all. Naturally the $2.00 shade is made of finer materials than the 75 cent one. But the 75 cent shade is just as big a 75 cents' worth as the $2.00 one is a big two dollars' worth. And the lowest priced shade in *Columbia* tone-colors will tone the light exactly as well as the highest priced shade *Columbia* makes.

In the majority of cases, all you will need to do is to drop in on your window shade man the next time you're down town shopping, and find what you want right there. If he hasn't *Columbia* shades in the colors you want, he will order and have them for you in a few days.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

The only people who think shade rollers are of any importance are those who have not had Columbia Rollers in their homes. In homes where Columbia Rollers have been used for years and years, those who have Columbia Shades and Rollers at their windows wouldn't even be able to tell you what kind they were, unless they took them down and looked for the name on the end of the roller.

People who insist upon having things right ask for Columbia Window Shades.

From the more than twenty decorative schemes described in Elsie Sloan Farley's book, "Beautiful Windows" you're certain to find numerous delightful suggestions which you can apply easily and economically in your own home. Send 10c for your copy of this interesting and helpful book. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Some colors great decorators advise

Chamois
Persian Gold
Strained Honey
Circassian Brown
Etruscan Ivory
Plaza Gray
Color names Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHEN you realize that a window shade changes the tone and color of daylight as a lamp shade softens and enriches the hard bright light of electric bulbs you realize how important it is to select colors which will harmonize with your upholstery and hangings. And the quality of light which passes through a window must also be considered.

Rooms receiving a cold, northern light need live, rich colors like Chamois, Persian Gold, Strained Honey or Circassian Brown. They add a mellowness to the light that casts a new atmosphere of warmth and hospitality throughout the room.

But in rooms where there seems to be *too* much light window shades of cooler tints—Plaza Gray, or Etruscan Ivory—temper glare while at the same time preserving the delightful radiance of a sunny room.

To have window shades that harmonize with the exterior of your home, and at the same time obtain the colors most suitable to individual rooms, decorators are using *Columbia* Two-Tone Shades—a different color on each side.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

Convince Yourself!

DAIRYMEN'S League
CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, INC.
120 West 42nd Street, New York
Producing & Marketing
DAIRYLEA
MILK PRODUCTS

An Open Letter Addressed to All Intelligent, Thinking Women.

Every woman realizes that of all foods, pure whole milk is the most important – the most necessary.

It is just this knowledge among women, especially mothers, that has made it possible for 70,000 progressive farmers to give you Dairylea Evaporated Milk (pure, whole milk with only the water removed) direct from their farms.

Our 70,000 farmers, owning one million cows, realize that your health will be benefitted when you consume more milk, but we also realize that better quality and added food value is necessary to make you want to consume more milk.

Therefore, our 70,000 farmers are directly interested in supplying your wants with only the best that science has taught us to produce – and we have built this immense organization as a means to insure this delivery to you – pure, whole milk in its highest state of purity – just as it is produced.

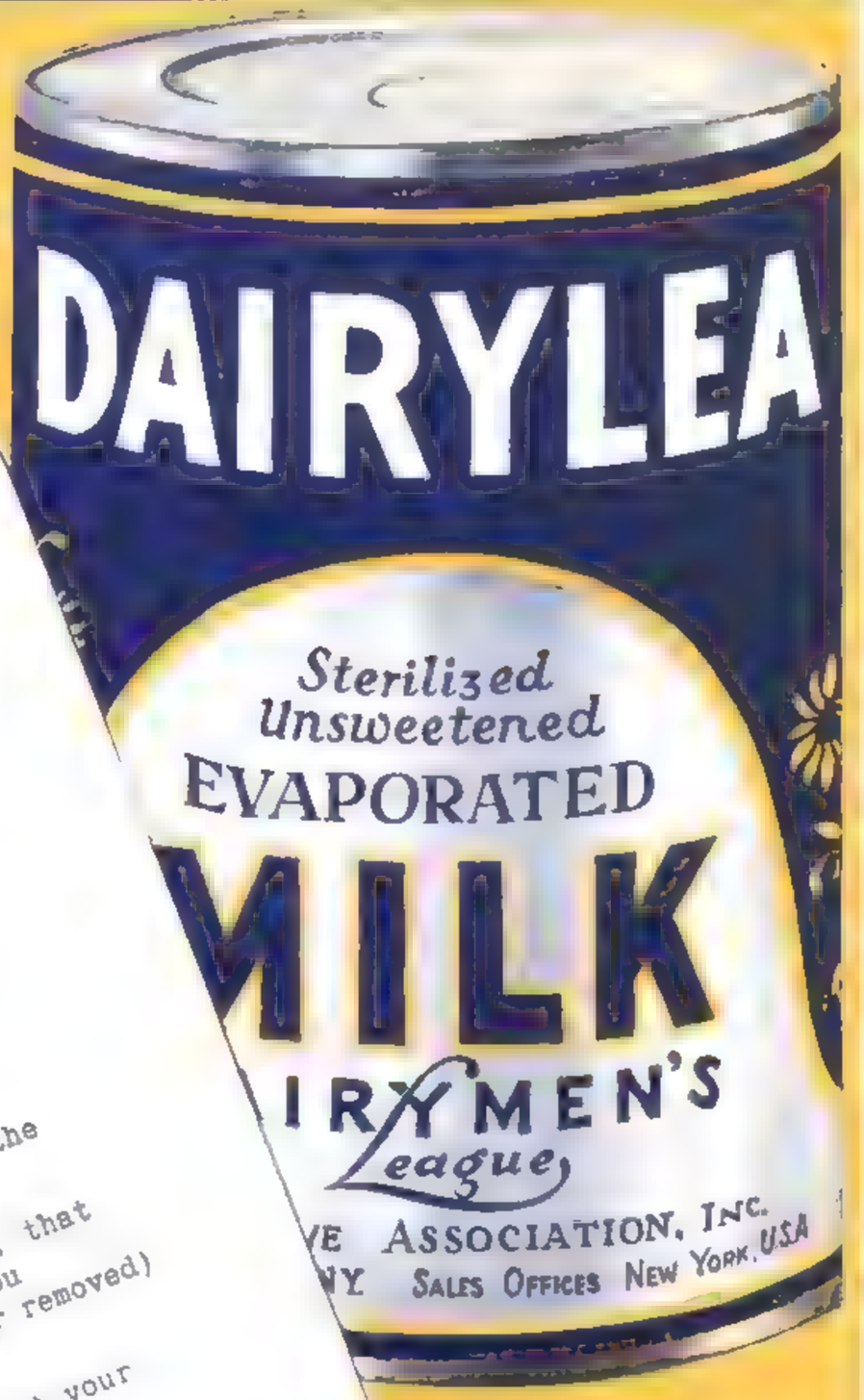
So, although the U. S. Government has set very high milk standards, we have gone even above these standards in producing your now famous Dairylea Evaporated Milk. This is why Dairylea contains more nutritious milk fats and solids and is richer and creamier than even your own government requires.

When you buy Dairylea you know that each can has the combined guarantee of 70,000 responsible farmers.

We want you to try this milk.

Won't you ask your grocer for a can of Dairylea? Try it at the table in your coffee or tea – or in your cooking and baking – and Convince Yourself!

Yours very truly,
DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE CO-OPERATIVE ASS'N.
G. H. Lemmon
President



WITH CONTENTS UNKNOWN

Continued from Page 28

Athenæum, Kenyon and St. Elmo, will sell at the auction rooms of Theodore Van Brink, Manhattan, New York City, a quantity of trunks, suitcases, bags, boxes, baskets and other like property, with contents, if any, held by said hotels by virtue of their respective liens, or as unclaimed, belonging to the persons hereinafter named

This is followed by the names of persons at each hotel listed. Then the following notice must be sent to each person whose baggage is to be sold:

NOTICE OF SALE

You are hereby notified that the proprietors of the hotel known as the Athenæum, located in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, will sell at public auction, on the 27th day of August, 1924, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as convenient, at the auction rooms of Theodore Van Brink, —— Avenue, New York City, the property hereinafter described and held by such hotel proprietors by virtue of their lien of $67.50, or as unclaimed; such property consisting of one trunk with contents, if any.

Yours truly,

THEODORE VAN BRINK,
Auctioneer and Appraiser.

More than half these notices are returned undelivered and they must be kept on file for two years. If the person signed no address other than "city" when he registered, the hotel examines the contents of his baggage for letters, papers or laundry marks before locking it. If no other address is brought to light the notice is mailed to the hotel and they mark it, "No forwarding address," and return it to us. Then the legal end is covered.

It is strange that people will let their effects lie in the baggage room of some hotel for a year—the length of time it is generally kept—and then make a great fuss the moment it is sold. Just recently a woman was going to sue the auctioneer for selling her trunk. She had no case, however, for we had the circular returned to us by the hotel where she had been staying. She wept and said the trunk contained her trousseau and her wedding ring, and that she had no idea the hotel would sell it. And yet during all this time she had made no effort to communicate with the hotel proprietors. They would prefer to have bills paid off little by little, holding the luggage as security, rather than risk the uncertainties of an auction. Most people don't know that, when necessary, hotels will extend credit; and rather than face a situation that alarms them they run away, leaving their baggage behind.

Professional Hotel Beats

Only the other day, when I stopped for the baggage list, the manager of a large hotel told me about a girl who had been a year and a half paying her bill. He said he was very glad that he had been able to keep her trunk for her, as it contained old lace, papers and pictures of a fine old Southern family. Her father had died suddenly while she was staying at the hotel and left her with no money and a large bill. She had gone to work and paid off her debts gradually. He added that she would probably need the lace now, for not long ago she had become engaged to her employer. The idea seemed to please him very much.

The law provides that hotels can send baggage to the auctioneer twenty-four hours after the guest has departed without paying his bill, but they never do it. Six months is the shortest time in which it is ever sold, and then only because the hotel has reached the limit of its storage capacity. Of course, the baggage which professional hotel beats leave might be held for ten years without doing anybody any good. They never even wait for their bills, to say nothing of trying to pay them. They enjoy the hospitality of the hotel for a week; they get their meals, laundry, theater tickets, books and magazines for nothing; then disappear.

Some people, especially women, seem to practice this defrauding of hotels as a sort of adventure. Two women were arrested the other day because they returned to the very hotel they had victimized not long before. The hotel detective recognized them; they were arrested and brought to trial. They proved to be sisters of a well-known New York attorney, of a good family and sufficient means. They said at their trial that they had got into the habit of taking other names and beating hotels as a sort of relief from living in an apartment and seeing only their family and friends. They got reckless and went back to the same hotel, with the results I have described.

One of the hotel men told me that the loss through the professional beat is gradually being done away with. He said they had a system of investigating their guests. Among other things, the chambermaids keep a sharp lookout for people's luggage. If they find it very light or too heavy, they report it. If it is found that it would be better for the guest as well as the hotel, he is requested to move out. He concluded: "Ninety-five per cent of all our guests are honest, and the fact that they can't pay their bills usually has some good reason back of it. If they explain the reason to us, and make any effort at all to pay up, we are willing to wait for our money."

A certain amount of the baggage belongs to people who have died or disappeared. It is surprising how many people have no ties and no friends or relatives to claim their effects. I don't know which seems sadder to me—the cases where the relatives of the deceased come to claim his baggage, or where a person dies alone in a hotel and his belongings have to be sold to pay the bill.

Recently we had seven pieces of very fine luggage belonging to a man registered from Vermont. We sent the usual notice, and a few days before the sale a frail little old lady came to pay the bill. It was her son's, and she had made the trip all the way from Vermont. She caressed each piece of leather and cried over it. She said she didn't know her son's whereabouts, but felt he must be dead, as he always wrote to her at least once a month, and this was the first she had heard of him in a year. Several tears escaped and rolled down my cheeks, and even Mr. Van Brink was a trifle misty about the eyes.

Sealed Baggage

Often the owners of the baggage arrive in the nick of time. It was rather exciting once when a young woman dashed in just as her trunk was put up. Bidding had already begun, but she pushed her way through the crowd and held up her sale notice and the money for her bill. It is a criminal offense constituting a felony if a person is caught bidding on his own baggage. This woman had the key to her trunk and she opened it and took out a small package and went away. We kept the trunk for a year; but she never came back for it, and so we sold it.

We also get the baggage, and there is a great deal of it, which is stored in hotels and then not called for. The law provides that this can be sold after thirteen months. Such baggage was greatly increased by the war. The storerooms of most New York hotels were filled with things left by people who went to Europe before or during the war and were never heard from again. Due, I imagine, to the war spirit, the hotels greatly extended the storage period and kept the things for three or four years. Finally their storage space overflowed and for six months or more we were deluged with business. Among the things which were sent to us by one hotel was a two-thousand-dollar piano. Doesn't it seem strange that a person could store a piano and then forget about it?

All the trunks, bags and suitcases are now sealed before they are sent to the auction rooms. This is done by the hotels as soon as the guest has gone, and has been the practice ever since I remember. Of course, Mr. Van Brink remembers the time when it was not. Failure to seal belongings as soon as they were seized used to cause a great deal of unpleasantness. People who came to the auction rooms to pay their bills and claim their baggage quite frequently complained that their trunks had been rifled and the auctioneer was generally blamed for it. One woman had something quite valuable taken from her baggage and she went to the hotel about it. They brought suit against Mr. Van Brink, but as he won the case, all the hotels adopted the sealing process in order to fix the responsibility.

Strange to say, Mr. Van Brink's kind-heartedness was the cause of his winning the case. An old gentleman from out of town came to him two days after the sale was over and wanted to pay his bill. He wept on Mr. Van Brink's shoulder and said that his trunk had contained the only picture he had of his wife. Mr. Van Brink volunteered to go downtown with him to see the man who had purchased the trunk. When they got there they found the trunk the man had was not the old gentleman's at all, though it bore the number given it on the hotel list. They walked up the street, and in a shop window the poor old gentleman saw his wife's picture and on the sidewalk was his trunk for sale. The truckmen had gone through the trunks in taking them from the hotel to the auction rooms. The lady's trunk was one of these. Those which they could not force open they had stolen outright and put others in their place, and on these they had put the original tags. The old gentleman had the misfortune to be among the number. He was so grateful to Mr. Van Brink for helping him, and so wrought up at the injustice done him, that he insisted upon waiting until the case came up and was his chief witness. It was established that the responsibility rested with the hotel who had employed the truckmen.

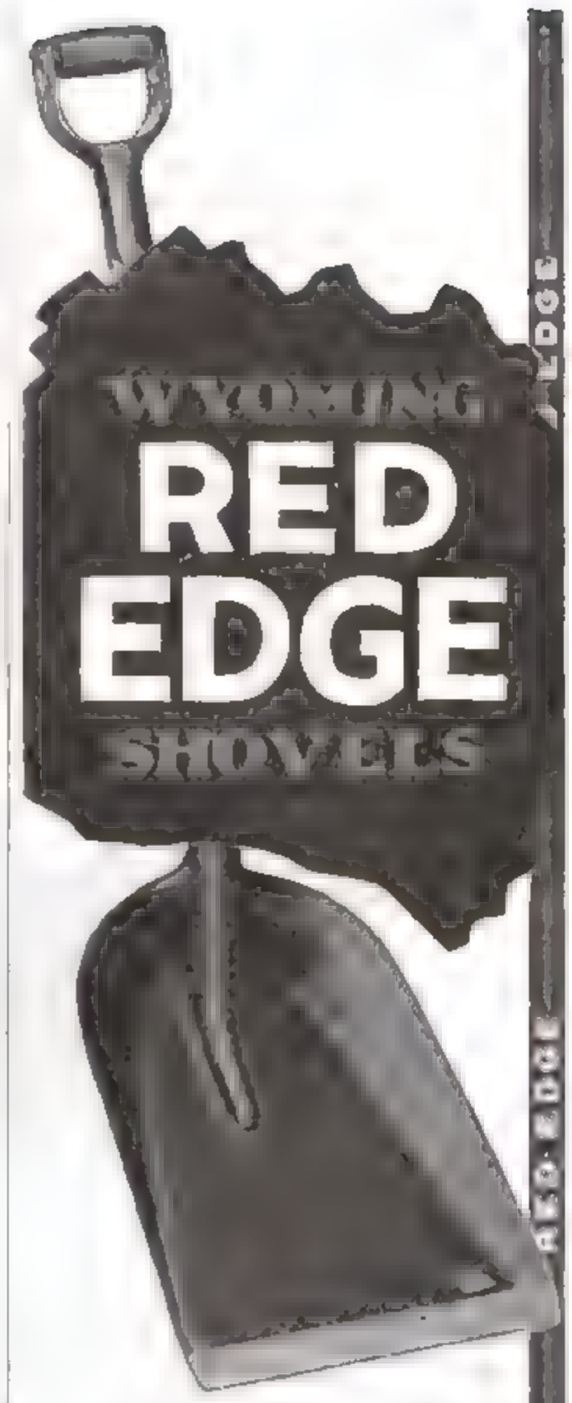
The baggage sales always attract large crowds, and we have a certain following of regulars who are present at each sale. There are three classes of people who buy from us. Secondhand dealers from the lower East Side around Hester and Orchard Streets comprise the first and largest class. They resell the baggage and its contents in their stores. They are particularly keen on ladies' baggage; women's clothes possessing any style command a premium in Hester Street. Certain hotels have a better name with them than others, and whenever a piece of baggage is put up they want to be told which hotel it came from. They prefer hotels that are patronized by wealthy women, distinguished foreigners, professional people and traveling salesmen.

A salesman's sample trunk always brings a good price, especially if it contains ladies' underwear or shoes. The contents are often indicated by the size and shape of the trunk. In fact our patrons become adept in distinguishing a clothing salesman's trunk from that of a traveler in hardware. There are a great many salesmen's trunks among the baggage, and I often wondered how it happened, because the salesman's trunk is practically his meal ticket. I asked one of the hotel men and he said it was often because the salesmen were discharged for some reason or other when on the road and their expense money suddenly cut off. One of the secondhand dealers bought such a trunk. It had belonged to a Swedish salesman, and it contained several hundred dollars' worth of linen and lace. These dealers also like to buy things that have come from theatrical hotels. We had half a dozen trunks belonging to a musical-comedy actress, famous both here and abroad for her escapades, and they created the greatest furor and most spirited bidding I have ever known.

Van Brink's Customers

These bidders are as good as a musical comedy themselves. Any producer who could put on one of these auctions ought never to want for money again. They attend the sales in gangs of a dozen or more, and sometimes one gang is friendly to another and sometimes not. Mr. Van Brink often accuses them of appearing together for the purpose of forming a combination, or ring—in auction terms, a knock-out—where only one of their number really bids. When only one person out of a possible twelve who wish to purchase the article bids, the price will not go nearly so high. Occasionally Mr. Van Brink interrupts the sale and accuses them of being in bad faith. Every time he says this a regular riot follows. They always hotly deny it, saying they go together because they are related or are interested in the same business. The forming of a combination is not against the law and nearly all dealers do it; it rests with the auctioneer, however, to spot the performance and break it up.

Sometimes the different gangs get into discussions among themselves and forget all about the auction. Whereupon Mr. Van Brink will say, "I've got all day to do this. When you people get through I'll go on with the sale." Then, of course, they



93% of the Coal Dealers of South Bend

use Red Edge Shovels. That certainly speaks well for the South Bend Supply Co., the Red Edge distributors for that territory. Likewise it speaks well for Red Edge.

One of these South Bend dealers boasts of a Red Edge which is still going strong after five years' continuous service in a coal yard. But South Bend is not the only place where Red Edge is well thought of—not by a long shot. What about the Superintendent of the Flour City Fuel Co. of Minneapolis, who says: "A man can shovel 25% more coke with a Red Edge than with any other scoop, because Red Edge keeps its bite and shape and balance."

What about the Wittig Coal Co. of Milwaukee, whose Red Edge Shovels are still good after two years' hard work? What about trying out a few Red Edges yourself and seeing how much they save you in labor costs and shovel bills?

We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel

The Wyoming Shovel Works
Wyoming, Penna.

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

KNAPP-FELT HATS for the Autumn season are ready for inspection in the principal hat shops of America. The wide variety of proper shapes, textures and colorings affords the opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in the selection of becoming headwear.

WHILE THE DECREES of Dame Fashion are rigid in the matter of general outlines, considerable latitude is allowable in proportions and colors in order that the hat may conform to the most important requirement—it must harmonize with the face and figure.

THE KNAPP-FELT SIGNATURE is the assurance of leadership in style and quality of headwear extending through three generations of discriminating men. Derbies and Soft Hats, $6.00 upward; Caps, $3.50 upward; Silk Hats, $15.00.

Knapp-Felt headwear is sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN!

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH—*President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

are immediately all attention, for often there is another sale they wish to attend. Something about the atmosphere of auctions makes everyone want to talk, and not only talk but shout. Absolute strangers get chatty and confidential with one another. I suppose they are drawn together by the sporting nature of an auction and the fact that for the time being everyone has the same object in view.

All the members of the gang carry rolls of money running into hundreds of dollars. Their purchases frequently amount to as much as $300 or $400. They are never backward about telling what they find in the baggage or how much money they make on their purchases. They come into the auction rooms with such cries as these:

"I found a $1000 bond in the last baggage."

"Feinstein's daughter gets married today and he can't come."

"I lost $100 last time."

"The last baggage was junk. I shall not buy today."

"When will you get more baggage from the Samuels? They have fine people staying at their hotel."

"The styles in those trunks were all out of date. I can't sell such stuff in my store."

I once had occasion to visit Orchard Street and I went into some of our patrons' stores to see what they did sell. Such heaps of things—linen, clothing, hats, shoes, china, glass, Japanese goods, cosmetics and perfumes, cameras, pictures, toys and books. If they get it all from the contents of the baggage, they do very well, I think. Though they often complain that they lose money on what they buy, they come back every time. So the "contents, if any, unknown" must prove to be worth while.

They blame us for all losses, even when the goods have never been on our premises and we are in no way responsible. At a sale not held in our auction rooms, which Mr. Van Brink had taken on the basis that he pay the expenses and on which he lost money, one of our regulars, a man named Hyman, bought a package which was labeled to contain eight silk shirts. He found it had only six and made a great fuss.

A Sympathetic Kicker

He said to Mr. Van Brink, "It's awful for an honest man should try to make a living with such a kind of auctioneer as you are. I should pay for eight shirts and get only six! How can you take a poor man's money so?"

He listened to an explanation about the auctioneer not being responsible, but paid no heed to it. In the very next breath he asked me if Mr. Van Brink had made much money. When I replied in the negative, he was immediately sympathetic.

"Isn't it awful," he said, "to work so hard and not make anything. Too bad honest men can't make a living."

Ten minutes later he was helping Mr. Van Brink lift some things into a taxi. He never forgot the incident, however, for often at a sale, when something he wants goes to someone else, he will call out reproachfully, "Remember those eight silk shirts, Mr. Van Brink."

Mottel is a little withered old man with enormous black eyes. Despite his age, he is very active and is continually complaining that the auction is going too slowly and that he must hurry back to his store. He always takes advantage of a lull in the bidding to say, "I give you two dollar for dis, three dollar for dis and four dollar for dis," indicating some articles not yet put up for sale. He knows perfectly well that things can't be sold that way, and yet he never fails to try it on.

Weingrod is another queer old man. He always sets his heart on certain things, and yet how he does hate to part with his money! When articles go above his price the tears roll down his cheeks. But he won't raise his bid.

Some of the men are known to me only by their initials, because their names are too difficult to handle. A. B. was one of our best buyers until one morning he came in with the others, talking very excitedly. His wife had inherited $30,000 and he was going out of business. For two or three months we saw nothing of him, and then he came back and announced he had opened the shop again. It is, of course, gambling after a fashion, and it seems to lure everyone back.

V. V.—his name is Van Venzke—is a tall, slim creature with a dead-white skin and jet-black hair. He dresses very elegantly and might be the villain in a melodrama. His nationality puzzled me for a long time, until I finally put him down for a Spanish Jew, although that does not explain his name. He buys nothing but the very best looking wardrobe trunks. He rents out outfits for weddings and special occasions.

Rosenswag is somewhat despised by the others because he conducts a peddling business. They refer to him as buying junk. And yet he rather has my respect, because he will take a chance on things when the others hesitate. He is especially strong for umbrellas. I have never seen anyone look so satisfied as he does when he has just bid successfully for 1000 umbrellas. He has great difficulty with figures, and after each sale his bill has to be gone over with him item by item. When I finally have him straightened out, he stays another ten minutes apologizing.

Goldberg is the nicest one of all. He is a youngish-looking, smooth-faced man who might be any age. He is always very neatly dressed and one would never put him down for a secondhand dealer. He is very bashful and never complains about anything. I think he is the only person of whom the gang is not jealous. If they can't get a trunk themselves they would rather let him have it. It is against the rules to open baggage in the auction rooms, but none of them can resist peeking. Goldberg is as pleased as a child when he finds something he likes.

Speculators Pure and Simple

It is their favorite stunt to try to trade with one another while they are loading their wagons. I never yet saw any of them make a deal. They love to comment on one another's purchases. They will pick up an article and make a face and tell the buyer he has been stung or congratulate him on getting a bargain. What wagonloads they take away with them! Trunks almost new and trunks that bear the labels of foreign cities, pigskin bags and straw suitcases, ancient hatboxes and fat bundles, caved-in pasteboard boxes and here and there a barrel, sewing machine or typewriter. I have occasionally taken pictures of them and their wagons. I thought they would not like the publicity, but they posed for me and even named the newspaper to which they wanted the pictures sent.

These men are by no means members of our best families and in looks leave a great deal to be desired, but I have never been treated other than courteously by them. They have remarkable powers of observation and seem to miss nothing. I have that almost extinct kind of foot, the Triple A. The other day one of them placed some slippers this width on my desk saying, "There is no market for them in my place, but you can wear them." If there is anything in the sale I wish to have, they are always willing to bid for me. An auctioneer can buy for himself if he announces his intention to do so, but his employes cannot. However, I have no desire to open the baggage which has belonged to someone else. The only things I ever buy are typewriters, for I am rather hard on them.

The second largest group who attend the sales are speculators pure and simple. They buy on the chance that there may be jewelry, silver, bonds or other things of value in the baggage. They are also looking for old books and valuable autographs. Both of these articles are quite often found in the trunks. Two of these men once fell to quarreling over a sale and one accused the other of blackmailing people with letters found in the baggage. The temptation certainly would be there, for people are very careless about their mail. Nearly everyone treasures love letters and a trunk is the most natural place to keep them.

These speculators study the names listed in our advertisements and try to find out who the people are and whether they are likely to have valuable belongings. They place more confidence in the baggage of the dead than the living, and like to get hold of the property of people about whom there has been any scandal or mystery. The baggage of a well-known motion-picture actor, who disappeared under circumstances which caused a good deal of publicity, brought a fabulous price. They are superstitious, and if they have a hunch about a certain piece of baggage they are bound to have it at any cost.

The speculators are apt to be very secretive about what they find in the trunks. About the only time we know for certain is when they open the baggage in the auction

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MARMON

It never occurs to a woman that she should be concerned about the mechanism of her Marmon, any more than it occurs to her to inspect the cab of a locomotive when she is traveling by rail. ¶ She never thinks in terms of means —she thinks only in terms of luxurious results. ¶ She knows only that her Marmon will take her where she wants to go, when she wants to go, in refreshing comfort, and that to be seen in it is a constant stimulation to her pride.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, *Established 1851* MARMON *Indianapolis, Indiana*

Dust did it!

EXAMINE the bearings of your car after you have driven a few thousand miles—you will find them scratched and scored. *Dust did it!* The oil and the gasoline were clean, but the dust-laden air sucked into your motor fills the oil with abrasive substances that grind into the surface of the cylinder walls, piston rings and bearings and shortens the life of your motor.

A United Air Cleaner installed on your car will eliminate most of the wear that occurs. It will save oil, cut down carbon deposit 80% and your motor will run smoother and have more power. The actual saving on repair bills will pay for the cleaner within a few weeks.

United Air Cleaners are standard equipment on Chrysler, Jordan, Franklin, Locomobile and with 82 other makes of cars, trucks and motors. They have proven their efficiency in actual working tests.

United Air Cleaners are positively automatic in operation and require absolutely no adjustment, attention or oiling. They will outlast the life of the car and can be installed in ten minutes. Ford size sells for $5.00—other cars slightly higher.

Send Coupon for Free Book

We have an interesting little booklet entitled "Dust" that we will send you free of charge, together with the name of a dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate and install the United Air Cleaner on your car. Mail the coupon now for details.

United Air Cleaner

"Dustless Air to the Motor"

United Mfg. & Dist. Co.
9711 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of your booklet entitled "Dust" and information about *United Air Cleaners*, also the name of a dealer near me.

Name

Address

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room. We try to prevent them doing this, but they often elude us. At a particularly large sale, while we were all very busy, one of them slipped out into the rear storeroom with his purchases and began to open them. All of a sudden he came running in with a five-stone diamond ring in his hand. He had found it in a box of powder in a dilapidated-looking old bag. His whole bill had been $37, and a jeweler present offered him $500 for the ring. Eventually, I suppose he received more for it.

He ran away and left everything lying around open, saying there was nothing else he wanted. It was a sorry-looking sight. One suitcase was entirely filled with typewritten copies of plays, another contained sample jars of cold cream and cosmetics. Here and there, letters, check books, canceled checks, handkerchiefs, stockings and hand mirrors were piled in confusion. We had to get the things out of the way for another sale, and so we resold them. I helped pack the things up and it is the only time I ever took anything that didn't belong to me.

In one suitcase the contents had been done up in packages with a label on each one. In putting them back I came across one which had not been opened. It bore the label in fine handwriting, "My wedding slippers and my baby's book." It contained a pair of dainty white satin slippers, a fan from Le Rat Mort—the two together perhaps a souvenir of a white night in Montmartre—two tiny lace caps, two little dresses and a baby book. I suppose it was silly of me to be so sentimental in a business where we are all the time selling people's most intimate belongings, but I couldn't bear to have those things given over to the tender mercies of the second-hand dealer. So I took them home, where my mother said we could ill afford to give them room in our tiny apartment.

A Romance of the Salesroom

The third group who buys baggage are those who do it for the sheer joy of amusing themselves and getting a little excitement. In this class there are more women than men.

It is surprising the number of well dressed women who take part in the bidding. I know they often have no earthly use for the things they buy, as some of them have occasionally asked me if I would be offended if they offered me some gowns they had found which were good, but too small for them.

An Englishwoman, a widow, I think, seemed to love to get into the thick of the bidding. She evidently enjoyed herself hugely and always engaged in lively repartee with the gang, who thought her very nice, as they voiced loud approval when anything went to her. She was by far the handsomest woman who ever came to the sales and she made a charming picture when excited.

A collector, who usually came only to sales of antiques and books, dropped into one of the baggage sales. He saw her and asked me to present him. I did so and after that he attended all the sales. I noticed that they soon got into the habit of going away together. It didn't surprise me greatly, therefore, when they came in together and said they were married. So auctions are not really the end of things, for romance sprang up among the musty trunks and bags which had been stored away so long.

If only these bags and trunks could speak, they would tell us exciting adventures of being abandoned in strange hotels, of being fought over and then passing into other hands. Some of the baggage is, I believe, quite used to auctions, for I have a good memory for trunks, and two or three times the same ones have come back to us. It would seem that once having been delinquent, they can't break themselves of the habit.

Often we sell the entire equipment of a hotel or the furnishings of an apartment, private house, boarding or furnished-room house. Where we have the contents of a whole house to dispose of, we work systematically, beginning either with the top floor or the basement, and sell everything in one room before beginning on another. Sometimes when the bidding drags the auctioneer offers the entire furnishings of one room or of several rooms at once. This generally makes the bidding pick up, for people think they are getting more of a bargain by buying a large quantity.

In rooming houses, the lodgers generally stay until the last moment, and we sometimes have difficulty in distinguishing between their things and those which are to be sold. On one priceless occasion, in a rooming house in the West Fifties, we actually tagged the beds before their occupants were up. They acted on the whole as if it were an everyday occurrence, and I do not think they would have been disturbed if we had been auctioning off the beds.

Right after that we sold the furnishings of a private house in Gramercy Park. The owners, a husband and wife, had been killed at the same time in an automobile accident. Their nearest relatives, distant cousins, were living abroad and didn't care to take the trouble to come for the things. Everything in the house was sold just as the owners had left it. In the woman's bedroom, her make-up and perfume stood on her dressing table just as she had last used them, and her negligee was thrown carelessly over the back of a chair.

We do not have many sales of antiques and paintings. Usually we get them only when people do not want to go to the expense of listing things in the catalogues at the galleries. After the other sales, these seem like child's play to me, and I could almost make out the bills in my sleep. Each piece of furniture is described and talked about so long and things go very slowly. In addition to the dealers and the collectors, it has become the fashion for theatrical and motion-picture stars to attend these auctions. There's publicity to it and, like riding in the park or writing literary confessions, it shows the world that the actor has another side to his nature.

Fixtures and equipment of restaurants and tea rooms frequently come under the hammer. It is estimated that 60 per cent of all restaurants fail and have to be sold out. Quite recently we have sold the contents of a number of cabarets which were closed by the Federal revenue authorities. At these sales, habitués of Broadway have been present in great numbers and purchased something as a reminder of the place. At one sale a battered piano brought a ridiculous price because a certain king of jazz had pounded his way to fame on it.

I have to be extra quick with my calculations at restaurant sales. The auction price is per article for silver, dishes and linen, and then the price per dozen must be figured and multiplied by the number of dozen sold. Men with chains of restaurants or cafeterias buy up these things. This explains why the names of their restaurants do not always correspond with the names on the silver.

Lost-and-Found Property

The sale of lost-and-found property of the various transit companies is a source of great interest to our regular buyers. More of the general public also attend these sales. Umbrellas, gloves, rubbers, raincoats and packages of new merchandise left behind by shoppers head the list of articles turned over to us. Absent-minded travelers lose more than 6000 umbrellas every year, lose them and make no effort to claim them. Jewelry is also high in the list; wrist watches and rings are the worst offenders. And the heaps of odd earrings! Frequently there are diamonds and other valuable stones in the lot.

We get the nicest things from the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, due to the fact that the best class of people travel via the busses. Beautiful fur neck pieces, hand bags and great piles of ladies' gloves, usually hardly soiled, make up the bulk of their lost-and-found. Their sales take place every six months in our auction rooms.

The Subway and Elevated lines turn in the largest number of things for their sales. This is due to the fact that things are left in the stations and on the platforms of their roads as well as in the trains. Last winter the Interborough Subway and Street Railways had such an unusually large amount of lost-and-found articles that it was not possible to move them to our rooms. They had no place for the sale other than the car barns and we held it there. I think we had everything in that sale except automobiles. There were baby carriages, trunks, bags, saxophones and enough radio supplies to start a store. I can account for most of the things people forget, but I have never been able to figure out where one could find room in the Subway to lose a trunk. Two canaries were also included in the sale. They were purchased by a girl in the lost-and-found department who had taken care of them since they were left in a street car and never called for. She said she had grown very much attached to them and didn't like to have them separated.

The sale went on for three days. If it had lasted another day, I think I should have dropped from exhaustion. To begin with, we were having a cold spell of weather, and though I wore woolen stockings and a sweater, I was nearly frozen from the drafts. In addition to the din of the auction crowd, there were train dispatchers and mechanics running around everywhere. The company put five of their employes on the job to check us up and their detectives spent part of the time watching them and part watching us. And the other employes were so curious that I had to do my work with them fairly leaning over my shoulder. I actually could not tell what anyone was saying to me for a day after I got through with that sale.

I agreed with our colored porter. Rolling his eyes, he said, "Believe me, my head sure am swimming with this bunch!"

To cap the climax, the storekeeper with whom we made our arrangements thought $30 was a terrible price for my three days' work.

Candle-End Auctions

After nearly every one of these sales we receive anonymous letters complaining that we let the best things go to the dealers. This letter was received after the last sale

"*Dear Mr. Auctioneer:* Not wishing to take up any more of your valuable time than I have to, I take this method of addressing you. I attended your last sale with the intention of purchasing an umbrella, but I was forced to go away without one. As you know, the dealers present walked off with all the umbrellas as well as nearly everything else. Can you not devise some method of preventing the dealers from getting so many things, either by allowing them to bid only on certain lots or keeping them away altogether? Then the public would get a chance.

"Yours truly,
"A WELL-WISHER."

There seems to be no end and no accounting for the strange ideas that people get into their heads about auctions.

At certain times of the year, the second-hand clothing shops along Sixth Avenue clear out all their stock. These sales bring dressmakers who buy the clothing for the linings and the trimmings. The dressmakers watch the papers closely for the notices of these sales, as they are able to get good linings and trimmings for less than they would have to pay for new materials of poorer quality. They come early, before the sale begins, armed with their lunch and prepared to spend the day. Most of them have known Mr. Van Brink for years and their coming together is like a family reunion. They recall people and events that are legends to me.

Mr. Van Brink will say, "Do you remember the time I sold So-and-So's wardrobe, Mrs. Allen?"

Mrs. Allen—in professional life, Mme. Marie Rovira—will answer, "Indeed I do. I wish I could get as good material now as there was in that little blue satin wrap I bought from it."

The women customers are all very nice to me. At lunch time they slip pieces of delicious homemade cake and sandwiches on my desk, saying, "I know you must be starved, my dear. I don't know what I was ever thinking of to put up so much lunch. I can't begin to eat it all."

Once in a great while we go out of town for large sales. Then, of course, I have all my expenses paid in addition to my salary. We were once employed to sell out a chain of department stores throughout the East. They kept everything from farm machinery to hairpins. In a little town in the foothills of the Alleghanies there were people who seemed like illustrations from an old book, they were so far behind the times. One old gentleman came up and asked me where the candles were.

I look at my list and said, "Let me see, they were all sold yesterday."

"No," said he, "I don't want to buy any, but where are the ones for the auction?"

I was too busy to ask him any more about it then, but later I found he was talking about an old custom at auctions. An inch of lighted candle was set up and the person who made the last bid before the fall of the wick became the purchaser.

If the Mark of Jordan Service was fashioned from solid gold it would perhaps more adequately interpret, but it could not make more sincere, those ideals which inspired the Jordan Company to establish this emblem of quality as a guarantee of continued good service to the purchaser of a used Jordan.

It means that the car has been rebuilt in accordance with national standard specifications adopted by every Jordan representative, and it indicates that you may purchase a used Jordan with the same assurance with which you would buy a new one.

This uniform national policy explains why Jordan has the highest resale value of any car in its class.

Look for this significant mark when you buy a used Jordan.

Edward S. Jordan

President
Jordan Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

The more successful of our young men now smoke cigars

It is increasingly apparent that their customs are changing. Cigar-smoking seems almost to have become their symbol of success. And, by thousands, they have turned to Robt Burns—the most surprising QUALITY offered at 10 cents today.

Robt Burns

FULL Havana Filler

A General Cigar Co National Brand

THREE popular sizes; all of equally High Quality

PANATELA	INVINCIBLE	PERFECTO
10c straight	*foil-wrapped* 15c straight	2 for 25c

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

RUSTY SPREADS THE LIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

kitchen door at 6:30 the cook will show you where you are to have your meals. Please be prompt."

"Chow is one thing I'm never late for," says I, and trickles out.

I goes back to the garage in kind of a daze. Not that I ain't used to easin' myself into a new job. Ought to be with the practice I've had. And as a rule I figure on dopin' out most of the angles of a new boss right from the start. But I gotta admit that after this talk with Aunt Bertha I'm simply clawin' the air. I don't get her a-tall. Seems like a nice, friendly old girl, and worked up a special smile for me as I left. Didn't put me through any third degree as to how careful I could drive, or lay down the law about keepin' the car clean, or warn me against joy ridin'. But somehow this sweetness-and-light stuff got me leery. If you ask me, it listens nutty. But then, if there had been anything wrong with her, Mr. Buell wouldn't have said what he did. Besides, most everybody has their queer quirks. They may look wise and dignified and reg'lar from a distance, but if you want to dig up their odd traits just drive for 'em a while. Say, there's no two alike. And this Miss Bertha party is in a class by herself.

Another little jolt is handed me when I wanders in for supper. I find that instead of bein' fed with the rest of the help I'm to have a small table all by myself in one corner of the servants' dinin' room. In front of my plate is a dinky vase with a rose in it. And under the plate are two typewritten sheets. On the top one is a poetry verse, kinda mushy stuff about greetin' the day with a song, and I suspects Aunt Bertha had it copied off for my benefit.

"Huh!" thinks I. "I guess she don't know that warblin' is one of the poorest things I do."

The other sheet is different. Quite. It's a time-table—for me. It starts in like this:

7 A.M. Rise, bathe, and while dressing repeat the Precept several times. (Sweetness and Light.)

7:30. Report for breakfast, greeting all you meet with cheerful kindliness.

8:15. Have the car at the front door and wait for Miss Bertha.

(Meet her with a smile.)

Well, it goes on like that, with little side notes about kind words and smiles all the way through until the last item, which is:

9:30 P.M. Retire. (After repeating the Precept Sweetness and Light.)

Some schedule, I'll tell the universe! 'Course there's plenty of holes in it for off time; also there's more smilin' than work. But think of me hittin' the hay reg'lar at 9:30, with no crap games, no little sessions of stud poker, and no dates with some cuddly jane! Honest, I has to grin. Who does she think she's signed on—a young monk? But unless she comes out and handcuffs me to the cot there'll be a few variations thrown in that she'll never know about. I stuffs the sheets into my pocket and tackles the fried mush.

One thing about meals in this dump is that there's nothing to make your eyes wander from your food. Cook is a sour-faced antique with gray hair and poor hearin', and it's plain she don't belong to the little group, for she makes no play at givin' out either sweetness or light. Skinny, the parlormaid, would never wreck a home; Ola, who waits on table, is a waddly gaited Swede with thick ankles; and Minnie, the upstairs girl, has pop eyes and a neck wen. Ain't that a fine bunch for me to train with, and be asked to waste smiles on? For a hand-picked lot of prunes they couldn't be beat.

"Say," I says to Ola, as she clumps in next mornin' with the scrambled eggs, "I bet I can guess what day Miss Bertha goes snoppin' for her inside help."

She blinks twice and grins encouragin'.

"Valentine's," says I. "Tell me if I'm wrong."

"I dunno," says she. "I bane stay here nine year already."

"You show it, Ola," says I. Which only gets a giggle out of her, so I know the shot must have glanced off the bone.

Anyhow, she's the chirkiest one of the crew. All the others look like they'd had their dispositions curdled, and if they'd poll-parroted the Precept as much as I was supposed to, it hadn't done 'em much good. Also they all seemed scared to death of Miss Bertha. Just the mention of her name would get 'em rollin' their eyes sleuthy and actin' timid, which is something I can't account for.

And at the end of my second day I ain't much wiser. I'd carted Miss Bertha around for two forenoons and part of two afternoons without gettin' any slant on her. She'd gone marketin', stopped in at a bank, spent half an hour with her lawyers, called at a few houses, and dropped in a couple of times at the front office of a big factory where they made corsets or something like that. And once she collected a pair of old ladies and gave 'em a ride out to the cemetery and back. Generally Miss Bigler went along, but she sits there on the back seat and hardly peeps except to say "Yes, Miss Bertha" "No, Miss Bertha."

So at last, while the old girl is makin' a long call somewhere, I swings around and gives her the friendly grin. 'Course she ain't much to grin at, but if it wasn't for the black-rimmed glasses she might not be quite such a pie-face.

"Whaddyuh do Thursday?" I asks.

She stares at me shocked. "I—I beg pardon?" says she.

"Tonight," says I. "What you got on for the evenin'?"

"Why," says she, "I am starting to read the second volume of the Outline."

"Eh?" says I. "The what?"

"Wells' Outline of History," says she.

"How long will it take to finish?" I asks.

"Oh, weeks!" says she.

"Must be a thick one," says I. "Do you like doin' that?"

"The Outline is fascinating," says she. "That is, Miss Bertha says so."

"Oh!" says I. "How about dumpin' the hist'ry for once and sneakin' off with me for a dance?"

She fairly shudders. "Why, Miss Bertha would never allow me to go. Never!"

"Then why ask her?" says I.

"Besides," she goes on, "I—I do not dance very well."

"You're excused," says I. "Suppose we take in a movie show then?"

"A moving-picture show!" says she, claspin' her hands. "If—if I only dared!"

"Leave it to me, sister," says I.

She was as panicky over it as if I'd asked her to help rob a bank, but she's hungry to see a movie, too; hadn't been to one for months, nor scarcely anywhere else after dark since she took this secretary job, which was nearly a year ago. I even had to plot out for her how she could slip down to the side door without being spotted, and she's still wabbly in the knees when I leads her out to where I have the old bus parked.

"There!" says I. "Simple enough, wasn't it?"

"But if if she should find out!" whispers Bigler.

"What then?" says I. "Goin' to a movie ain't anything you can be shot at sunrise for."

"Miss Bertha doesn't approve of them," says she. "Too many love scenes. But if she knew I had gone with you —— Well, she'd be simply furious."

"I don't get the idea," says I. "What's so poisonous about me?"

"I don't know," says she, "only Miss Bertha warned me against you that first night. She—she said you looked like a predatory male."

"Gosh!" says I. "What's that?"

"I'm not quite sure," says she, "but I guess it's something rather awful."

"She flatters me," says I. "I hope I don't get chesty over it."

"Oh, she thinks the same about the man who comes to take the grocery orders, and the postman, and the clerk in the drug store, and even Tony the gardener," says Bigler. "She says men are all alike, and told me when I first came that I mustn't have anything to do with any of them."

"Huh!" says I. "She must be hipped on the subject. I expect that's why she has such a lot of freak help around—so she don't have to watch 'em. I'll say none of them maids is man traps."

"Ola had to be scolded only last week," says Bigler, "for talking with the butcher's boy, and I've heard that Minnie meets a fellow every Sunday night."

"And you ain't hardly spoken to a man for a year!" says I. "That's no square deal."

So besides takin' her to the movie I blew her to ice cream and soda afterwards and

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Orange Squeeze helps hostesses—it is so readily available and easily served.

A drink that has put a new word into the language of thirsty folk—meaning "delicious", "delightful", "refreshing", "healthful" and "*satisfying*."

Bottled and Distributed in each city under exclusive license from National Fruit Flavor Company, New Orleans, Louisiana

ORANGE SQUEEZE

In Bottles Only—Everywhere

The other SQUEEZE trade-marks are not to be confused with ORANGE SQUEEZE. They are Grape Cherry Strawberry Lemon Lime Grapefruit and Pineapple Flavors

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Burroughs — the mark of a quality product — Burro

A Legacy from the Inventor

Even with the dream of his life realized—William Seward Burroughs did not find a world eager to give up the laborious, inaccurate pencil and scratch pad for his new adding machine. Even those to whom he demonstrated it were skeptical. They thought him a genius and that only he could produce results. Besides, they thought his idea too new—too revolutionary.

But the inventor overcame this obstacle as he had so many others. To convince business men of those days that his machine was accurate and easy to operate he left it on trial. Thus the business man was able to determine for himself whether the machine was practical and if it would do, in actual operation, what its inventor made it do in his demonstration.

Right from the start the trial method was successful. And William Seward Burroughs, before he died in 1898, was convinced that in the hands of the business man this machine would quickly prove its own value.

The passing years have witnessed a tremendous growth in the organization which Burroughs founded. Today, it is the largest institution of its kind in the world, and builds the only complete line of adding, bookkeeping, calculating and billing machines.

And even to this day, the Burroughs Company continues to employ this trial or demonstration idea—this legacy handed down from the inventor—because it is the fairest and simplest way of convincing business men that a Burroughs is a profitable investment.

Before recommending a plan he goes to the root of your problem.

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(Continued from Page 115)

then gives her a joy ride that lasts until near midnight. If I could have hired some poor fish to have snuggled her up on the back seat I'd have done it, but I couldn't quite make the grade myself. Anyhow she's no cuddler. We talked.

And at last I begun to get a slant on Miss Bertha. This sweetness-and-light fad of hers is fairly new, it seems. Before she got that she'd been strong for other things—advanced thought, theosophy, spiritualism—and back of them she'd been an Episcopalian. Whatever she'd gone into she'd been red-hot for. Miss Bigler had heard all the details. When it was spirits that Aunt Bertha was specializin' in she had the house full of visitin' mediums and nearly every night there was séances and table rappin's, until she got Ola and Minnie sleepin' under the mattress. At other times she went long on yogis and swamis and lecturers.

But always, it seems, she wanted to run things. If any of the dear departed came back for a chat they had to talk with Miss Bertha and tell what she wanted to hear. She bossed the yogis around. She wasn't contented to hear what they saw in the crystal ball, she demanded to do the gazin' herself. That was one reason why she quit church work—the rector got sick of bein' her errand boy and the other ladies wanted to have some say about things, even if they didn't pay in as much as she did. So, after she'd near bust up the guild, she got peeved and pulled out. And finally she got this notion of havin' a little religion all of her own, one that she could be the whole works of and run to suit herself—sweetness and light.

Even that didn't satisfy her. A lot of things around town wasn't goin' as she thought they should. There was a recreation park out at the west end where the young folks went in mobs, to ride on the merry-go-round, and paddle canoes in the pond, and dance in the pavilion. She'd seen 'em twosin' and spoonin' out there. She'd heard tales. So she tried to have the place shut up. But a lot of the stockholders was church people, and others owned the trolley line, and she didn't get anywhere. She raised quite a row over it though. And about the Saturday night band concerts on the common, and church socials, and Sunday-school picnics. Just gave the boys and girls a chance to get together and carry on, accordin' to her. She wrote letters to the newspapers about it, and stopped the ministers on the street and told 'em what she thought of 'em, and sent in protests to the mayor, and spent a lot of money tryin' to have her lawyers get out injunctions.

"Must have made herself popular," I suggests.

"I don't think they like her at all," says the secretary, "but they don't dare show it. They're afraid of her, I believe. She has so much money, you know, and has so many people working for her in that big factory. Besides, she is such a strenuous person. I wasn't afraid of her when I first came, but I am now. Anyhow she makes us all do exactly as she says. You'll see."

"Maybe," says I. "And then again I might fool her. Slipped something over on her tonight, didn't we? And we might again. Eh?"

Miss Bigler shakes her head. "We've taken an awful chance," says she, "and if I get out of this without being caught I'll be thankful. Suppose she hears me coming in?"

Miss Bertha didn't, for Bigler was alive at 8:30 next mornin', and I swaps the usual sappy grin with my lady boss. She seems more peppy than ever, and there's an extra solid set to that jaw of hers as she explains that she has a very busy day ahead of her. It was all of that, for Miss Bertha is arrangin' the details of a big double outing and field day that she's givin' the three hundred-odd hands in the corset factory. It's double because she's makin' two events of it, one for the women and girls at one place, and another for the men and boys on the other side of town.

Seems she's always doin' a lot for her people, as she calls 'em, besides payin' 'em wages. Sometimes it's a party for the stitchin'-room girls, when she gets 'em together and feeds 'em fudge and cake, and then groups 'em round while she reads to 'em, poetry and other truck. Again she'll hire a hall and invite all the shippin' and bookkeepin' force and make the young sports put in an evenin' playin' charades and musical chairs or other thrillin' games. Bigler says she'll spend days workin' up programs like that, and then be on hand to see that they're carried out. But there's never any mixed gatherin's, and the affairs are all cut and dried beforehand. The factory hands dread 'em, but they have to go.

This is to be something special though. It's kind of a spite event, too, for the chamber of commerce is stagin' a carnival evenin' out at Recreation Park, with a mask ball and all sorts of gay doin's, and they've taken no notice of all the kicks Miss Bertha has registered against it. So she's planned this opposition show, mainly to keep her people away. For the females she's hired the picnic grounds at Kinzey Pond, and planned potato races and bean-bag contests and other stunts; while for the men and boys she's engaged the old fairgrounds, where they can have a ball game and a tug of war and various runnin' races.

Then in the evenin' there's to be a weenie and marshmallow roast for the girls, and a clambake for the men.

So we drives around all the forenoon while Miss Bertha buys prizes, and charters motor busses, and orders eats by the truckload. I gotta hand it to her, too, that she's a free spender when she starts out to scatter sweetness and light in large doses. Only it's kind of a glum-lookin' lot of hands that she calls out from the factory to explain to 'em how this one is to take charge of so-and-so, and that one of the other stunt. They worked up a few weak smiles and thanked her kindly, and then glanced sideways at each other.

This was Friday mornin' and the doin's was to be the next afternoon and evenin'. She wasn't more'n half through her errands by lunch time, so she tells me we must dash home for a hasty bite. I expect it was because she was in such a rush to pile out of the car that she makes that misstep and goes tumblin' out. Anyway she lands all of a heap on the brick walk, with one leg twisted under her, and when Bigler and I try to help her up we find she's sprained an ankle.

Even at that she don't give up. After a few groans she says she'll be all right soon as she can get a doctor to bandage her, and she limps in between us. She's a heavy old girl, though, and when the doc comes he says she musn't step on that foot for a week at least, and he ain't sure but what she's busted a bone or two. So I drops around front about two P.M., expectin' to hear that everything's off.

"No," says Bigler. "She wants us to go ahead and complete the arrangements. We've got to manage the affairs too."

"Have we?" says I. "All right. I'll see that the girls have a good time."

"You will not," says Miss Bigler. "She says you must look after the men."

"Oh, very well!" says I. "But I'd be a whole lot more useful at the other event."

Now one of the few things I ain't ever tackled is runnin' an outin' for male corset makers, and I'd hardly got under way before I strikes a snag. The clambake artist tells me he's afraid he'll be shy a barrel or so of clams and wants to know shall he make up by givin' 'em more roasted green corn or what. I don't know, so I rings up the house and after quite a wait, while they're shovin' Miss Bertha to the phone, I asks for orders. But it seems her ankle is hurtin' worse and she ain't got much enthusiasm for the subject.

"Oh, do whatever you think best," she groans.

"Yes, Miss Bertha," says I.

"And, Gillan," she adds, "don't call me to the telephone again. If anything else comes up just use your own judgment. Tell Bigler the same."

I didn't lose any time tellin' Bigler. "That makes it simple," says I. "From now on this is practically our blow. We can do as we like providin' we follow the main idea, which is to keep the hands from goin' to that disgustin' carnival. Any ideas?"

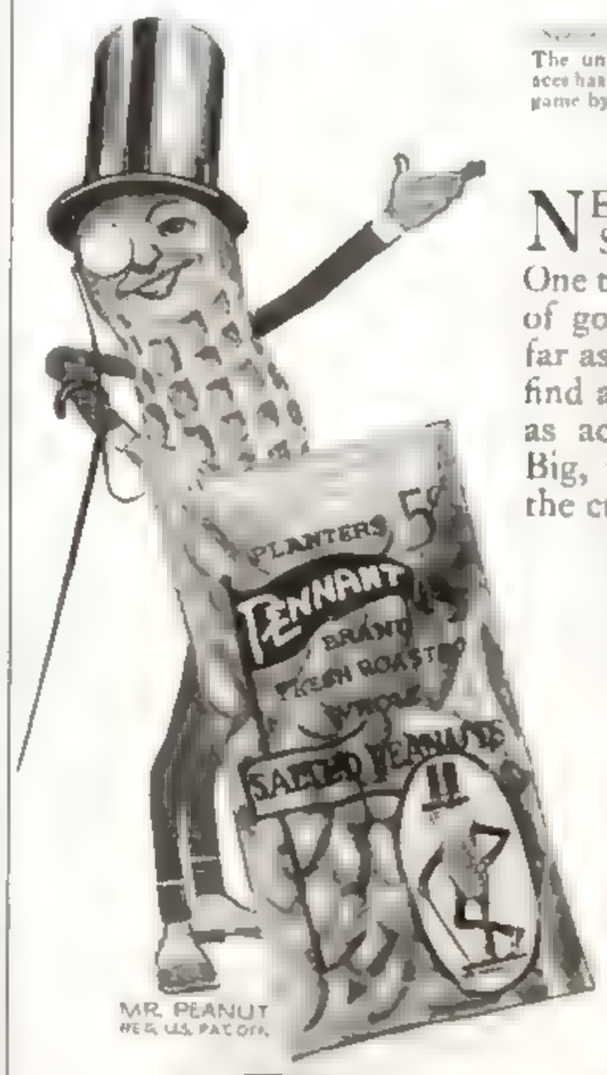
No, Bigler couldn't rake up a one. I didn't get struck with anything brilliant myself. That is, not for some time. Then, late in the afternoon, the man who holds the mortgage on the old fairground property hails me on Main Street and says how he finds he's got no right to rent the place for a private party. There's something in the charter that queers it.

"Huh!" says I. "You been hearin' from the carnival committee, ain't you?"

He hunches his shoulders. "It don't matter whether I have or not," says he.

"The Nickel Lunch"

The unfortunate player with the four aces has frozen himself out of a freeze-out game by *raising* his chips



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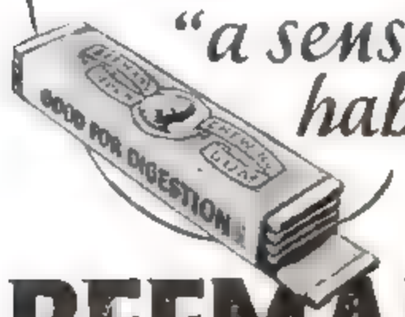

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"Miss Bertha can't have the grounds. Here's the money she paid."

With that he shoves five twenties into my hand and walks off.

"Isn't that too silly!" says Bigler. "Now what are we to do?"

"Well," says I, "we can't bother Miss Bertha. We gotta use our own judgment, I expect, but just what —— Say!"

"You've thought of something?" asks Bigler.

"Have I!" says I. "It's a whale of a hunch, too—nothin' but apple sauce."

"What is it?" demands Bigler.

"Wait," says I. "I gotta work it out."

And after I'd dumped her at the house I chased around for a couple of hours, seein' different parties and reversin' orders, and gettin' things fixed up.

I didn't tell Bigler any more that night, for I knew she'd never go to sleep if I did, and maybe might spill the whole tale. In fact, I didn't tell anybody any more'n I had to.

I just boomed along usin' up my judgment reckless.

So the first anybody knew that Miss Bertha wasn't on the job herself was when I had all the motor busses lined up in front of the factory at 12:30 next day and the hands begun bunchin' themselves in two groups, men on one side and girls on the other, as usual.

"Say, which is which?" sings out one of the young fellers. "Where are the stag cars?"

"Don't make any difference," says I. "You're all goin' to the same place, so hop aboard."

For a minute or so they thought I was kiddin' 'em and somebody asks who the blazes I am anyway.

"Me?" says I. "I'm Mr. Rusty Gillan, and I'm subbin' in as manager of this show for Miss Bertha. Go get you a girl, Harold boy, and grab a couple of front seats while the grabbin's good."

Which gets a gasp out of Miss Bigler. "But, Rusty!" says she. "That's not the way Miss Bertha does it. She—she'd have a fit if she knew."

"Maybe," says I. "But she don't know."

She'd had 'em buffaloed so long though, that even after that they hangs back. So I shows 'em the way.

"Hey, you two crimson ramblers over there on the steps!" I sings out to a couple of bobbed-hair cuties. "Come help me hold down the front end of this old boat. Sure, I mean you."

And after a giggle or so they steps up and climbs in.

"Now three or four in the back," says I, "and let some young gent keep Miss Bigler comp'ny on the trip."

That broke the ice all right, and inside of two minutes there was a grand scramble for partners, and pretty soon they was all more or less paired off and I leads the procession toward the picnic place at a good fast clip. I found I'd picked a pair of live ones and I didn't do a thing but josh 'em on the way out.

"Say, tell us," says one, "is Busy Bertha gonna read po'try to us when we get there?"

"No, sister," says I, "she asked me to recite a bedtime story to you and maybe sing a few hymns. Then we'll play ring-around-a-rosie and perhaps have a real rough game of fish-beast-or-bird."

"I knew there was some catch in it," says the other.

"Aw, he's stringin' you, saphead!" says the first.

Seems they was all set for kind of a dull time, and when they unloads at the pond they sort of stands around waitin' for somebody to tell 'em what they must do.

"Anybody want to read any pomes?" I asks.

There was no volunteers.

"Then don't," says I. "How about choosin' sides for bean bag?"

Nobody seems wild for that sport either.

"Well," says I, "I gotta bunch of prizes here that ought to go for something. What about a baseball game—girls against the boys?"

Say, that stirred 'em up, and I never watched a wilder or noisier five innin's anywhere. I gave out boxes of candy and neckties and silk stockin's for base hits and put-outs and muffed flies and for most anything that came into my head. It was a scream. Then we had a mixed potato race, some rowin' races, and a ball-throwin' contest, with more prizes. And by 6:30 I had a happy crowd surgin' around through the grounds. It was a hungry one too. You'd thought so if you'd seen the way they lit into them clams and the roasted corn and the sandwiches and cakes and coffee. 'Course there was a lot of twosin' goin' on, for by that time everybody was gettin' acquainted, but I couldn't see anything bein' pulled that would have shocked anybody—unless it was Miss Bertha.

Even Bigler was havin' a good time and lettin' out laughs that she'd had bottled up for a year or more.

And when they'd all been fed I sprung my big surprise. I'd had some of the boys hang a lot of Japanese lanterns around the pavilion, and sweep the floor and push the benches to the sides. Then I goes out to a tourin' car that's rolled in and summons the Footwarmers. Uh-huh! You guessed it. I'd taken some of that hundred turned back by the fairgrounds guy and I'd hired a zippy five-piece jazz orchestra. And the minute them young folks caught sight of the bass drum and the saxophone they begun lettin' out yelps of joy.

"Everybody that can shake a foot, this way!" I sings out. "Come on, you jazz hounds. Let's go!"

I'll say they went to it. They'd come out here expectin' to be bored stiff, and when they found there was to be fox trottin' they was simply tickled pink. I leads the grand march with one of the blond cuties.

"Say, you're a reg'lar feller, Rusty," says she. "I hope you got a life job with Busy Bertha."

"There's no tellin'," says I. "And I bet you're a classy little stepper."

She was. We had four fox trots runnin', and I ought to know. Then, just to mix 'em up, I staged a Paul Jones that lasted half an hour. While the orchestra was restin' up I started the weenie roast and had the boxes of marshmallows passed. We had two big bonfires and you could take your choice of refreshments—you could bury your face in a roll and a Frankfurter or smear your fingers with toasted sweets. Some did both at once. Then the music cut loose again and there was more dancin'. A merry time was bein' had by all. Somebody came to me and asked for a Virginia reel and I organized that. It was a knock-out. At the finish of it some of the shippin'-room force grabs me and hoists me on a chair in the middle of the floor. Then they all begins shoutin', "Speech! Speech from Rusty Gillan!"

"Ah, let's forget that stuff," says I. "If you're all enjoyin' yourselves I'm glad of it. I ain't havin' such a poor time myself, and I thank you one and all."

There was wild cheers and I tried to climb down, but they wouldn't let me.

"Who's all right?" calls some party with a loud-speaker voice.

"Rusty Gillan!" roars the crowd. "Hi! Yi! Yippy-yip!"

They near had me blushin' at that. I was gazin' around with a grin on my face, and the orchestra had just swung into that bing-boom-bah! piece, and four different girls was claimin' I had the next fox trot with them and—well, I was ridin' on the crest, as you might say, when close up alongside the front steps of the pavilion I spots a taxicab that has rolled up durin' the excitement, and glarin' out of the window at me is Miss Bertha.

Say, I never was shot with an icicle, but I know how it feels. For a second there I went limp in the spine and stood gawpin' foolish. Then I bucks up, throws back my head, and gives her one of my famous grins. She beckons me over, and I tears loose from the girls and goes.

"Gillan," says she, "who is responsible for this—this outrage?"

"Meanin' the dancin'?" says I.

"Meaning everything—all those young people together, this so-called music, the whole scandalous proceeding?" says she.

"Why," says I, "when the guy renigged on lettin' us have the fairgrounds, what else was there to do but mix 'em up? 'Course I didn't want to waste that hundred dollars, and as you'd told me to use my judgment I used it. I got the jazz orchestra."

"You and Bigler?" says she.

"No," says I. "She may know how to spell, but when it comes to ——"

"That will do, Gillan," says she. "You started it all, did you? Well, now you may stop it."

"Stop what?" says I.

"The music, the dancing, everything," says she.

"Can't be done, Miss Bertha," says I. "Them jazz artists is hired to play until midnight, and it would break their hearts if I asked 'em to quit now. You know how they are."

"You refuse?" says she.

"Not exactly," says I. "I just duck. 'Course if you think you can shut 'em off, or stop all them couples dancin' ——"

"You know I am helpless, Gillan," says she. "I only got into this cab with the help of three maids, and I cannot get out now to do a thing."

"Well, well!" says I. "Then I expect you'll have to let me go on in my own way."

"Doing what?" she demands.

"Spreadin' sweetness and light," says I. "And say, I gotta hunch I'm spreadin' it thick. Look 'em over and tell me. I ask you."

She sputters like a motor with the timin' gone wrong.

"You—you are an impudent young wretch!" says she. "You—you shall be discharged early tomorrow morning."

"Is that a promise?" says I. "Now don't forget if I'm half an hour late. And please send me away with a smile. I'm gettin' kinda used to 'em now and don't mind 'em at all."

She indulges in a gurgly gasp, then signals to the driver to take her home, while I hooks my arm around a little queen with blue eyes, and swings into the middle of the dance floor.

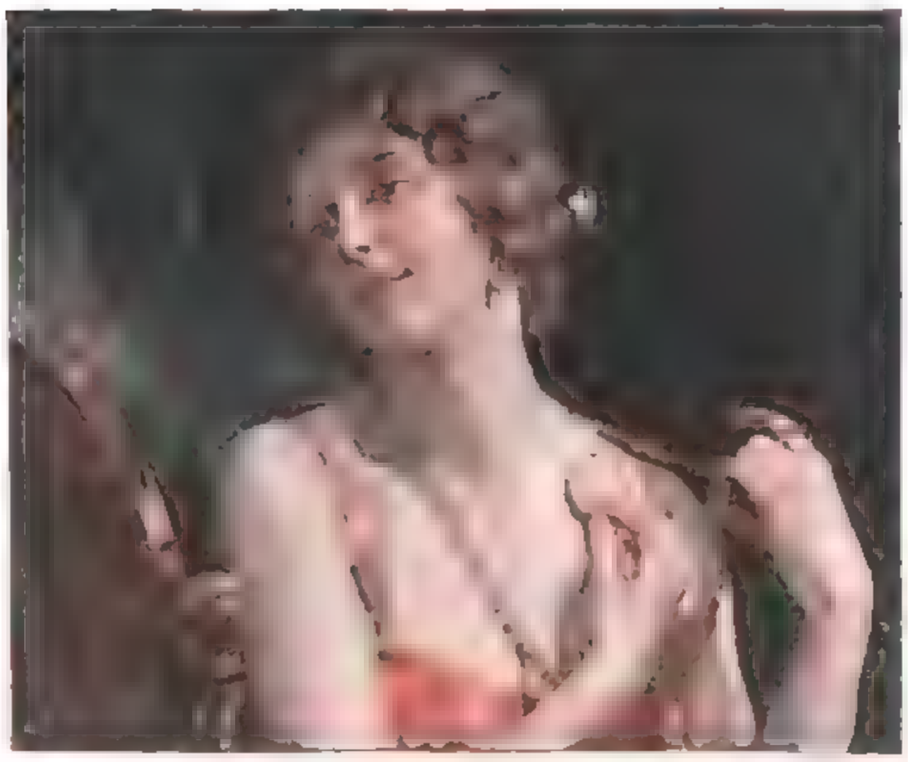
Yeauh! Miss Bertha kept her promise. I'm at liberty once more, with a month's pay in my jeans and some tear stains on my necktie where Bigler said it with brine. And I've just dropped Mr. Buell a picture card showin' the pavilion at Kinzey Pond. Across the end of the card I wrote:

This is where Aunt Bertha and I bust up. You may be a good judge of young dears, Mr. Buell, but I'll say you don't know much about old ones. Yours as ever, RUSTY.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of short stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.

The High Sierras of Central California

Your skin becomes richer in color during the summer days, and it is adroitly flattering to use a darker shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.



This woman knows the importance of putting her powder on her neck as well as her face when she uses her compact-powder-puff between dances

Women who use the *right* shade of powder are never obviously "powdered"

Your powder should always complement the color-tone of your skin—and be applied to cover it evenly.

Mme Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

SOMETIMES we have the experience of seeing a woman approaching us on the street and we have a horrible feeling that her face is deformed. Then when she reaches us we see a very pretty person with her nose so powdered that it is accented out of all proportion to her face.

This unpleasant result is especially noticeable if a wrong shade of powder is used.

The shade of your powder should match the natural tone of your skin. If we are of the Caucasian race, we all naturally think we are "white" women, and therefore must use white powder. This is a mistake—there are several gradations of color-tone in our skins. Even sisters are frequently found whose skin-tones are as different as though they belonged to different races. So we should study our skin and determine its classification.

In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among the women of America—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium skin is more variable than the others It is harder to determine, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades.

The medium tone of skin is neither milk-white nor swarthy, nor yet is it the pink type that often is found with fair or red hair. It is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you find it difficult to determine whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium tone of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The milk-white skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show is the only skin that should ever use white powder.

The Pink skin can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated.

Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest, selected ingredients. This powder has an exceptional adhesive quality that women appreciate, and assists in keeping the skin well covered over an unusual period of time. 60c a box.(Canada, 65c.)

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact —a thin model

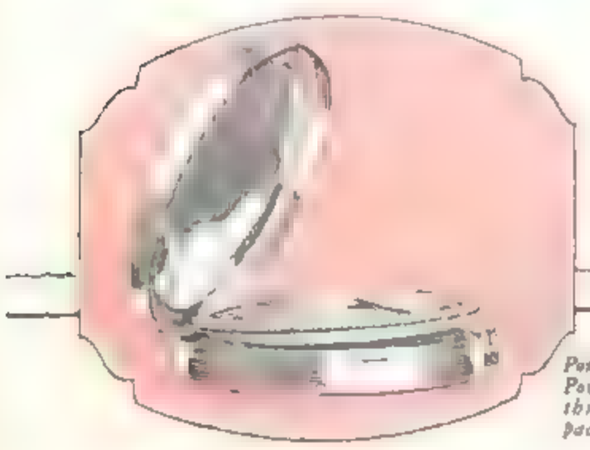
Thousands of women who are devotees of the superior qualities of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that there is now available this delightful powder compacted in a smart new refillable case

The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case — thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel, the color that is typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian products. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection—and the lamb's-wool puff has a satin top. At toilet counters $1.00. (Canada, $1.10.) Refills 50c each.

After reading my descriptions of skin-tones, and the shades of powder they require, you may be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder your skin needs. If you are in doubt between two shades, check them on the coupon below, and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

MADAME JEANNETTE

Pompeian Beauty Powder



Pompeian Beauty Powder in new thin-model compact.

MADAME JEANNETTE,
Pompeian Laboratories, Dept. 471, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Madame: Not being certain which shade of powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please check the two shades desired for test

☐ Naturelle ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ White

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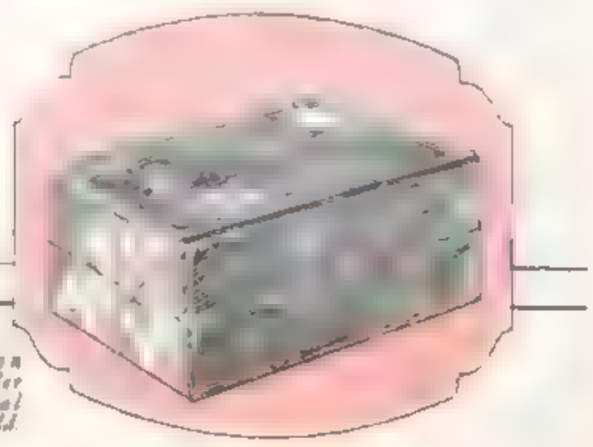

The Pompeian Beauty Powder Box, in royal purple and gold

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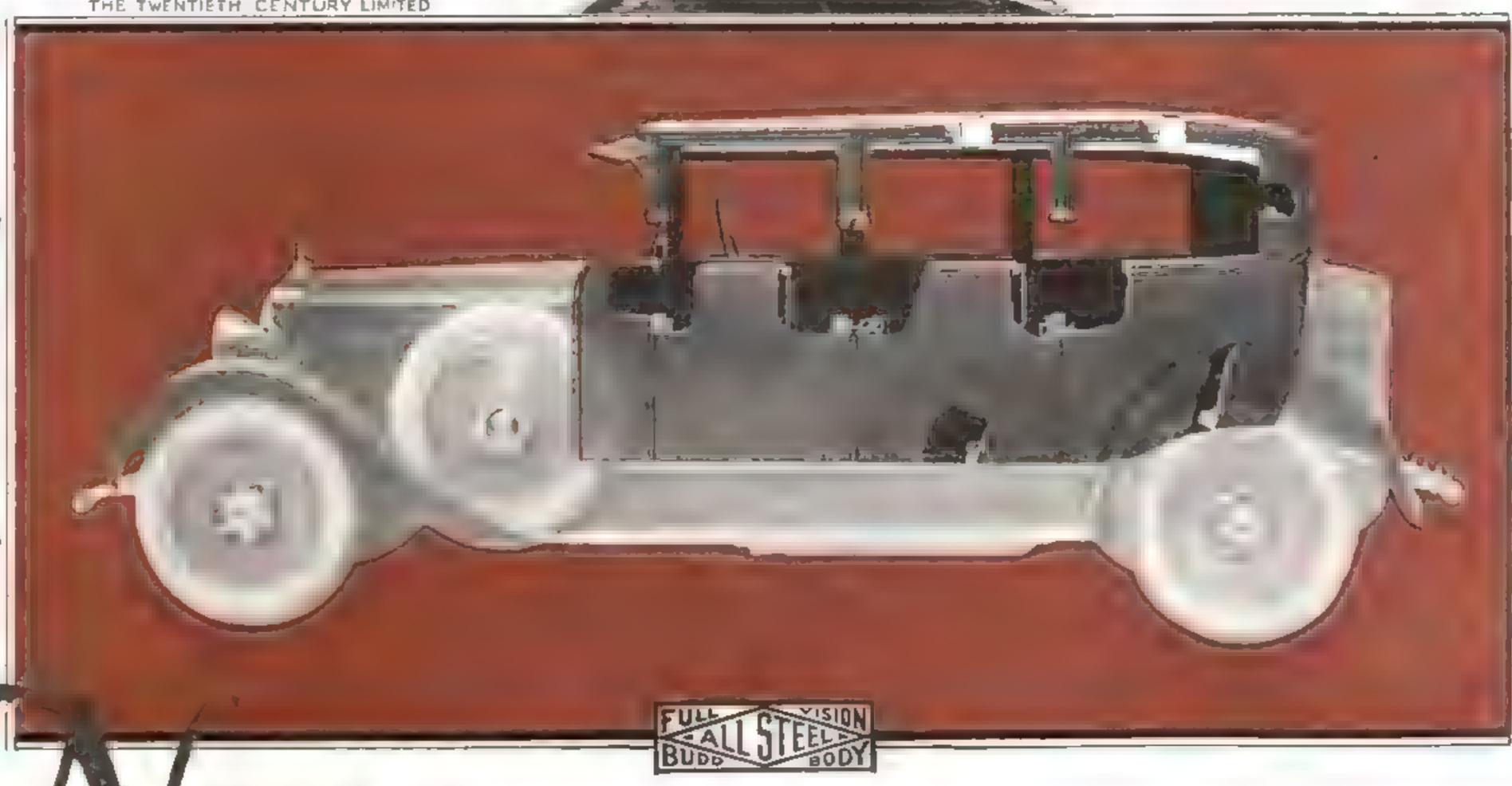

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LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES

(Continued from Page 19)

689 MADISON AVENUE, March 21st, '96.

DARLING BYE: It now begins to look as if we should be left in our positions for another year at any rate; I am very glad, for I see no immediate, or even remote, prospect, of other work, and I am glad to keep doing anything; though the best part of our work is done. We are beginning to be very seriously hampered by the utterly improper character of the law under which we are working.

In the larger field of politics there seems to be a great wave for McKinley sweeping over the country; and he certainly at present stands a very good chance for the nomination. Between ourselves I have been, as I wrote you, greatly disappointed in Reed. If he only had shown more nerve on the finance issue, and more farsightedness about the need for a navy and coast defences, he would probably have won.

Love to Will.

Yours, T. R.

689 MADISON AVENUE, April 5th, '96.

DEAR WILL: Your note came, and Anna's, from Liverpool. Tell Anna that I am really pleased Bryce took my "Bachelor of Arts" piece so nicely; it was not aimed at England at all, but at our wretched fellow countrymen who lack patriotism. Though I feel very strongly indeed on such questions as municipal reform and civil service reform, I feel even more strongly on the questions of our attitude towards the outside world, with all that it implies, from seacoast defence and a first-class navy, to a properly vigorous foreign policy. I think we ought to interfere in Cuba; and indeed I believe it would be well were we sufficiently farsighted steadily to shape our policy with the view to the ultimate removal of all European powers from the colonies they hold in the western hemisphere.

It must have been very interesting to see the launching of the big battleships. Why, on our new battleships, are we putting 4 and 5 inch quick firers, instead of 6 inch? Is not the 6 inch quick firer a common gun on the British battleships? In the secondary batteries, why do we seem to prefer the rapid fire 6 pounder and even 1 pounder to the Gatling and Hotchkiss? Is this also true of the European navies?

In a month the legislature will have adjourned, thank goodness, and I shall know "where I am at." The "greater New York" bill does not legislate me out, and it seems improbable that, as late in the session as this, they can pass supplementary bills for that purpose. But a recent decision of the Corporation Counsel gives the Chief, backed by one commissioner, almost all the power over our force; and by an intrigue one of my colleagues, has got a hold over the Chief; so that unless we get a bill through, which we are trying to get, to restore the power to a majority of the Board, I shall be shorn of most of my former influence, and though I can still do something, it will not be anything like as much as formerly.

Tell Anna I dined at Lizzie's last night, going to the Century afterwards. I have a busy time ahead of me until May.

Yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

689 MADISON AVENUE, May 10th, '96.

DARLING BYE: The other evening the Naval Reserve here gave a dinner at which the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and I were the guests of honor; I was really much impressed by the workmanlike way in which they handled themselves; tell Will I think they would, with a week's practice, furnish first-class crews for torpedo boats for instance. After all, we *are* gradually getting a good second class Navy; about as good as Germany's, for instance.

Your loving brother, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, June 20, '96.

DARLING BYE: While I greatly regret the defeat of Reed, who was in every way McKinley's superior, I am pretty well satisfied with the outcome at St. Louis. We have an excellent platform on almost every point: finance, civil service reform, foreign policy; only the pension plank is bad. McKinley himself is an upright and honorable man of very considerable ability and good record as a soldier and in Congress; he is not a strong man, however, and unless he is well backed I should feel rather uneasy about him in a serious crisis, whether it took the form of a soft-money craze, a gigantic labor riot, or danger of foreign conflict.

Yours always, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, July 12th, '96.

DARLING BYE: The trial, which was really very nearly as much a trial of me as of Parker, is over, I am glad to say, though the Mayor has not yet given his decision; and though I fear the courts, when they review this decision, may reverse it, even if it is all right. I have quite forgiven Tracy, for in his effort to break me down, by a six hours' cross-examination, he gave me just the chance I wished; and I had the satisfaction of telling, under oath, with Parker not six feet distant, just what I thought of him.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Aug. 2d, '96.

DARLING BYE: I spent four nights in town last week, as I was very busy at the office. One day I lunched with Willie Chanler; his African book is really good.

I saw Mark Hanna. I can't help thinking we shall win in November; but we have to combat a genuine and dangerous fanaticism. At bottom the Bryanite feeling is due to the discontent of the mass of men who live hard, and blindly revolt against their conditions; a revolt which is often aimed foolishly at those who are better off, merely because they *are* better off; it is the blind man blinding the one-eyed.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Aug. 15th, '96.

DARLING BYE: This will be my last letter for four weeks, as the next three Sundays I hope to spend out on the plains among my cattle and after occasional antelope; but Edith will write you every Sunday. She is going to Lake Champlain with the children.

Well, we've had two excitements in New York the past week; the heated term and Bryan's big meeting. The heated term was the worst and most fatal we have ever known. The death rate trebled until it approached the ratio of a cholera epidemic; the horses died by hundreds, so that it was impossible to remove their carcasses, and they added a genuine flavor of pestilence; and we had to distribute hundreds of tons of ice from the station houses to the people of the poorer precincts. I had to be in town several nights; and I saw some strange and pathetic scenes when the ice was distributed. Now a cool wave has come.

Bryan fell with a bang. He was so utter a failure that he dared not continue his eastern trip, and cancelled his Maine and Vermont engagements. In his speech, he tried to do the "dignified statesman" business, and he merely lost what little renown he had as a wild-eyed popular orator; his only chance was with the people who care for neither dignity nor statesmanship, and this he threw away. He not only hurt himself very much here in the East, but also in the West. I believe the tide has begun to flow against him. The educational work done about finance by the distribution of pamphlets has been enormous, and it is telling. It is hard to reach the slow, obstinate farmer; but all who can be reached are being reached.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Sept. 27th, '96.

DARLING BYE: How you must be enjoying your Scotch visit! It has always seemed to me that life at a Scotch shooting lodge must possess a peculiar charm of manliness, simplicity and refinement.

What a terrible snarl the question of the Turk in Europe has become. Here we are absorbed in politics. *Your* friend —— of Albany has sprung into brief distinction as the prize comedian of the political stage, having tried the experiment of running as a gold man on a silver platform, with the result that he was forced off the ticket. But silver is now only one of the issues of the campaign. This is no mere fight over financial standards. It is a semi-socialistic, agrarian movement, with free silver as a mere incident, supported mainly because it is hoped thereby to damage the well-to-do and thrifty. "Organized labor" is the chief support of Bryan in the big cities; and his utterances are as criminal as they are wildly silly. All the ugly forces that seethe beneath the social crust are behind him. The appeal for him is frankly on class and sectional hatred. It is as vicious a campaign as I have ever seen. And the worst of it is that the very people whom one would wish to help are those who are going most wrong, and are putting themselves in such a position that they must be resolutely opposed!

Always yours, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Oct. 4th, '96.

DARLING BYE: I have just spent a week on the stump with Cabot, speaking at Utica, Buffalo, etc., and ending by a visit to McKinley at Canton. Cabot, as always, made really remarkably good speeches; and I on the whole did well enough. We spoke to enormous audiences. The halls were jammed, people standing in masses in the aisles; and I have never in any other campaign seen such deep interest, or noticed in the audiences such intense desire to listen to full explanations of the questions at issue.

This is literally a vital struggle; the first we have had since Lincoln last ran; and it is pleasing to see how thoroughly aroused the people have become. I think the tide is now setting our way with great force, and that we shall elect McKinley; but I hope it will be by an overwhelming majority, for otherwise it will be a barren victory, merely deferring the final fight.

McKinley is bearing himself well. He was entirely pleasant with us, though we are not among his favorites.

Love to Will.

Yours, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Dec. 20th, '96.

DARLING BYE: Cabot of course is wild to have me take the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy; and a good many people wish McKinley to offer it to me; but I have no very pronounced backers of political influence in my own State, and I think it is about an even thing, or perhaps with the odds against his offering it. I am rather indifferent in the matter because I am not sure whether I ought to take it. I could do honorable work in the place; but it is not a big place, and if I had proper power I should never leave the Police Department to take it. On the other hand, I am so hampered here that I think I have almost reached the limit of my good work; and there is in all probability no chance of my being left in office more than a year. So I await results with an equal mind.

Love to Will.

Yours, T. R.

NEW YORK, April 11th, '97.

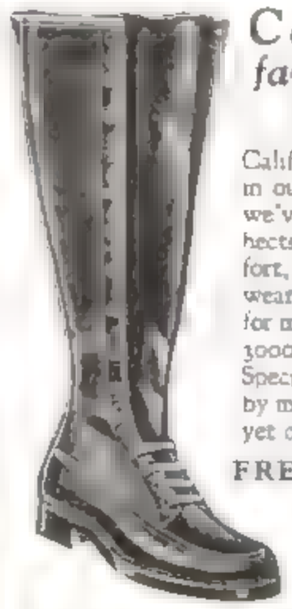
DARLING BYE: This is probably the last letter I shall write you; and your cable, which it was so sweet of you to send, shows that you know the news. I was even more pleased than I was astonished at the appointment; for I had come to look upon it as very improbable. McKinley rather distrusted me, and Platt actively hated me; it was Cabot's untiring energy and devotion which put me in; and Long really wanted me. Of course until next Wednesday the Senate, where I have very bitter enemies, may reconsider the confirmation; but there is only a very small chance of this.

One crumpled rose leaf is that it is going to prevent my meeting you. On May 1st, and just around it, there will be so much to do that it would be wrong for me at once to bolt away from Sec'y Long. I hate not meeting you. Bye, it is only the sheer impossibility that prevents me.

Now the Lodges and we ourselves are hoping you'll live at Washington next winter!

Will is off on the Fern, and has just written me an enthusiastic letter of congratulation. He is such a good fellow!

BUCKHECT
"Buckstrips"



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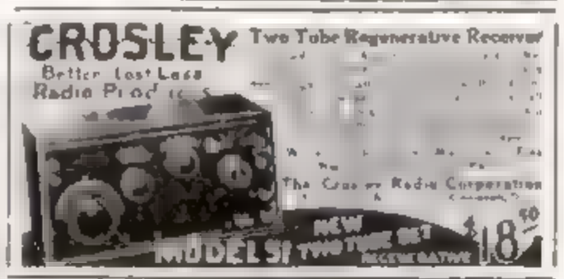

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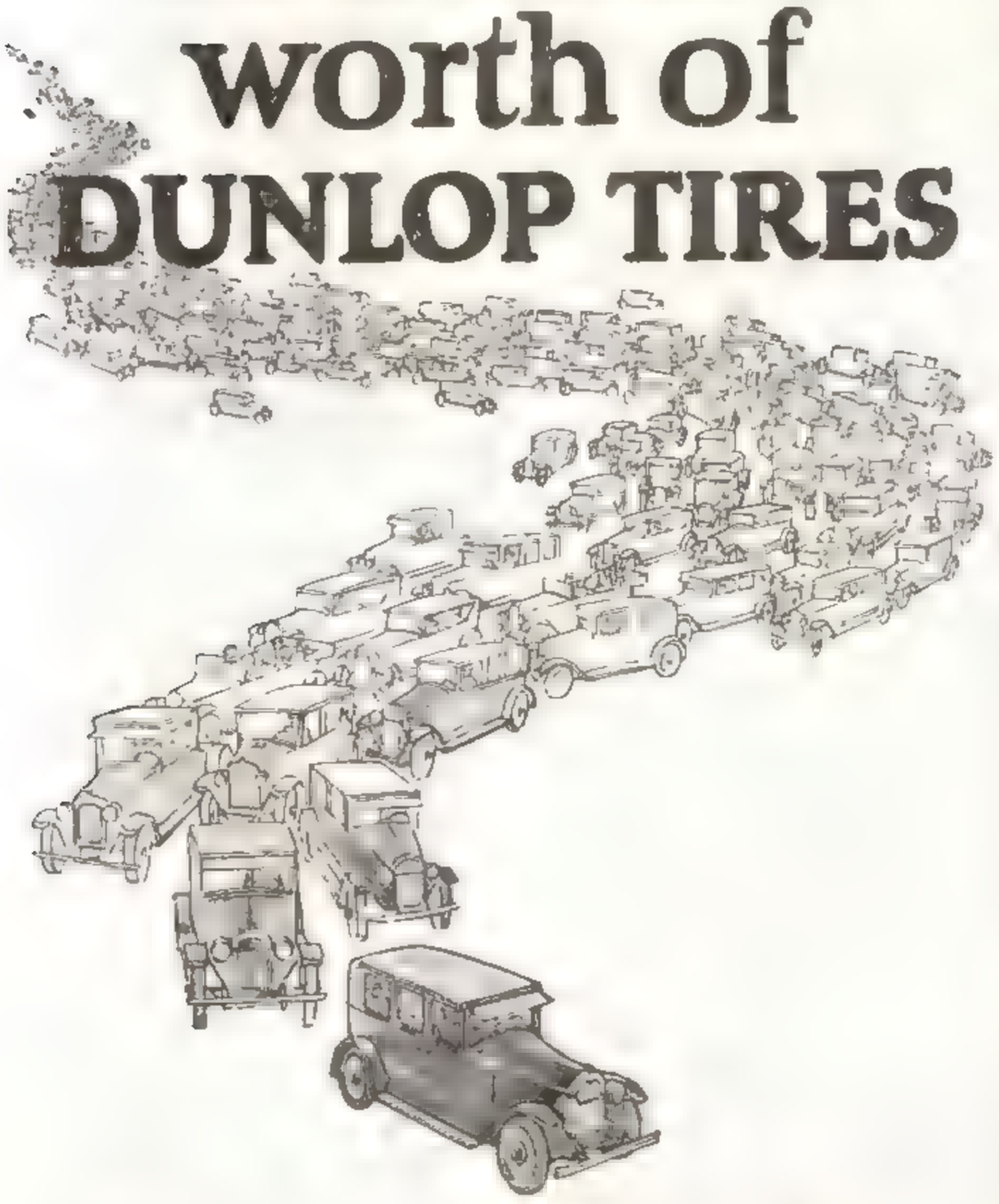

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Yours always, T. R.

NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON.

February 25, 1898

DARLING BYE: Will wrote me a characteristic and very welcome note from Havana, chiefly occupied, of course, with what Sigsbee and Wainwright, who had just come aboard said. No one can tell as yet what the cause of the disaster was. Even if it were due to Spanish treachery it might be impossible ever to find it out. You need not be uneasy about Will, or about any of our men down in Havana. I am a good deal more nervous about the *Viscaya* in New York. I have not felt the loss of the *Maine* nearly as much as I would if I had not had so much to worry over in my own home.

Yours ever,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

April 1, 1898.

DARLING BYE: The enclosed memorandum explains itself. I also send the paper.

Pardon my dictating this, but I am rushed nearly to death. I have been bothering the Secretary to call Will up from the South. I think Will ought to keep the *Fern*, but I will try to get him some more guns for her. However, I am awfully glad I got him even one gun.

As for matters here, I'd give all I'm worth to be just two days in supreme command. I'd be perfectly willing then to resign, for I'd have things going so that nobody could stop them.

Ever yours, T. R.

WASHINGTON, May 12th, '98.

DARLING BYE: Just a line to you and Will jointly, to say good-bye. I feel as if Will and I were in a race to get to Cuba; but I fear the Topeka will beat the First Volunteer Cavalry. I am off tonight; for ten days, since Wood left I have been devilling the Quartermaster General and Chief Ordnance, hurrying up our supplies. It seems *probable* now that we shall be all ready by Monday or Tuesday, and I hope we shall be in Cuba soon after the regulars; but I suppose there will be many irritating delays yet. Well, it's all in the day's work; and if only I get the chance to see a little service, I shan't complain.

Always yours, T. R.

SANTIAGO, July 19th, '98.

DARLING BYE: I was very glad to get your letter. Any underclothes and socks and at present trousers and shoes, and above all, any delicacies like chocolate, canned fruit, canned meats of good quality, rice and oatmeal, would be immensely appreciated. What my men need most, that can be sent, is enough food and clothing. We need still more, hospital supplies and above all, transportation, (I suppose it has been the lack of the latter that has prevented the Red Cross, which has done good work, from sending the former); but these I fear must be furnished by the government. In practice, I find we can't use hammocks—there are too many men and we can't get poles from which to hang them. After a fight or a late march, we just sleep anywhere, often without even a blanket; in a more permanent camp we build little bunks on poles raised on bars across crotched sticks.

This mismanagement of the transportation and hospital services has been beyond belief. The wounded lie in the mud on sodden blankets; some of my men went *forty-eight* hours without food after being sent to the hospital. The attendance has been bad; and above all, they have had no proper food and but little medicine. I have had to buy from my own pocket rice and oatmeal and condensed milk for my sick men and beans and cornmeal and sugar for the worn-out hungry fighters who were still able to dig in the trenches. It is small wonder that of the 600 men with whom I landed, today over 300 are dead or in hospital from wounds and disease. Shafter's utter incapacity and the lack of transportation, that is, the utter lack of executive ability and head, both at Washington and here, are responsible for it all. Nothing but the splendid fighting capacity and uncomplaining endurance of the regular army (with which my regiment alone of the volunteer organization can be classed) carried us through.

The suffering has been hideous; and at least half of it was readily avoidable. There have been practically no supplies at the front save hardtack, bacon and coffee; and for men in high fever such fare is not good

My own health has been good; and I would not have missed this for anything, even were I to die tomorrow. Young Bull has done well, and is in fine health; the same is true of Kane, Tiffany, Bob (who is very proud of my giving him his promotion) and the New York men generally. Is it not curious that with the revolver from the *Maine*, which Will gave me, I should have killed a Spaniard? I really believe my men would follow me anywhere now; and all the regulars treat us as standing entirely on their plane. It is a great regiment; and I have done with it all that could be done. I wonder where Will is?

Ever yours, T. R.

SANTIAGO, July 28th, '98.

DARLING BYE: A lot of Red Cross things have come, presumably from you, and they are most useful soups, malted milk, prunes, etc., for the sick and even a little for the well, soap and underclothes, socks and towels. I divided them up yesterday and the regiment felt exactly as if it was enjoying a kind of tropical Xmas. Do thank everyone. The Red Cross has done a great deal for this regiment, and we deeply appreciate it.

We are now in a permanent camp, and my men at last have plenty of food, after a month's semi-starvation and intolerable hardship and labor, and in a day or two they will have clothes and tentage, I think. Now the hammocks would be useful, at least to some extent. Some of the men are using them, but with dog tents it is almost impossible to swing them, and it is difficult for ten thousand men camped together to get proper poles.

As for me, I have been in good health throughout; of course I have had mild attacks of one kind and another, but when ever possible I have taken the utmost care of myself, and this has enabled me in time of need to do and endure everything and so far I have not been an hour off duty.

I can hardly say how proud I am of this regiment. It is so typically American! It is just the ideal body for me to lead; and the men are devoted to me, and in the field I can lead and handle them as I think no other man could. Easterners and Westerners alike do even more than their duty The New Yorkers, Kane, Tiffany and Bull and the rest, have turned out particularly well. I was very glad to promote Bob. Greenway and Goodrich have been on the whole my two standbys; both are now down with the fever, I am sorry to say. On the whole, I think the Harvard boys have averaged the best of all. I wish I could see Will. I do hope the Topeka gets a chance; he'll surely take advantage of it.

Yours always, T. R.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles containing letters written by Mr Roosevelt The final article will appear next week

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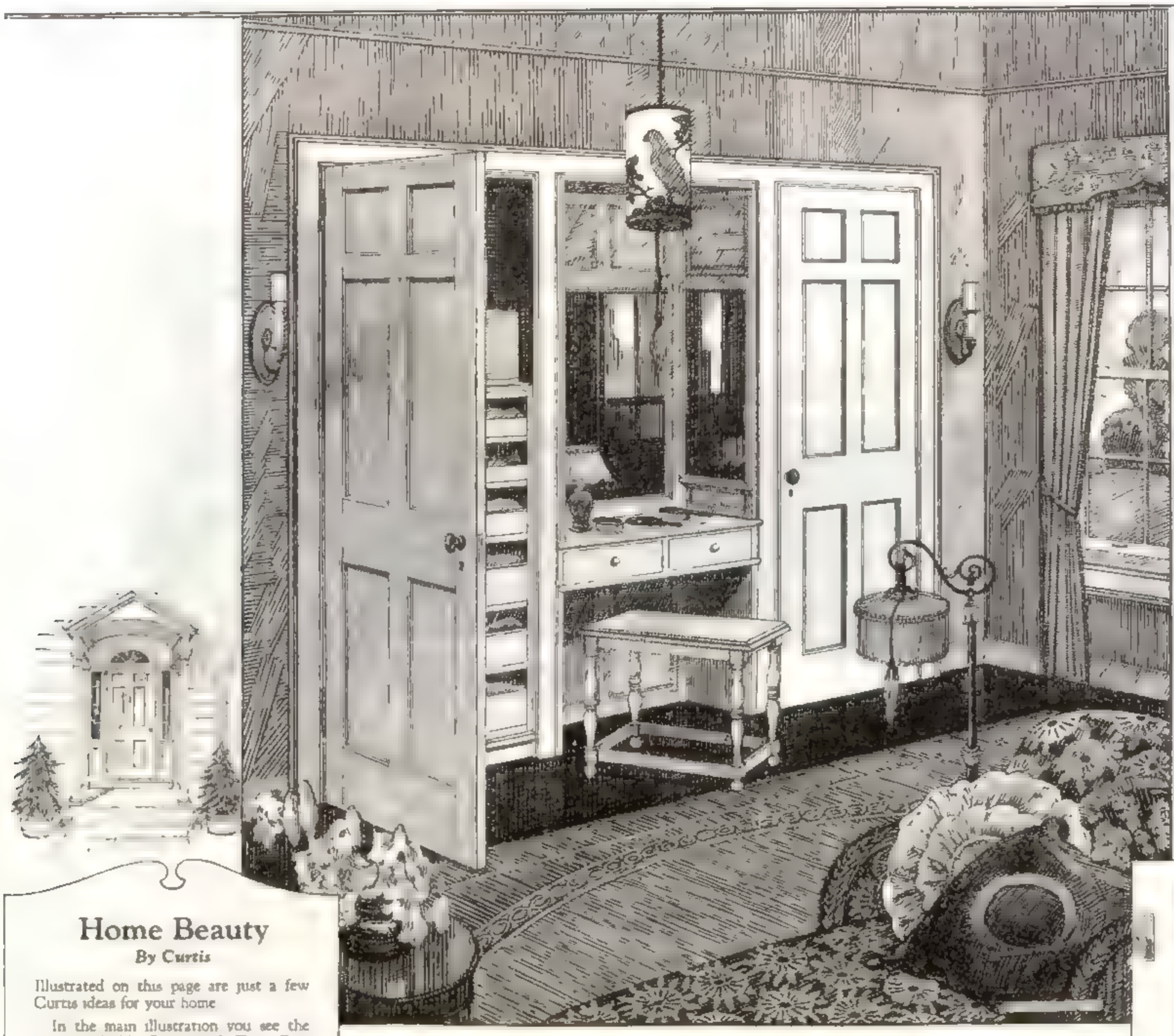

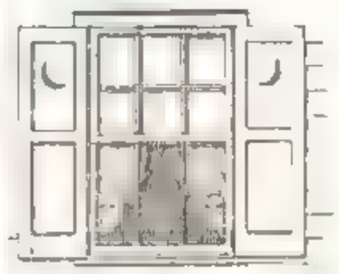

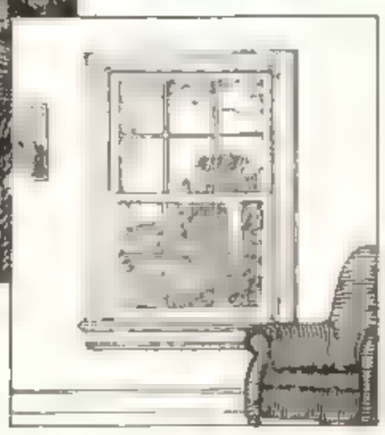

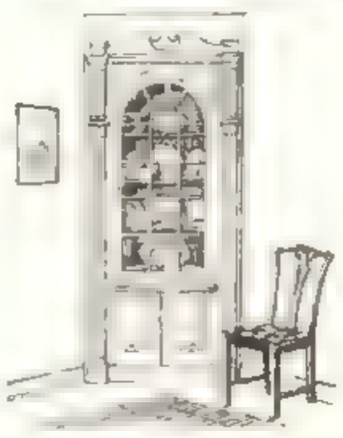

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By Curtis

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MRS. DELEGATE

(Continued from Page 7)

ideals, but as they have no following they must depend for votes on women who have not their ideals. The idealists either are not interested or they think that because women like myself are in organized politics we must therefore be bad; or they think there is no difference between parties, so why should they bother? Or they are giving all their time to nonpartisan organizations, and the few of us who do understand what we are trying to do are outnumbered by the others.

"During my two years as woman vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, I have tried to do two things. I have tried, first, to win the confidence of the women by deserving it, believing that if they felt I stood for ideals and that my judgment was good, they would follow me. And, second, I have tried to win the confidence of the men. For just as the men leaders are now dependent on the votes of women as well as of men, so we women are dependent on the votes of men as well as of women. We must therefore work out together this problem of cooperation in political machinery. I realize that no one can force another's confidence, and so I have tried to do in politics as I would in business: I have tried to win the confidence of my men coworkers by reasonableness, by loyalty to our common purpose and by making an intelligent contribution to the solution of the problems which come before us.

"Summing up the present situation we must admit that women lack leadership. We can't blink that outstanding fact; the leadership simply isn't there. And leadership, as I pointed out, is made not by contenders but by followers—by a solid block of women voters who will stand behind their leaders and vote for their reelection. Until that day arrives women must go slowly in politics."

This is a plain sober statement of fact by a woman of extraordinary vision and ability who has been a national leader inside her party for four years. Let us then place the issue squarely on the foundation where it belongs. Not sex antagonism nor wickedness of politicians prevents women from playing a powerful part in politics but themselves; their lack of organization, solidarity, voting strength. Women must balance the men in voting strength; they must be organized, regimented, officered, welded solidly together in support of their leaders before they will be admitted into the inner national councils. History reports that Cæsar and Bonaparte became bosses of their respective countries by a double-headed device: First, they made their soldiers, and then with their soldiers they made the government. Women will have to make their soldiers before they can remake their government. But this is not a sex conflict; it is something much deeper than that; it is the age-long struggle of the human atom in competition with his fellow atom for self-expression, power, place.

Desire for Clean-Cut Issues

One striking difference between men and women in the present political line-up is the freedom of the latter from the bonds of tradition. Men are party-conscious. Women are nation-conscious. The average man puts his party first. The average woman, without party background, puts her country first. The psychological reason for this difference is that men have for generations worn the party harness until it has cut deep grooves into their mental processes. Women, coming at the tradition secondhand, are more individual, rebellious, independent. They refuse to swallow their parties down whole. One discovers them poring over the platforms and even daring to criticize.

"This thing is nothing but wibble-wabble all the way," declared one disgusted woman leader after she had carefully studied the various policies outlined. "They seem more interested in making planks the rival candidate can't stand on, or in ironing out every issue so that it's nothing but a vague blur of meaningless platitudes, than they are in enunciating the big fundamental principles of party doctrine. We excoriate the other side for passing the buck on the vital issues of the day, and when our turn comes we surpass them at their own game."

This desire for clean-cut issues fearlessly enunciated and driven home was strikingly evinced at the Democratic convention. During the dull, hot, opening days the women—and also the men—sat patiently but apathetically under the deluge of partisan invective and blah-blah poured out upon them by the vituperative baldheads upon the rostrum, who resembled fierce old minor prophets of a bygone day. The applause was polite but thin. The minor prophets were not striking the right note and the delegates would not respond. There was a distinct lack of sympathy, communion, rapport. It was as if that great arena, filled with men and women seated under their state standards, perspiring in the torrid heat, represented democracy itself stewing painfully in its own juice—untrammeled democracy, shirt-sleeved, crude, common and undistinguished, but at heart invincibly honest, invincibly sound and groping earnestly albeit blindly for the deep august thing which had brought them together from all sections to deliberate in that place. So they sat, stewing away, and listening, unmoved, unstirred, to the hoary platitudes. And their apathy, their lack of response said plainer than words, "No, that's not it. You've not hit it yet." What was this deep hidden it? Did they know? Probably not—at least, not consciously. They only knew that it was not present; their leaders were not hitting the mark. Then all at once and inadvertently, as it were, the speaker on the platform stubbed his toe on a real issue—and suddenly, without warning, there ensued a loud, dynamic explosion which sent a thrill down the spine; the lid blew off that convention, and the mighty spontaneous roar of approval which burst from thousands of throats could be heard for blocks around. Without meaning it, the speaker had touched a live wire; he had really mentioned an issue, and the dormant multitude woke up with a yell.

The Practical Sex

This hunger and thirst for the meat of present-day reality instead of the windy nourishment of rhetorical platitudes is particularly persistent among the women. And this is at once their weakness and their strength. It is their weakness because it renders organization, party solidarity much more complicated and difficult. It is their strength because it makes their contribution of such a high spiritual grade; they are sturdy warriors for better things. Fewer women vote, but as a whole those who do show more real independence, intelligence and moral responsibility than the men. The men excel in quantity, the women in quality. If they can catch up in quantity while preserving their quality, 1928 should prove a mighty interesting year.

It is noteworthy that party tags, labels and rituals which delight the men interest the women scarcely at all. Conventional attitudes expressed in hoary old catchwords such as "predatory interests," "sinister forces of evil," "leaders of reaction," "special privilege," fly right over their heads. These are man words. Women are not prone to ask whether a candidate is a so-called conservative or a so-called liberal or a so-called radical. These terms have become meaningless labels nowadays. The old hard-and-fast alignments have been washed away and it has come to pass that a man conservative in one direction may be liberal in another and an out-and-out visionary in a third; or he may be forward-looking personally and yet be supported and controlled by powerful self-seeking or fanatical groups about as liberal as the inquisitors of the Dark Ages; or he may have the backing of bigoted racial or religious groups which render him, in our present unamalgamated state, as dangerous as a keg of dynamite. Women are not interested in these abstract philosophic categories; they like to get down to brass tacks. They ask: "Is he wet? Just how wet is he? Is he honest? How did he vote on this or that bill?" They judge men by standards of old-fashioned righteousness, and measures by their civic worth, and they do not care greatly in which camp those men and those measures are found nor by what labels they are tagged.

The national conventions proved what every woman knows, that men are the emotional sex. The old misogynist saying that women feel and men think exploded like a can of TNT at the recent grand powwows at Cleveland and New York.

The smallest state helped largely in bettering the bread of the nation

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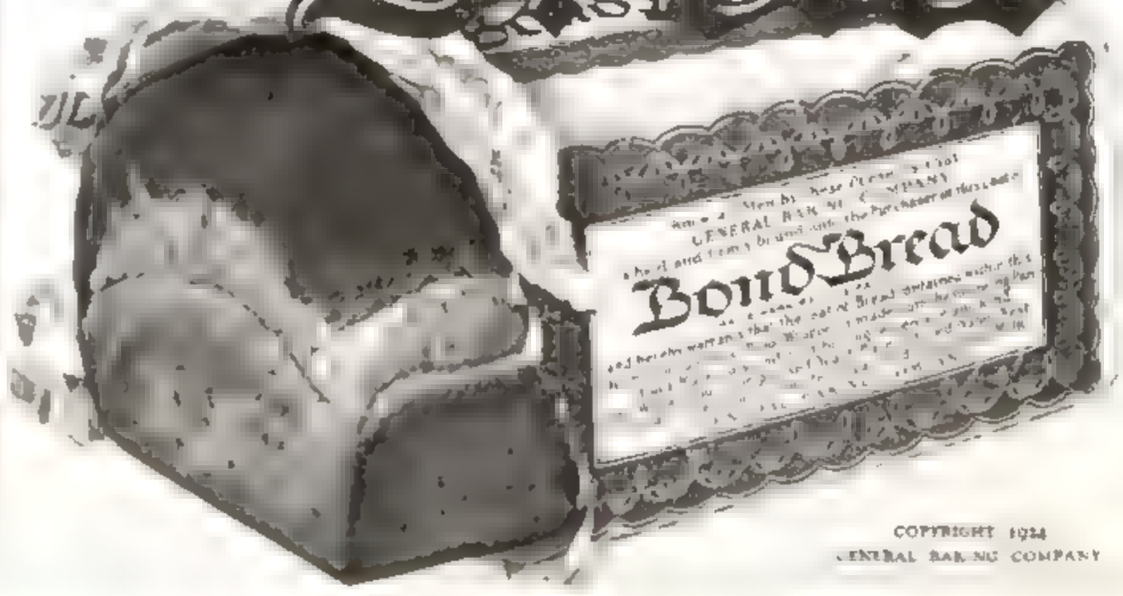

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especially at the latter three-ring circus; and another grand old fallacy was shot to pieces by fact. For the men gave ample demonstration that they were emotional inebriates without parallel. They won the screaming championship with ease—and thus at one blow the women were deprived of what has been their unique distinction throughout the ages. The men delegates on the floor broke loose and gave way to their primitive passions with a tribal abandon which was at once impressive and grotesque.

"These splendid exhibitions of statesmanship and political sagacity will probably be confined to masculine delegates for some time to come," commented one woman, a twinkle in her eye. "It will take years of unremitting study of politics and public affairs before women can hope to be sufficiently expert in convention technic to go to the mat together while the convention is in session to prevent their state banner from going out on the floor in support of a plank or a candidate which they dislike. When can women hope to see their sisters struggling in a death embrace on the floor of the convention until separated by the sergeant at arms?"

Well, the thing is not absolutely impossible—as a backward glance at history reveals. The French Revolution and London feminists provide fair examples of what women can achieve in the way of fine colorful abandon, once their blood is up. The fact is that in this respect the women cheerfully admit that they have not yet got the hang of national-convention technic, and they are willing to let the men hang up the high records for emotionalism practically one hundred per cent proof, not watered down by sanity or common sense. But they are apt pupils, and there are not wanting signs and portents, slight but significant as straws upon the stream, that in the not too distant future the howling dervishes of hysteria will not be strictly confined to one sex.

Tiring 'Em Out

It is also possible, however, that after mature consideration the women may decide not to emulate their brethren in this matter; they may decide to carve out for themselves a new and original technic; they may even decide to go in for abolishing the whole convention idea as too chaotic and emotional, too subject to mob rule; too easy to be manipulated by a few tireless tacticians seated around a deal table in a small cubby-hole under the press gallery with a No Admittance sign on the door, who direct the battle of the delegates out upon the floor. Or they may decide merely to eliminate some of the most glaring defects of the present system—to cut down the keynote and nominating speeches to half an hour; to cut down applause for each candidate to fifteen minutes; to cut out altogether the artificially stimulated racket produced by sirens, steam whistles and fire-alarm bells; to have an agenda or program of each day's work—and stick to it; and finally to make balloting secret or at least to outlaw those who seek to intimidate or coerce a delegate into changing his vote. Practical suggestions like these are heard on every hand among the women; they do not, it is true, go to the root of the defects inherent in the convention system; but, if applied, they would tend to render these assemblages more orderly, honest, efficient, less liable to be controlled by bosses or swayed by mob emotion.

Under the present régime, particularly in the Democratic organization with its autocratic two-thirds rule, the balloting by the delegates degenerates into a protracted endurance test; eight, ten, twelve hours day after day, seated on hard chairs, breathing foul air, subject to the taunts of the gallery riffraff, while the monotonous count and recount go on, takes stern toll of the strongest nerves. "Tire 'em out and make 'em listen to reason," is the slogan of the bosses. And it is at this particular juncture, when the delegates are jaded to the point of complete physical exhaustion, that the managers behind the scenes begin to apply the screws, and the drive for votes begins. The entire strategy is as carefully planned and organized as is possible with uncertain human stuff. And candor compels the statement that in these third-degree ordeals, when strong pressure is brought to bear, women delegates crumple and change their votes as well as the men.

But it is not in national conventions that woman's political strength is most clearly indicated as yet—but back in her own home state. There her foot is firm upon the ladder and she is climbing steadily from the bottom up. Women in state legislatures are now no curiosities. And it should be added that their conscience, integrity and whole-souled devotion are badly needed there. For it is the sorry truth that, as a whole, the best type of our men citizens are not found up at the state capitol. The able men, with families to support, cannot afford to accept such positions. The rewards are too meager. And thus the race is left to those who are the least fitted to make our laws. Here is a noble and largely neglected field in which women may exercise to the full those attributes of honesty, efficiency and moral force which they claim are their peculiar contribution to politics.

"What do you think of the women in the legislature of your state?" I asked a member of the chamber of commerce in a Mid-Western state. "How do they stack up with the men?"

"Fine!"

"Are they better than the men?"

"Let's say—different."

"How?"

"Well, taking them as a whole, they're cautious, sensible, conscientious, studying carefully the measures and always watching their step. They're careful to guard their independence too. They measure legislation by what they consider the public good, instead of boosting their parties along. When they don't make the grade in reelections it's usually because their constituents don't realize their struggle, or because they're in such a hopeless minority that they resemble the classic snowflake down below."

There are observable in the present political scene certain tendencies and trends which, if not dangerous, at least get us nowhere and serve only to clog the wheels. It cannot in truth be said that women are the sole exhibitors of these tendencies, but their inexperience, added to their desire for action, often leads them astray. First and foremost, there is the tendency to think we can cure the evils of legislation by more legislation. The favorite prescription for any trouble nowadays is to pass a law and forget it. What we need is less legislation and more enforcement of what we have.

Blanket Enactments

A second dangerous tendency is the desire to take all our problems straight up to the Federal Government and demand a blanket enactment, instead of working out the problem in each separate state. This procedure is, perhaps, natural. The Federal Government stands for papa in the big lively family of states. And the natural instinct is to take the misdoings of the various children up to papa so that he may issue an official ukase which the obstreperous child must willy-nilly obey. Papa is thus the big stick; he can, the children argue, put anything across. But the catch comes when the parent tries to enforce his blanket law. The recalcitrant state, like a bad boy, puts its thumb to its nose, waggles its fingers derisively at the holder of the big stick, and dares him to go ahead. A Federal amendment which has been put through over the heads of unconsenting or rebellious states is exceedingly difficult to enforce in those states—and so the original problem comes straight back home to roost.

Another tendency of the times is to accept leaders and political doctrines blindly, without the consideration we would give to the purchase of a new straw hat. People follow like sheep any political bellwether with a doctrine around his neck that gives forth a pleasant tinkling sound. Thus we have petitions scores of miles long, containing millions of names, signed by optimistic citizens, nine-tenths of whom haven't the faintest notion of what they have set their names to, but tell you vaguely they believe it is a good thing. And so it may be; and then again, it may not. The point is, they don't know whether it is or not. If a cause is good, it's worth looking into carefully before signing on the dotted line; if it's not worth looking into, the signature itself becomes worthless.

Boiled down, these tendencies reveal the spirit of the times. That spirit faces toward standardization, centralization, bureaucracy, toward building up huge conglomerate structures of government in which the human soul is lost. We're all in leg irons from overmuch law. The men have put the leg irons on us. Perhaps the women can file them off.

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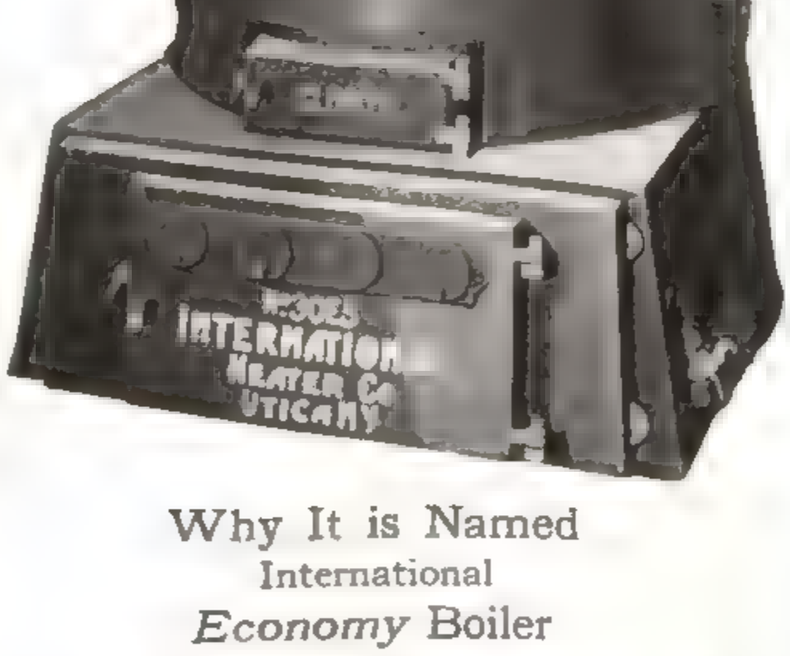

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BIG LORD FAUNTLEROY

(Continued from Page 11)

Yet a passion for truth impelled Mr Pigs Rafferty to declare softly, "Yes-sir, he's got pants."

Mr. O'Dowd shaded his eyes with the dirtiest hand that day on view in Montclair and the Oranges.

"By gollies," he remarked, "he has got pants! But he's a girl just the same. Lookit them curls!"

"Girls don't wear pants," stated Mr Rafferty, not argumentatively, but as one pronouncing a scientific fact.

"Boys don't wear curls," returned Mr. O'Dowd flatly. "Is he a girl, or ain't he?"

Mr. O'Dowd turned sharply on his lieutenant, for he brooked no arguments from lesser men.

"Sure, he's a girl all right," assented Mr. Rafferty promptly, moving out of punching distance. "Shall I ask him if he ain't?"

Just for discipline, Mr. O'Dowd administered a rousing kick to Mr. Rafferty.

"I'll do all the asking around here, see?" said Sluggsy O'Dowd majestically; and he approached the fire hydrant whereon sat Esmé Tripler.

Esmé looked up, more puzzled than alarmed. He had never seen anything at all like Sluggsy O'Dowd. In Esmé's world all boys of his own age wore velvet suits with sashes and were washed frequently daily. Sluggsy wore a sketchy costume consisting of corduroy trousers patched with ticking, a smeary, once-blue blouse, curled-toed high shoes discarded by a much larger sister, and he was a week from a bath in both directions.

Having observed how his brother Spike conducted affairs of gallantry, Sluggsy knew the etiquette proper to such occasions. Cocking over one eye a wreck of a straw hat, salvaged from the dump, he approached Esmé with as close an imitation of his brother's swagger as he could achieve, and said, "Ah, there, girlie!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Esmé amiably.

The little lord in the story had been friendly with everyone; had even indulged in foot races with quite ordinary boys, who cheered him when he won.

Sluggsy O'Dowd advanced a bit nearer and repeated, winking the while, "Ah, there, girlie!"

Esmé smiled; the poor ragged little chap didn't know a boy from a girl!

"I'm a boy," said Esmé Tripler pleasantly.

Sluggsy O'Dowd let forth a derisive whooping noise.

"You ain't neither! You're a girl!"

"Oh, you're mistaken, I assure you."

"I guess I know. You're a girl—that's what!"

"No, indeed; I'm a boy."

"Don't tell me!" retorted Sluggsy threateningly. "Them's curls, ain't they?"

"Yes," admitted Esmé, "they are."

"Well," said Sluggsy triumphantly, "only a girl would wear them curls."

"Those curls," corrected Esmé gently. His mother always corrected Julia when she said "them flowers" or "them dishes."

"I said them curls," stated Sluggsy. Then he burst into a mocking chant. "Girls wears curls, girls wears curls, girls wears curls."

The obliging Mr. Pigs Rafferty took up the refrain in a high voice.

"I wear curls," said Esmé, in a tone of mild reproof. "And I'm a boy."

"Not with them curls," declared Sluggsy, growing bellicose.

"Those curls." Esmé was courteous, but firm.

"Them curls!"

"Those curls."

"Say, kid," commenced the bristling Mr. O'Dowd, tacitly admitting he might be wrong on the question of gender, but refusing to admit that he was guilty of an error in grammar, "I said them curls, and if I say them curls, I mean them curls, see?"

"Those curls," said Esmé affably.

This was too much for an O'Dowd, a brother of the celebrated Spike and a minor czar of the gas-tank district in his own right.

He thrust a determined and miraculously dirty face near Esmé's.

"You say them curls, do you hear me?"

"Dearest says I must always say those curls," said Esmé, drawing away.

"You say them curls and be quick about it!"

Sluggsy had gripped the longest of the curls in one grimy fist and was beginning to twist it.

"Say them curls!" repeated the terror of the gas tanks.

"I won't!"

"Damn you, say them curls!"

"O-o-o-w-w-w! You're hurting me! Let me go!"

"Say them curls," growled Sluggsy, and gave the curl another twist.

Let psychologists explain what happened then. Surely there was no precedent in Esmé Tripler's life or reading for what he did. He did not even realize that he had made his hand into a small hard ball, but Sluggsy did, for the fist of Esmé Tripler was poked out and it came to a stop against Sluggsy's pug nose. A bellow compounded of surprise, pain and rage was set free by the young brother of Spike. Sluggsy backed away, threw down his battered hat, tightened up his rope belt, spit on his hands and assumed a fighting pose.

"Now," announced the terrible O'Dowd, "I'm goin' to lambaste hell outa you."

Esmé looked about wildly, seeking to flee. But he was caught, for behind him loomed the gas tanks, and in front of him Sluggsy and his fighting face barred the way. He saw Sluggsy come toward him in the manner dictated by the best prize-ring usage—body crouching, left foot out, right foot back, left hand extended slightly ready to jab, right hand drawn back ready to punch. Terror seized Esmé, but before it could move him to action of any kind, Sluggsy's left fist shot out just as his brother had taught him to shoot it, and Esmé felt a sharp pain under his right eye and saw his first daytime star.

Somehow, at that moment, Esmé Tripler did not pause to reflect what the little gentleman in the story book would have done under like circumstances. Esmé acted impulsively and did the first thing which flashed into his head. This was to kick Sluggsy in the abdomen. Sluggsy fell back, more horrified than hurt; this was entirely against the rules laid down by the Marquess of Queensberry for the correct conducting of fistic encounters.

"I'll teach you to kick me in the belly!" came from between the clenched teeth of Mr. O'Dowd, and he rushed at Esmé.

The little gentleman demonstrated that he was in no need of lessons by kicking Sluggsy again. The orthodox O'Dowd was scandalized by such conduct. He scowled and rushed again. Spike had taught him how to block and dodge, but he had not taught Sluggsy how to avoid a screaming, scratching, biting young fury with long yellow curls who flung himself just then on the O'Dowd and bore him to the earth. The synthetic pugnacity of Sluggsy was as nothing compared with the genuine, fear-inspired ferocity of Esmé Tripler. The battle was brief, fierce and, from the viewpoint of Mr. O'Dowd, inglorious. In a very short period of time he had been so scratched, butted, clawed, kicked and pummeled, and his sense of the fitness of things so outraged, that the warrior spirit fled from him, and he, on scrambling to his feet, fled after it, with Master Esmé Tripler in hot, shrill pursuit, his long yellow curls flying in the wind. Just as Sluggsy rounded the second gas tank, Esmé caught him, and down they went in a squirming heap, with the velvet suit, sadly rent by now, on top. The little gentleman's face was cut, one brown eye was black, his lace collar had been ripped from its mooring, and he was breathing in short, sharp breaths through his mouth.

"Am I a boy or a girl?" he demanded.

"A boy," whimpered the prostrate O'Dowd

"Damn you," enunciated Esmé Tripler, "say those curls!"

"Those curls," said Sluggsy O'Dowd faintly.

The trig gig of the curate of Saint Giles' was standing at the gate of Mrs. Tripler's house when Esmé returned, and so the little gentleman knew that the Reverend Mr. Endicott had dropped in for tea. Esmé was pleased; the Reverend Mr. Endicott was such a nice refined man; and besides, Esmé loved the cakes that went with the tea. Moreover, he was bursting with news and was filled with a great desire to tell it to dearest.

He threw open the drawing-room door, and, in his excitement forgetting his training and the ruined state of his attire and

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features, burst into that tranquil chamber. Mrs. Tripler, seeing him, gave forth a scream of alarm and distress. The Reverend Mr. Endicott started up, spilling tea and crumpets, and saying, "Tut, tut, what's this?"

"My darling!" cried Mrs. Tripler. "Oh, my precious lamb, what has happened to you? Are you hurt? Who assaulted you?"

Esmé Tripler looked back at his mother out of his one functioning eye; a quiet pride was in his tone as he spoke.

"Oh," said Esmé. "I've just been lambasting hell out of a kid."

Smelling salts and a naturally optimistic nature restored Mrs. Edwin Seeley Tripler to a state approximating normality by the following morning. She was able to sit up and receive quite calmly the visit of her son, who appeared in an entirely new outfit of velvet and lace, but with a somewhat changed appearance due to the fact that a bandage held in place over his black eye a bit of beefsteak.

"Come, darling," Mrs. Tripler said. "Dearest has forgiven you."

He advanced to be kissed, and was.

"Now," said Mrs. Tripler, "tell dearest why you did it?"

Esmé did not wear an air of contrition.

"Did what, dearest?" he asked.

"Struck that poor little boy."

"He wasn't a little boy," said Esmé earnestly. "He was a great big boy, and very dirty."

"But why did you strike him?"

"I didn't."

"My darling! I just knew you couldn't!"

"I mean," said Esmé, "I didn't—at first."

"At first? Oh, darling, what did you do at first?"

In his most engaging manner the little gentleman made answer.

"At first," he said, "I kicked him in the bel'."

"Darling! You!"

"Twice," added Esmé

"Oh, how could you? How could you?"

"Like this," said Esmé, and demonstrated on an imaginary opponent.

"But why—why should my precious forget himself and do such awful things?"

Esmé hung his head.

"He said I was a girl," he answered. "He sang 'Girls wear curls,' just like that. He pulled my hair and tried to make me say them curls. Then he said he was going to lambaste hell out of me. So—well, I don't know why, dearest, but I kicked him in the belly."

"Darling, please, please don't ever let dearest hear you sully your lips with such dreadful words again."

"What dreadful words, dearest?" Esmé was genuinely perplexed.

"Hell—and that other awful word."

"But, dearest, the boy said hell, and Mr. Endicott said hell right out loud in church."

"And I thought I'd guarded my precious lamb so carefully!" Mrs. Tripler's lips were quivering.

"Dearest?"

"Yes, Esmé dear?"

In a small voice he asked, "Am I a girl?"

"No, of course not."

"Then why must I wear curls?"

"Because mother wants you to."

"Must I always wear them?"

"Not always."

He produced something he had been concealing behind his back; it was a pair of pruning shears borrowed from the gardener.

"Can I cut them off now?" asked Esmé hopefully.

"Oh, darling, no! It would break dearest's heart."

So Esmé kept his curls.

Into the life of Esmé Tripler came a new necessity. He felt that it was incumbent on him to prove on any and all occasions that he was not a girl. By the time he was placed in a very proper school, attended only by the nicest boys, he had discarded the young lord of the book as his ideal; in his place Esmé Tripler had put a new model, and that new model was none other than Mr. Sluggsy O'Dowd of the gas tanks. It seemed to Esmé quite unlikely that anyone patterning himself after Mr. O'Dowd could ever be mistaken for a girl, curls or no curls. Great was Mrs. Tripler's despair.

"I can't understand it," she said, more than once. "I've been so careful about his bringing up too. Why, oh, why must he always be fighting!" She was discussing her problem with the Reverend Mr. Endicott. "It isn't that Esmé has a bad temper," she said. "But only yesterday the teacher had literally to pry Esmé off that great overgrown Sheldon boy. He's nearly twice as big as my poor little Esmé, and yet the teacher says it was Esmé who attacked him; and the Sheldon boy hadn't done a thing, not a thing."

But the Sheldon boy had, in a reckless moment, addressed Esmé Tripler as Goldilocks. The school was beginning to learn that it was safer to pat a wildcat than to do that. Esmé's curls were a fighting word with him. They were to Esmé what Cyrano de Bergerac's nose was to him; any reference to them led to immediate combat. So it came about that one of the commonest sights in Montclair in those days was some large panic-stricken boy tearing down the street, and at his heels, with fists clenched and eyes blazing, a slender lad in a black velvet suit whose curls floated out behind like a battle banner. To this day they still refer in Montclair and the Oranges to Esmé Tripler, and they invariably add the epithet "that little hellion."

Mrs. Tripler could not understand.

"There must be such a thing as original sin," she sighed. "Where can he have learned to act like that? What will become of him?"

She did not live to know, for she died the year Esmé went off to college. At Princeton they still tell tales of Esmé—Buck—Tripler, All-American halfback, captain of the wrestling team and a dangerous man in a row.

"As hard as nails," they said of him. "Hard all through." "A regular bruiser, that bird Tripler," said the gridiron warriors of Harvard and Yale after spending a rough afternoon with Esmé.

He would have been handsome had it not been for a broken nose and a gnarled ear, and the fact that some mysterious substance he had put on his hair in his freshman year to take the curl out of it had succeeded so admirably that it had taken out most of the hair too. He was bald before he was twenty-one. He began smoking cigars when he was sixteen and each year they grew blacker and bigger.

Like all good college men, immediately after graduation Esmé Tripler entered a Wall Street bond house. His appearance of maturity and his aggressiveness stood him in good stead in the battle of the Street. Bond buyers of big banks have the reputation of being about as hard-boiled as it is safe for human beings to become; but when Esmé Tripler marched his bald head and hard face into their offices, they soon perceived that they were mere three-minute novices compared to him. They bought what he made them buy. Soon the directors of his firm were saying, "We'd better take this Tripler into partnership before he takes us into partnership."

Out at one of the big country clubs on Long Island, Esmé Tripler, one fair afternoon, was giving Horne, one of the partners, a sound drubbing on the tennis court, when, stooping to pick up a ball, Esmé saw, in the next court, Nancy Stockbridge serving.

He dropped the ball four times so fascinated was he by the sight.

"By George," he said to Horne, "she hits like a man! Who is she anyhow?"

"Nancy Stockbridge," Horne replied. "She does everything like a man—rides, swims, drives ——"

"Really?"

"Watch her!"

Esmé did watch her. She was a big brown girl with a black mop of short hair, wide shoulders, and arms like a middleweight. When she hit a tennis ball it stayed hit.

"Yes, a great girl," commented Horne to Esmé, who had stopped his game to watch hers. "Afraid of nothing—that's Nancy. Why, when she was only a deb she went to a prize fight and actually seconded one of the pugs—flapped towels in his face, rubbed him, everything. If you can think of anything she hasn't done, name it and she'll do it."

"Married?" asked Esmé.

"No. But I suppose she'll marry some soft little rabbit of a man and make him bring her breakfast to her in bed."

"Don't bet on that," said Esmé Tripler.

When her match was finished, Esmé Tripler straightened up his six feet of stalwart frame, walked straight up to Nancy Stockbridge and held out a big hand.

"I'm Buck Tripler," he said. "You're going to marry me."

She looked him over from head to foot, stopping a while at his eyes. Then, with a smile, she held out her hand.

"You're on," she said.

Continued on Page 133

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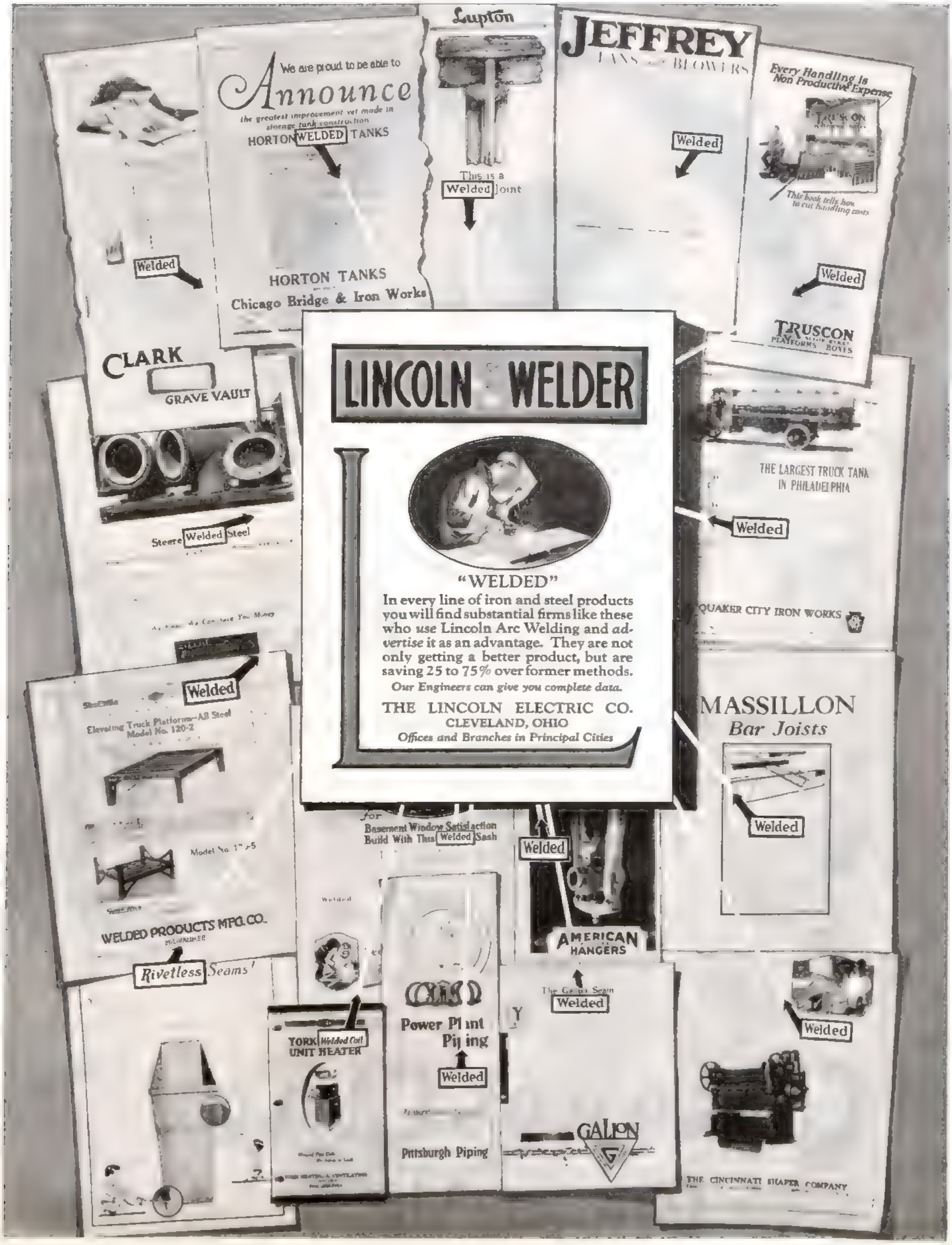
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"He's got the lungs of a young bull," declared Esmé with proud glee. He was referring to his infant son—a particularly husky baby, with a strong, mature face, who, lying in his crib, was making the welkin ring with roars in volume highly creditable, considering his extreme youth, which was fifteen days and a few minutes.

"What'll we name the kid?" asked Nancy, who was practicing putting on the nursery rug

Without hesitation, and in the voice of one who has given thought to a subject and made up his mind, Esmé said, "Mike."

"Michael?"

"No; just Mike."

"Good name," said Nancy, sinking a seven-foot putt into a recumbent highball glass. "Not very dignified though."

"Dignity be blowed!" exploded Esmé Tripler. "Now listen to me, Nance."

"Shoot your line," said the young mother.

"Our kid," stated Esmé Tripler warmly, "isn't going to start life handicapped the way I was. Just think of me being named Esmé! Do I look like an Esmé? Do I act like an Esmé?"

"Not you," admitted his wife. "But anyhow, everybody calls you Buck."

"They didn't at first," he said. "I had to win it. I had to live down a crop of yellow curls. Can you imagine me in curls? A kid took me for a girl once."

"You? A girl?" This struck Mrs. Tripler as inexpressibly droll

"Yes," said Esmé reminiscently; "but I pointed out his error. Most of my boyhood was spent proving I wasn't a sissy. You've no idea, Nancy, how much those blasted curls made me suffer. If I thought young Mike here was going to have curls, and have to go through what I did, I'd have his head macadamized."

Nancy bent over the crib and examined her son's hair, which was as black as her own.

"Straight as a porcupine's quills," she announced. "No curls for our Mike."

"Good!" said her husband. "Lucky little devil! There'll be no velvet suits and lace collars in this young rascal's life. Nobody will ever wonder whether he is a boy or a girl. Right from the start, I'm going to make a he boy of him."

"I'm with you there," acquiesced Nancy.

"Say, Nance."

"What?"

"How long will it be before we can clap Mike into long trousers?"

They were leaving the nursery for the links. Mike gave out a vigorous vocal protest.

"Give him something to play with," suggested Esmé. "That may keep him quiet."

"This ought to do," said Nancy, and in the crib of Mike she placed a shining object. Seeing it, he stopped crying at once and smiled at his plaything.

"Good!" exclaimed his father. "He might as well get used to one of those things young."

Mike Tripler's first toy was a silver cocktail shaker.

Excitement flourished that day in the big Long Island home of the Esmé Triplers. It was a big day. Esmé came home early, cutting a directors' meeting to do so, and Nancy neglected the monthly drag hunt of the Oyster Bay Hounds. For the day was the seventh birthday of their first and only son.

Esmé Tripler had a fat package under his arm and seemed pleased with himself.

"Got something for Mike," he told Nancy.

"Not another shotgun?" asked Nancy.

"No; gave him one last birthday, don't you remember? Wonder what he ever did with that gun, and the hatchet and the hunting knife."

"What are you giving him this year?" Nancy asked.

"You'll see," said Esmé mysteriously. "Call Mike."

"Mike! Mike!" Nancy Tripler's carrying contralto echoed through the house.

"I'm coming, dearest," said a voice upstairs.

Esmé Tripler turned pale and looked blankly at his wife; she looked as blankly back at him.

"Say," demanded Esmé, "where did he pick up that dearest stuff?"

"Search me," replied his wife. "I told him to call me Nancy."

Down the stairs came Mike Tripler. He was large for his age, and was gawky, being all elbows and knuckles and having ears like fenders.

His tar-black hair was clipped close to his head and it stuck straight up like the bristles of a scrubbing brush.

He came to his mother and said distinctly, "What do you wish me to do for you, dearest?"

Then Esmé Tripler noticed for the first time that under his son's arm was a book—a big, brown, worn, old-fashioned book. A short, guttural cry escaped from the lips of Tripler, Senior

"Where the devil did you get that book?" demanded Esmé

"I found it in the attic," said Mike.

"Give it to me."

"It's such a nice book," said Mike, handing it to his father, who handled it as if it were something suspected of being poisonous.

"Here's a present for your birthday, Mike," said Esmé Tripler.

"Thank you, father."

"Father? Since when did I tell you to call me father? My name's Buck."

Mike was polite, but gently firm.

"Please," he said, "let me call you father"

"Why, in heaven's name?"

"Because," replied Mike, "Buck is so ungenteel."

"Open your present," growled Esmé. Mike did so. Out fell a set of boxing gloves. Mike stood looking at them with large uncertain eyes.

"Thank you very much, father," he said presently.

"Now," directed Esmé Tripler, "you take these gloves and go down to the village, and back of the lumberyard you'll find a red-headed kid named Dooley. Say you have some new boxing gloves and that you want to try them. That's all you need to say, or I'm no judge of kids."

"Yes, father," said Mike Tripler.

Slowly he went out of the house with the plump red gloves under his arm.

"That Dooley boy is ten, and a regular little roughneck," remarked Nancy Tripler.

"I know it," said Esmé, tossing the confiscated book into the fireplace.

The parents sat together in the billiard room of their home, lighted cigarettes and waited.

An hour later Mike Tripler came home. They heard him singing to himself as he crossed the porch and opened the front door.

"Come here at once, Mike," called Esmé.

"Yes, father."

Into the room came Mike. He looked exactly the same as he had an hour before, except that his eye was bright with the brightness of triumph.

"Well?" said Esmé Tripler.

"I had such a nice time," said Mike.

A sharp suspicion caused the brow of Esmé Tripler to contract.

"Where are your boxing gloves?" he asked hoarsely.

"Oh!" said Mike. "I do hope you won't mind, father, but I traded them for something I wanted."

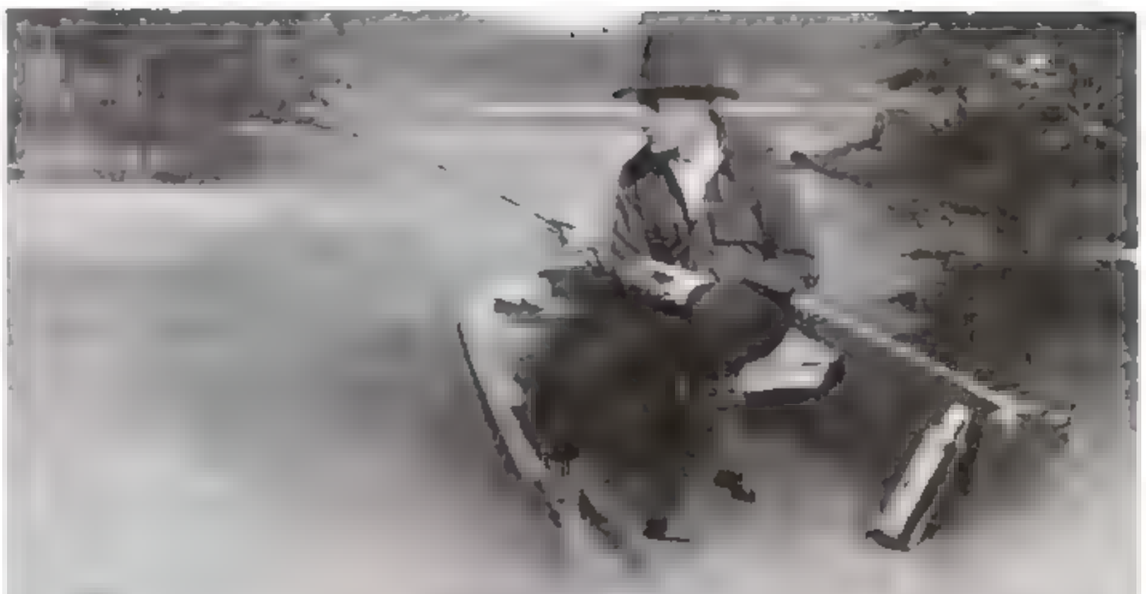
"You—did—what?"

"You see, father and dearest," explained Mike, "I went down to the lumberyard and saw a red-headed boy named Eddie Dooley, who is a very bad boy and fights with everybody, so of course I couldn't play with him, so I went on and played with his sister Tessie, who is very nice. And Tessie said she thought her brother would like my gloves and would I trade them for something she had. It was something I wanted terribly much, father, so I gave her the gloves and she gave me this."

From his pocket Mike took a carefully folded piece of cloth and spread it out triumphantly for them to see.

"See," he cried, "it's a lovely sofa-pillow top. Tessie started to embroider it and I'm going to finish it. Aren't those roses pretty? Look! Tessie let me have the silk and the needles too."

Esmé Tripler got up and went out quickly into the garden. He wanted to be alone.



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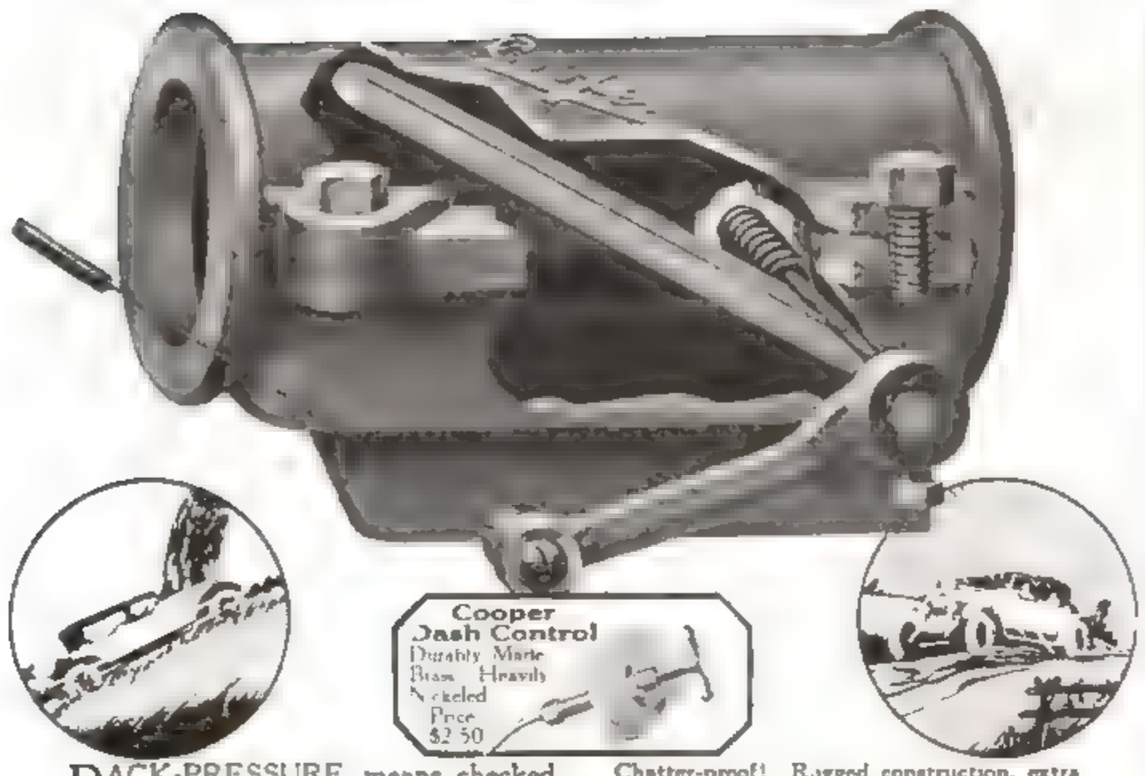

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THE ARAB LANDS

Continued from Page 23

on the other hand, dream of a revived Arab Empire like that of Islam's early days which shall not only weld all the Arabic peoples into a political unity but also restore Arab religious leadership over the whole Moslem world. Spurred by such ambitious visions, the Arabs grew increasingly restive, and when Turkey entered the Great War the Arabs took advantage of the situation by starting a rebellion which, aided by England, drove the Turks from their Arab provinces and contributed largely to their final defeat

Then came a bitter disappointment of Arab hopes. The Arabs had expected that they would become independent and be left free to solve their own problems. But they soon discovered that England and France intended to dominate the Near East and that the British and French governments had concluded secret agreements dividing Turkey's Arab provinces between them. The peace treaties upheld these secret agreements by assigning Mesopotamia and Palestine to England and Syria to France. Of Turkey's former Arab possessions, only the Red Sea coastal districts of Arabia gained a qualified independence as the so-called Kingdom of the Hedjaz, ruled by the Shereef of Mecca, who had led the Arab rebellion against the Turks. As for the desert interior of Arabia, the vast region known as the Nedjed, it was left to its wild freedom.

Furious though the Arabs were at the situation, they could do little to alter it. The British and French established themselves in their respective spheres, and after some futile local rebellions the populations submitted sullenly to their new rulers. But the Arabs have remained unreconciled, and beneath the surface hatred of European rule grows fiercer with the lapse of time. Furthermore, Arab hopes are much increased by the antagonism which exists between their European rulers.

Rivalry in the Near East

Few Americans realize the depth of the rivalry between England and France in the Near East. At the close of the late war both powers cherished the most ambitious schemes, which conflicted so sharply that the British and French were soon quarreling and intriguing against each other all over Western Asia. It was owing to Anglo-French rivalry that the Turks were able to play off one against the other and ultimately gain their ends at the expense of both

That the Arabs have thus far been unable to follow the Turk's example is largely due to their own internal feuds and inability to stick together. The Turks rose as one man, got loyally behind their leaders and confronted their enemies as a disciplined mass ready to fight to the death. Nothing like this has happened among the Arabs, or seems likely to happen, at least in the immediate future. It is really astonishing to talk with Arabs and see how intelligently they understand their problems, yet how hard it is for them to translate their knowledge into effective action. Mutual dislikes, suspicions and jealousies, often of the most personal character, upset plans for common action and make real teamwork impossible. That is what renders Arab politics so complex and so difficult to follow. Each local situation should be examined and the influence of local leaders carefully noted, because the impulsive decision of a single strong personality may suddenly crosscut the apparent trend of events.

To observe in detail conditions in each of the Arab lands would require a book rather than an article. Fortunately we can get a good general idea of Arab affairs by viewing the two most significant Arab lands - Syria and Palestine—remembering, of course, that these form part of a larger whole which includes not only Arabia but also Egypt and other North African regions that have been more or less Arabized.

Syria and Palestine are geographically bound closely to each other. Together they form a long band of relatively habitable land lying between the vast desert interior of Arabia and the Mediterranean Sea. A series of parallel mountain ranges running north and south determines the physical character of both countries, giving them a moderate rainfall and some fertile plains and valleys. However, these same mountain ranges break up both Syria and Palestine into distinct zones, which form natural barriers to political unity. And this natural tendency to disunion has been increased by the general trend of events. Syria and Palestine form the main line of communication between Asia and Africa They are also the chief points of contact between Arabia and the outer world. Thus Syria and Palestine have for ages been a meeting place and battle ground of races, creeds and cultures. These have all left their mark, so that today not only are the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine extremely varied in blood but they are also divided from each other by religious and cultural differences which keep the population separated into mutually hostile elements.

The main reason why Syria and Palestine, despite their close geographical ties, are distinct countries is due to a series of historical events. In Palestine arose the Jewish people, a fact which set that region apart from its neighbors. Even when the Jewish state was destroyed and the Jewish people dispersed abroad, Palestine remained in Jewish minds the beloved homeland which would some day be regained. But Palestine also became the Holy Land of Christendom, and still later became one of the most sacred spots of Islam. These religious interests, which extend throughout the world, give Palestine an international importance far outweighing its local significance

Conditions in Syria

The historical distinction between Syria and Palestine has been emphasized by recent events. Down to the late war both Syria and Palestine formed part of the Ottoman Empire and were treated as mere local units of the Turkish state. Today Syria is governed by France, while Palestine is governed by England, and the two countries are separated by political frontiers and customs barriers, whose dividing effect is heightened by the rivalry between the governing powers. It is really extraordinary to travel through these countries and to note how different is the situation in Syria and in Palestine notwithstanding the fact that their geography, climate and natural resources are much the same. Though working under simular conditions, British and French rule are producing very dissimilar results.

Let us first consider Syria. The region now administered by France under a mandate from the League of Nations covers some 60,000 square miles, but much of this is desert hinterland sparsely inhabited by Bedouin tribes and really forming part of Arabia. The territories which are the historic Syria have an area of about 25,000 square miles, with a population somewhat under 3,000,000. This relatively small country, sandwiched between the Mediterranean Sea and the desert interior, is a veritable mosaic of religions and cultures. About half the population are orthodox Mohammedans, most of whom speak Arabic and feel themselves Arabs. But Syria also contains nearly 1,000,000 Christians, divided into half a dozen rival sects. Furthermore, there are minor varieties of Moslems, and in addition certain strange religious groups, like the Druses, which have secret faiths of their own, apparently weird mixtures of Christianity, Islam and ancient pagan cults

Syria's religious divisions cut deep. Their adherents make their faith the center of their political and social life, and regard with dislike or even with fanatical hatred all persons outside their particular circle. The population of Syria is thus split up into nearly a dozen distinct elements, which are largely settled in different districts, corresponding roughly to the geographical divisions of the country. The bulk of the Christians are found in the mountains bordering the seacoast, the most important Christian sect being the Maronites, who are Roman Catholics and inhabit the mountainous region of the Lebanon. These mountainous districts, however, also contain most of the strange sects, like the Druses, who are the Maronites' traditional enemies.

As one goes inland the Mohammedans become more numerous until they come to form practically the entire population. The chief cities of the interior—Aleppo in the north and Damascus in the south—are thoroughly Moslem towns, Damascus being

(Continued on Page 137)

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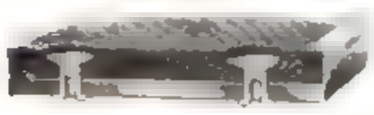

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(Continued from Page 134

not only an ancient seat of Arabic culture but also a modern center of Arab nationalist feeling. What strikes the traveler most in Syria is the sudden changes encountered both in the nature of the country and the character of the inhabitants. Three or four hours' journey by motor car can carry you through as many distinct regions, with widely different climates and human types.

Such is the country which France is now administering. It should be remembered that France has long been interested in Syria. For centuries France has been the protector of Roman Catholic missions in the Near East, and the Maronites of the Lebanon, as the largest Near Eastern group in communion with Rome, have been regarded as France's special protégés. More than half a century ago France intervened in Syria to stop a war which had broken out between the Maronites and their traditional enemies, the Druses. A French army landed and did not leave until the Turkish Government had granted the Lebanon self-government. Henceforth the Maronites lived secure, bound to France by ties of gratitude and deeply influenced by French culture taught in the Catholic mission schools.

When Turkey entered the Great War against the Allies France determined to make Syria the center of her claims to a large share of the Ottoman Empire, and by the secret agreements negotiated between the French and British governments, France obtained not only Syria but also adjacent territories in Asia Minor and in the Arab hinterland. There can be no doubt that at the close of the war France hoped to build up a great colonial empire in the Near East. This was the root of the bitter rivalry between France and England, because England also had visions of making the Near East a British colonial domain.

France's Syrian Experiment

Viewing with alarm the prospect of a French occupation of Syria, England encouraged the Arabs to claim it. The Arabs needed no urging, for they had expected to get Syria as reward for their support of the Allies against the Turks. With the exception of the Maronites nobody in Syria wanted the French. Accordingly the Syrians invited the Emir Feisal, son of the Shereef of Mecca, to be their ruler, and he was duly proclaimed King of Syria. The French, however, soon upset this arrangement.

Taking its stand on the rights acquired by the secret treaties, France compelled England to evacuate Syria—which had been conquered by the British and their Arab allies during the war—and herself occupied the country. Feisal's improvised army was beaten, the King of Syria fled and Syria passed under French rule.

France's Syrian experiment has, however, not proved a brilliant success. In the first place, the French imperial dream has been shattered by the rise of a strong nationalist Turkey. France has actually had to surrender to the Turks the territories in Asia Minor which she got by the peace treaties and which were of great potential value. France can no longer hope to extend her sphere against the combined pressure of Turkish nationalism, Arab hostility and English rivalry.

Meanwhile Syria itself has proved a disappointment. France has not succeeded in reconciling the Syrians to her rule. The country seethes with discontent, kept down only by a large French army of occupation. Even the Maronites, who at first welcomed the French, are no longer their enthusiastic supporters. France governs with a strong hand. Political agitation has been sternly repressed and the Arab nationalist leaders have been imprisoned or driven into exile. Yet discontent persists, and despite the army of occupation, disorders break out in the remoter parts of the country.

Now all this costs a lot of money, and it is the French taxpayer back home who has to foot the bill. Syria contributes next to nothing, being a poor country with few natural resources and no industry worth mentioning. The French have done their best to improve the economic situation, but it remains bad and thus inflames political discontent. The whole atmosphere of Syria is one of profound unrest, though the casual traveler will learn little of what is going on behind the scenes. Syrians will not speak their minds unless you are properly vouched for and unless they have confidence in your discretion, for the French authorities are on the alert and a loose tongue is apt to land the talker in jail.

Although they have succeeded in maintaining their authority, the French are not happy in Syria. Many of the French officials are discouraged and bored, seeing no real future ahead and feeling that, in the large sense, they have failed. Indeed, it is not at all unlikely that France may get out of Syria within a few years, or may at least evacuate the interior of the country, retaining only the Lebanon. Perhaps France and England may some day agree to a simultaneous abandonment of their Arab holdings, France evacuating Syria while England evacuates Palestine and Mesopotamia. They might be forced to do this if the Arab nationalist movement should grow in strength and should come to an understanding with the Turks. So uncertain is the present situation that it is hard to say what may happen. The thing to remember is the profound uncertainty of the situation, which may produce sudden and dramatic changes.

The Balfour Declaration

Turning from Syria to Palestine, we find a situation somewhat less tense, though likewise profoundly troubled. Palestine is much smaller than Syria. Its area is only 9000 square miles, with 760,000 inhabitants. As in Syria, the population is divided into mutually hostile religious communities. The vast majority—590,000—are Mohammedans, of mixed racial origin but Arabic-speaking and strongly Arab in feeling. There are also some 73,000 Christians of various sects, and 84,000 Jews. The Jewish element has increased considerably during the past few years on account of the Zionist colonization policy, which forms Palestine's most burning question today.

Palestine occupies a position in world affairs quite out of proportion to its size and local importance. A small country, with very little fertile soil and almost no natural resources, it is nevertheless the center of religious and political passions which stir men's hearts to the uttermost ends of the earth. Christians, Jews and Moslems alike venerate its stony hills as holy ground; Jew and Arab are both determined to possess it for their very own; while Britain regards it as a valuable link in her chain of empire.

Britain today administers Palestine under a mandate from the League of Nations. Her position, however, is a peculiar one. British policy in the Near East aims at making England the protector of the Arab lands, exercising over them a veiled control. This requires tactful handling and regard for Arab prejudices. Unfortunately for Britain's Arab policy, she committed herself during the war to another line of conduct that goes dead against one of the Arabs' most cherished desires.

The Arabs regard Palestine as a vital part of their domain and are determined to make it one of the confederation of states that is to be the goal of their nationalist movement. In Palestine, however, Arab nationalism encounters a stubborn opponent—Zionism. And to Zionism Britain is at least partly committed. In the year 1917 the British Government, hard pressed by the war and anxious to gain the support of Jewish finance, issued the famous Balfour Declaration, which reads as follows:

"His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

Few political pronouncements have ever been more variously interpreted than the Balfour Declaration. Like most official utterances, it is a carefully worded document containing several distinct clauses whose exact relation to one another is not textually explained. For example, what is the precise meaning of the term "national home"? And how can a Jewish national home be reconciled with the proviso that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine"? These are the horns of a dilemma about which have raged the most passionate controversies between Zionists and Arabs. We have already seen what the Arabs want—something which would make anything like a

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Jewish national home in Palestine impossible. Now let us glance at the aims of Zionism.

One point should be clearly understood: Zionism, as a political movement, is a very recent thing. Of course, ever since their dispersal by the Romans, the Jews have venerated Palestine as their homeland and have believed that they would one day return and restore Zion. However, down to recent years, this belief was a mere pious aspiration, of no political significance. Before the rise of modern Zionism the Jews believed that the restoration of Zion would be due, not to their own efforts, but to the coming of a messiah who would bring their hopes miraculously to pass. Until about a generation ago Jewish activities in Palestine were solely of a religious nature, the idea being that international Jewry should maintain at Jerusalem and certain other holy spots in Palestine small communities of pious Jews, keeping pure the Law, retaining Jehovah's favor and maintaining a fitting spot for the reception of the messiah when he should appear.

Modern Zionism did not begin until the latter part of the nineteenth century. It arose among the Jews of Europe and was plainly a nationalistic movement. Its aim was the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine, where Jewish ideals and the Jewish spirit could have free play, and where the Jew could feel himself at last a true citizen of his own country. This was to be accomplished, not through the miraculous power of a messiah, but by the efforts of existing Jewry throughout the world.

Precisely how Palestine was to be made into a Jewish state was at first left rather vague by the Zionist leaders. Their primary object was to rouse the enthusiasm of Jews everywhere and raise funds for establishing Jewish settlements—colonies—in Palestine which should serve as object lessons and experimental stations for later action on a larger scale. As long as Palestine formed part of the Ottoman Empire the Zionists encountered few difficulties in these preliminary undertakings. They were careful to show the Turkish authorities that whatever Zionism might imply in theory, in practice it meant no real challenge to Turkish rule. In fact, the Turks rather welcomed the Zionists as a possible counterpoise to the Arab majority, which was becoming dangerously nationalistic and rebellious against Turkish domination.

The Collapse of Turkey

It was the Great War which brought Zionism into the field of practical politics. The Allies having condemned the Ottoman Empire to death, almost anything might happen in the resettlement of the Near East. Zionism therefore concentrated its efforts on getting from the Allies some recognition of its ideal, and the Balfour Declaration was the result. The Balfour Declaration did not promise the Zionists all they wanted, but it was an official recognition of Zionism, and the Zionists planned to use it as a basis for the attainment of their larger designs.

When Turkey collapsed at the close of 1918 and left the Allies in full control of the Near East, Zionist enthusiasm knew no bounds. Indeed, the hotter Zionists burst out in rash talk that was destined to make serious trouble. Many Zionists, including prominent leaders like Israel Zangwill, demanded complete control of Palestine, the immediate establishment of a Jewish state, and even the expulsion of the Arab inhabitants, who were called New Canaanites and were told to submit or be thrown out.

The speakers forgot that the throwing out could be done only by British soldiers, and that Britain had no intention of infuriating the Arabs and the whole Moslem world by any such action. Unfortunately these rash utterances, together with the attitude adopted by many Zionists when they first arrived in Palestine, enraged the Arabs and made them look on all Jews as deadly foes who must sooner or later be crushed. Serious riots broke out, and only the presence of a strong British garrison in Palestine prevented wholesale Jewish massacres

Order has been reëstablished, but the present situation is an unhappy one. Jews and Arabs regard one another with bitter hostility, and there are no signs of an understanding between them. This hurts Zionism more than it does the Arabs, because the Arabs not only have numbers and physical strength on their side but can bring more effective pressure to bear on the British Government than can the Jews. During the war Jewish support was extremely valuable to England. Today, however, England can better afford to offend Zionism than to anger the Arabs, backed as they are by the sympathy of the whole Moslem world.

England is trying to avoid embroiling herself with either party by steering a middle course. The British authorities in Palestine stand as impartial arbiters, keeping order and showing no favors. Nevertheless, this attitude indirectly handicaps the Zionist cause, since it forces the British Government to interpret the Balfour Declaration in a restrictive sense, giving the Jews far less than it might give if a jealous opposition did not watch all its acts and stand ready to raise the cry of favoritism. Furthermore, it is a question whether Britain may not ultimately evacuate Palestine under the pressure of some grave political crisis combined with the growing reluctance of the British taxpayer to burden himself with the costs of administration. And unless the Zionists come to a real understanding with the Arabs, British withdrawal from Palestine would spell ruin to the whole Zionist experiment, with summary expulsion or massacre for the unfortunate Jewish colonists.

The British in Palestine

The future of Zionism is thus frankly doubtful. One thing seems clear: The settlement and maintenance of a large Jewish element in Palestine can be effected only by the resolute support of Jewry throughout the world, this support including heavy financial backing over a long term of years. The price of Zionism is high. It costs fully $2500 to settle a Jewish family on the land, while even the older Jewish colonies are barely self-sustaining. Most of the Jewish colonists come from Eastern Europe, and with their traditions of ghetto life in the cities of Poland, Russia and Rumania, they find it hard to adjust themselves to agricultural pursuits. The great majority appear to be sincere idealists who are doing their best. But they encounter difficulties which might daunt the stoutest heart, and time alone can tell what will be the outcome.

Meanwhile the conduct of the British authorities in Palestine deserves all praise. Faced by a complex and dangerous situation, the British have governed Palestine much more successfully than the French have Syria. With a mere handful of troops and constabulary the British keep better order in Palestine than the French do in Syria with a large army; yet the British have done it without using the harsh measures of repression that the French have felt compelled to employ. In Palestine men can talk and write without fear of arrest. Violence alone is punished—and is punished so severely that agitators find it does not pay, especially when they have free speech and a free press to forward their ideas.

The Arabs appreciate this and make a marked distinction between British and French rule. I well remember the words of one of the Arab leaders—a remarkable personality, well qualified to express the views of his countrymen. We had talked long about conditions in various parts of the Arab world, and at length I asked him how England and France looked in Arab eyes and which the Arabs preferred. For a moment he was silent, sipping his coffee. Then he spoke, slowly and thoughtfully.

"We prefer neither," he said; "we want to get rid of both. However, we recognize clear differences between them. The English are very strong, shrewd and clever. They have larger minds and wider hearts than the French. The English always stick to facts; they never lose touch with reality, and they are not afraid to recognize that a policy has failed and must be discarded in favor of a new policy. For example, it may well be that, at the start, the British thought of using the Jews as their tools to displace the Arabs and thus rivet British domination upon Palestine. But I think they see that this is no longer possible, at least in the large sense, so I feel sure that the British Government will not persist in its earlier ideas.

"British rule is like a rubber band around your arms and body. If your muscles are strong, you can push the band away so that you do not feel it nearly as much. Of course, it is still there, but the stronger you are the farther you can keep it from you.

(Continued on Page 141)

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Continued from Page 138

On the whole, if we must have either, we prefer English to French rule. True, England is the stronger power, and is thus the harder to shake off. But in the meantime England does more economically for a country than France, and has much more respect for matters like freedom of speech and individual rights. And in the last analysis, it is by our own efforts that we must win our freedom. If we become strong and united we can make even England withdraw, while if we remain weak and at odds with one another we cannot rid ourselves even of the French. Thus, even if the French should so change their policy as to become relatively agreeable to us, we should still prefer British rule. We have an Arab proverb that exactly expresses the situation: 'Better a wise enemy than a foolish friend.'"

Syria and Palestine are to the world at large the most interesting of the Arab lands, yet they are by no means the only factors in the complicated Arab problem. Out of Turkey's former Arab possessions two more political divisions, Irak—Mesopotamia—and Hedjaz, have been created by the peace treaties, while the vast desert interior remains, as always, the scene of obscure conflicts and combinations between the Bedouin tribes.

Mesopotamia—now officially known as the Kingdom of Irak—is the eastern borderland of the Arab world. It is a long alluvial plain, stretching from north to south, and traversed by two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates. In fact, it is these rivers which have literally created Mesopotamia. In very ancient times an arm of the sea reached northward between the Arabian plateau and the Persian mountains as far as the foothills of the Armenian highlands. But during the course of ages the Tigris and Euphrates, bursting out of those highlands, deposited such quantities of soil that they gradually pushed the sea southward until all that is left of it is the present Persian Gulf, into which the great twin rivers empty themselves.

Mesopotamian Affairs

The Mesopotamian plain, being one vast alluvial deposit, holds possibilities of great fertility. Irrigation can make its rich soil bear heavy crops of many kinds. Accordingly, whenever a strong and intelligent government has controlled it, Mesopotamia has become one of the garden spots of the earth, supporting a dense population. Such it was in the days of Nineveh and Babylon, and such it was again under Harun-al-Rashid, the mighty Caliph of Bagdad. Those days, however, are long past, and for centuries Mesopotamia has fallen into deep decline. With no proper irrigation system, the land has gone to waste; parched during the dry months of low water, soaked to fever-stricken marsh in the season of river floods. Its present sparse population is concentrated in a few towns along the rivers or in wretched villages whose inhabitants are cowed by swarms of Bedouin Arabs, crowding in from the great desert to the west and pasturing their flocks on the sites of ancient fields.

Down to the late war Mesopotamia had been for some centuries under Turkish rule, but Turkey had never succeeded in getting a firm grip on the country. Turkish authority was confined mostly to the towns. Outside the towns, political power was in the hands of local Arab sheiks or the heads of Bedouin tribes. Even the townsfolk were divided by a bitter religious feud, half of them being orthodox Mohammedans, known as Sunnites, while the other half belonged to the heretical Moslem sect known as Shiites, whose center is near-by Persia. In fact, Persia controlled Mesopotamia before the Turkish conquest. The Mesopotamian Shiites have never forgotten this and hope some day to become once more the dominant element.

When the Ottoman Empire entered the Great War England at once attacked the Turks in Mesopotamia. England had long exercised a protectorate over the Arab tribes about the Persian Gulf, regarded by Britain as a point of high strategic importance. After a fierce struggle the Turks were driven out and Mesopotamia passed under British control. To Britain Mesopotamia was a valuable prize. Not only was it a strong strategic link in her chain of empire between Africa and India but it also contained great economic possibilities. Irrigation might ultimately make Mesopotamia more flourishing than Egypt, while still more important for the immediate future were the oil fields of Northern Mesopotamia, pronounced by experts to rank among the richest in the world.

Accordingly, at the Peace Conference, England got a mandate to administer Mesopotamia and started in to govern the country. Britain's plans, however, were soon upset by the attitude of the inhabitants. Turbulent by nature, the Mesopotamians hate any sort of government, and quickly made more trouble for the British than they had for the Turks. Presently a furious rebellion broke out, which was quelled only at the cost of many British lives and vast sums of British money. That was not at all to the liking of the overburdened British taxpayer, and the Mesopotamian muddle soon became so unpopular in England that the British Government had to modify its policy. After prolonged negotiations with the inhabitants Mesopotamia was proclaimed the Kingdom of Irak, enjoying qualified independence under British protection and ruled by the Emir Feisal, whom the French had recently driven from his Syrian throne.

Feisal's Delicate Task

Feisal has a difficult job on his hands. His kingdom is a sizable affair, with an area of 143,000 square miles—considerably larger than the British Isles—though with less than 3,000,000 inhabitants. This thinly populated land, open to Bedouin raids from the desert and with no traditions of orderly government, presents a difficult problem of administration.

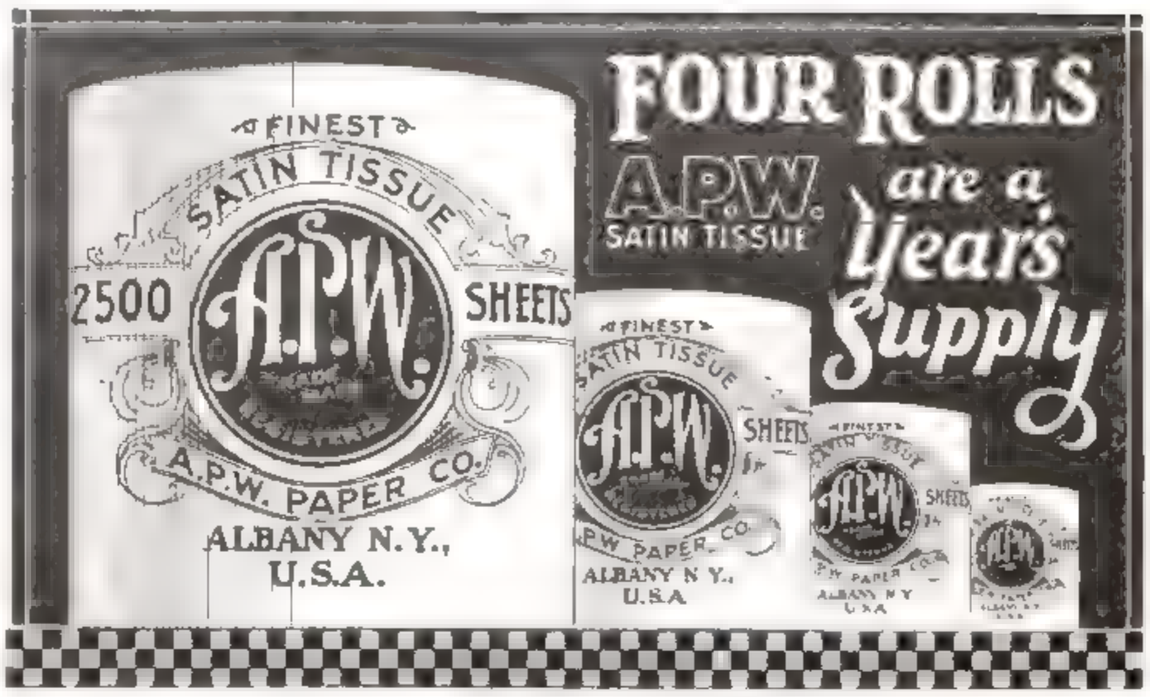
Feisal has tried to steer a middle course and gain the confidence of all parties. But that is no easy task. Compelled as he is to keep on good terms with the British, Feisal has thereby aroused the enmity of the extreme Arab nationalists, who denounce the agreement with England and want absolute independence.

Attempting to heal the breach between Sunnites and Shiites, Feisal, though himself an orthodox Sunnite, has given the Shiites a share in the government. This has scandalized the Sunnites, but has failed to win the true friendship of the Shiites, who continue to plot and make trouble. Meanwhile the uncertain political situation prevents the investment of Western capital, which could develop the oil fields, start large-scale irrigation projects and thus bring prosperity to the country. Nevertheless, Feisal seems to be consolidating his authority, and Irak shows signs of becoming the most stable and progressive of the Arab states.

If Feisal's government makes good it will be a powerful argument for the ending of French and British rule in Syria and Palestine, and will everywhere stimulate the Arab nationalist movement.

The other state erected by the peace settlement out of Turkey's former Arab possessions is the Kingdom of Hedjaz, which forms a long band of territory on the western coast of the Arabian Peninsula facing the Red Sea. The Kingdom of Hedjaz is of considerable size, its area being about 170,000 square miles; but it is mainly desert and supports less than 1,000,000 inhabitants. Its importance is due to the fact that it contains within its borders the holy cities, Mecca and Medina, the most sacred spots of Islam. Hither vast numbers of pious Moslems come annually from every part of the Islamic world to make the hadj, or pilgrimage, regarded by Moslems as a supreme act of faith. It was his position as Grand Shereef of Mecca which gave the Emir Husein the power and prestige necessary for his rebellion against the Turks in the year 1916. England backed him from the start, acknowledged him as King of the Hedjaz, and placed his son, the Emir Feisal, on the throne of Irak after the French had thwarted the attempt to make Feisal king of Syria. England has also installed another of Husein's sons, the Emir Abdullah, as ruler of Transjordania, a small state technically part of the Palestine mandate, which serves as a buffer between Palestine and the Bedouin tribes of the desert hinterland.

The fortunes of the Shereefian family have thus risen mightily since the war, and Husein now lays claim to the caliphate, the spiritual headship of the Moslem world. Until last year this exalted office was held by the Ottoman sultans, but the Turks have recently deposed the sultan and deprived him of the caliphate as part of their plan to turn their country into a modern nation state.



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Should Husein succeed in getting himself recognized as caliph by the Moslem world, the Shereefian family would become far and away the most powerful factor in the Arab situation. However, it is typical of Arab politics that the Shereefian family has many enemies, jealous of their good fortune and hostile to their claims. The Bedouins of the desert interior, in particular, view with alarm the rise of any power which might threaten their wild freedom; and Desert Arabia is a force to be reckoned with.

This vast region, covering nearly 1,000,000 square miles, is the abode of countless tribes, brave, hardy and fanatical. The only thing which prevents them from becoming a truly formidable power is their own internal dissension, which consumes their warlike energies and prevents common action.

Down to about a year ago it looked as though Desert Arabia was on the point of playing an important rôle in Near Eastern affairs. An able chieftain named Ibn Saud had been steadily building up a great confederacy embracing nearly all the Bedouin tribes of Central Arabia—the region known as the Nedjed. Ibn Saud was the sworn enemy of the Shereefian family and supported all the local opponents of Shereefian rule in Hedjaz, Irak and Transjordania. Had he lived, a bitter struggle between Saud and the Shereefians would probably have occurred, and many students of Arab affairs believe that Saud would have won, with no one knows what momentous consequences. But last year Saud suddenly died, leaving a minor son. Unless the boy develops extraordinary talents, or some other member of the family shows the necessary ability, Saud's desert empire will crumble like the sands on which it was raised and Desert Arabia will relapse into its usual condition of anarchic instability. Here, even more than in the borderlands, Arab politics is so tangled and so bound up with personalities that the course of events cannot even partly be foreseen.

Meanwhile, beneath all the rivalries and dissensions of the Arab world, the nationalist current flows steadily on, stirring men's hearts with hopes of freedom from European control and dreams of national greatness. The aim of the nationalist leaders seems to be a loose political federation, at first perhaps confined to the more settled and civilized borderlands, like Syria, Palestine and Irak, though ultimately including the various petty states and tribal confederacies of Arabia itself. Whether the Arabs possess the capacity for such political association is a much debated question. I have discussed the matter with many of those best qualified by wide knowledge and intimate contact to judge Arab affairs, and I have found sharp differences of opinion, some considering that an Arab national federation could be established, others believing it impossible.

Yet, whether or not the hopes of the Arab nationalists will ever be realized, it does seem pretty clear that the Arab nationalist movement will continue to grow in strength. The whole trend of events in the Near East points that way. The success of the Turks in throwing off European control and establishing a national state is an object lesson whose effect upon the Arabs must be profound. Furthermore, the partial success of the Egyptians, connected as they are with the Arab homelands by so many ties of religion, speech, culture and even blood kinship, must surely stimulate the Arab nationalist movement in many ways. After a long and bitter struggle the Egyptian nationalists have gained a large measure of independence, British control being today much restricted and perhaps soon destined to be entirely eliminated.

And this, in turn, opens up still wider horizons. What are to be the mutual relations of Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Persians—all the peoples of the Near East, stirring as they are to fresh self-consciousness and new ideas? Questions, these, which may well daunt the boldest prophet, and which time alone can answer. Yet let us not forget that upon their outcome the destinies not only of the Near East but of the world will largely depend.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next and last will appear in an early number.

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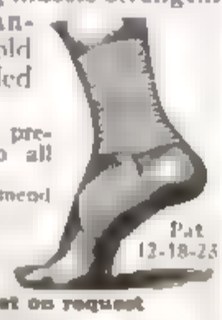

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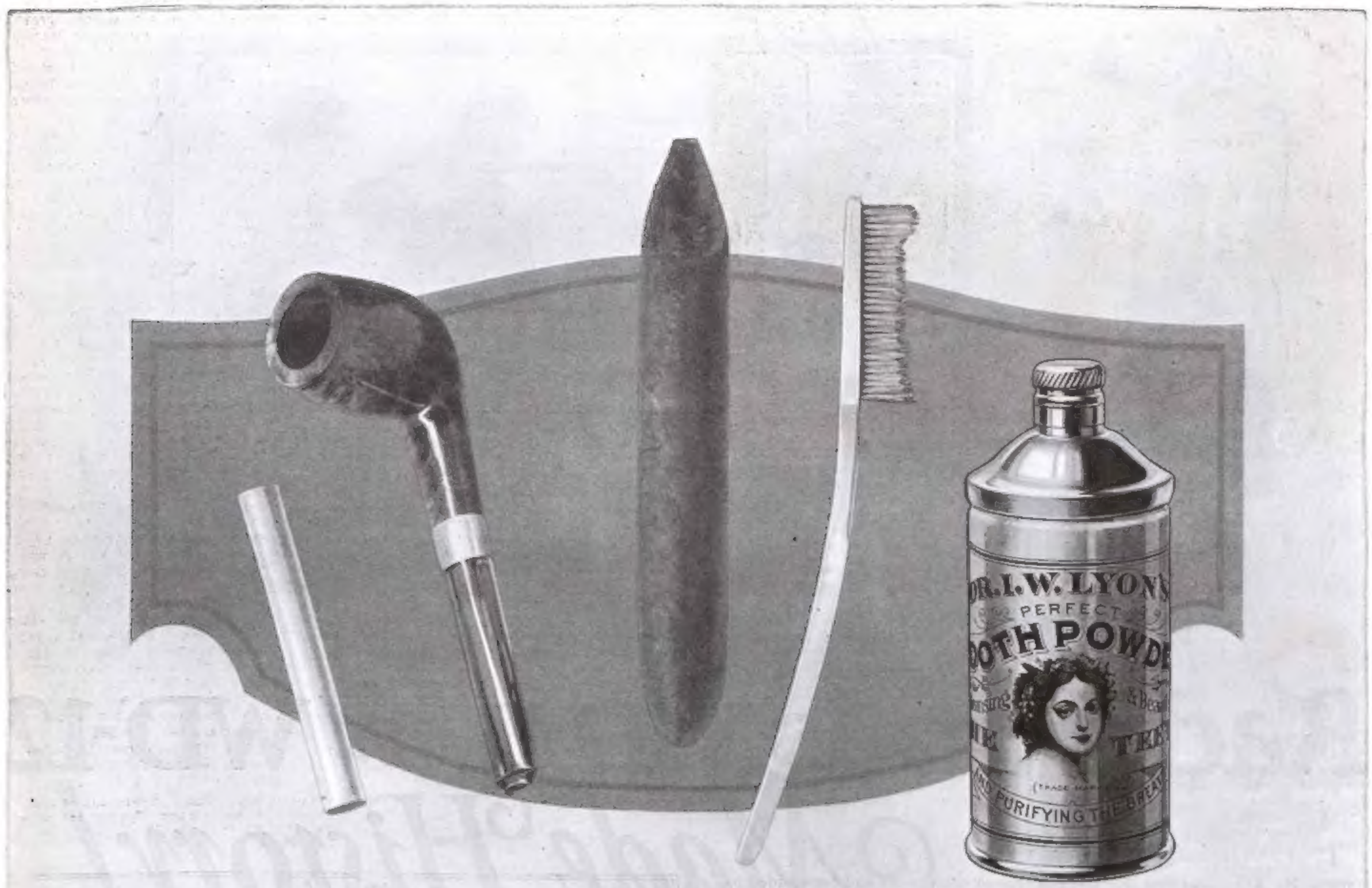

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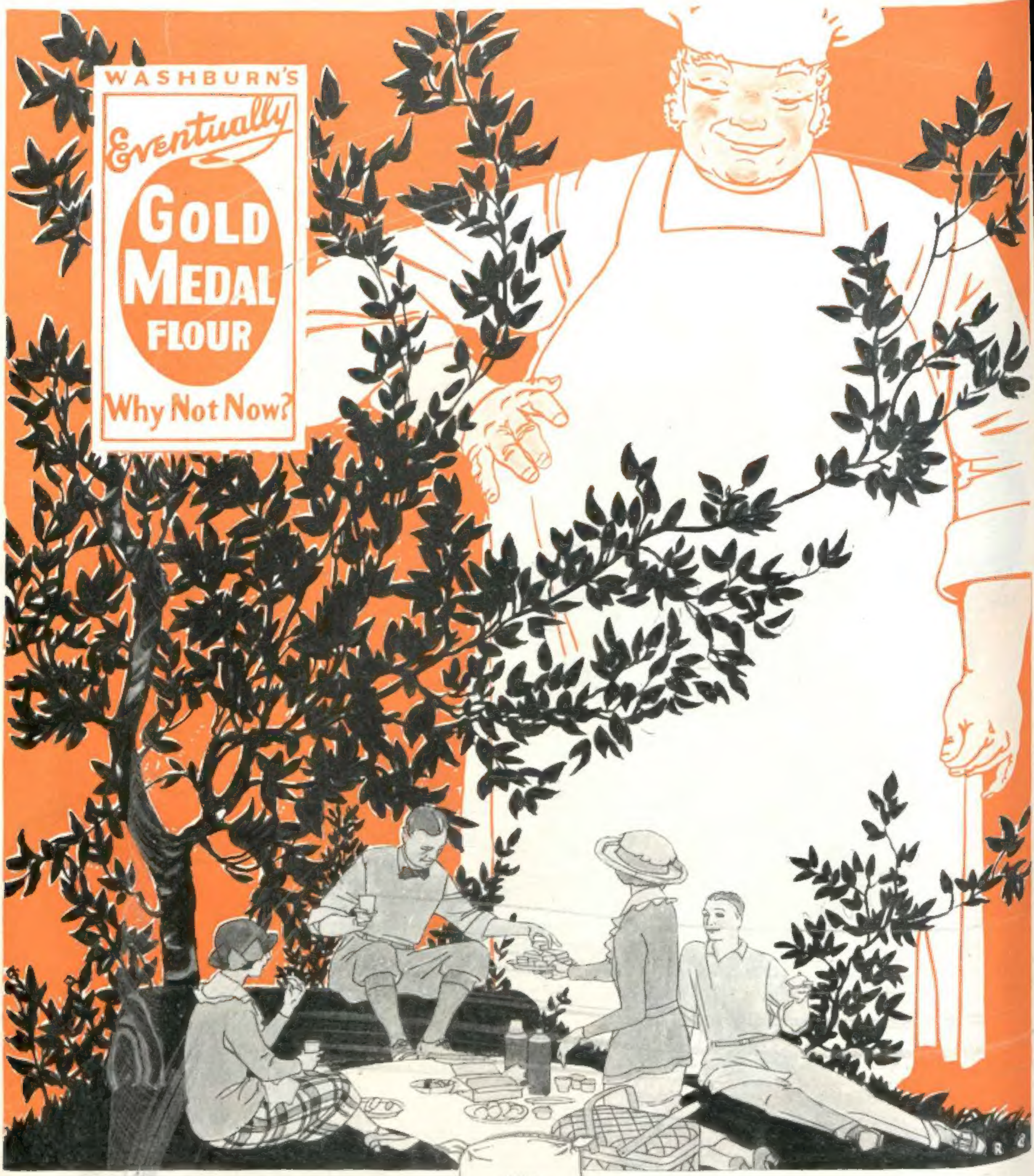

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